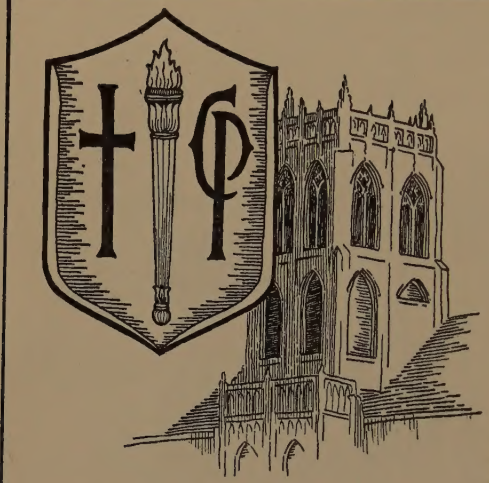

COLLEGE
OF THE PACIFIC

WITHDRAWN

OCCIDENTAL GLEANINGS

College of the Pacific
Stockton, Calif.

OCCIDENTAL GLEANINGS

BY

LAFCADIO HEARN

SKETCHES AND ESSAYS NOW FIRST COLLECTED BY

ALBERT MORDELL

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OCCIDENTAL GLEANINGS

THE IMAGINATION IN EDUCATIONAL TRAINING

Among a package of books recently sent to us for review, a tiny 16 mo. of some sixty odd pages attracted special attention by its title—*On the Right Use of Books.* As a lecture, delivered by a professor in an educational establishment of high standing, the work did not, however, meet our expectations; it proved after all to be a most verbose affair, dry, bony, and as dull as most lectures delivered before religious associations. The professor, in fact, had little to tell his hearers on the right use of books; and no one who peruses the lecture will feel any wiser for Mr. Atkinson's expression of opinion, or rather, want of opinion. But, if he does not himself instruct, he does at least quote some instructive and valuable opinions from the recent lecture of the Rt. Hon. George T. Goschen, at Liverpool. The subject of the latter gentleman's discourse was *The Culture of the Imagination;* and we learn, through the extracts of Mr. Atkinson, that the Liverpool address advocated the culture of the imaginative faculty "as essential to the highest success in politics, in learning, and in the commercial pursuits of life."

This immense truth has obtained considerable recognition of late years,—far more, indeed, among French than among English or American teachers; but one which is already large and yearly extending. The best modern histories are no longer mere dry records of events, dull compilation of dates and names,—prosaic and lifeless recitals of incident. They

are, on the contrary, fascinating in style, attractive in vigorous description, bright with color. History is becoming panoramic; and is being studied in pictures. The modern student who knows how to study; and who is guided by good books and a good teacher, is not satisfied to know the geographical boundries of ancient Greece or mediaeval France; the names of heroes and cities, and the dates of events. He is only satisfied (and only thoroughly instructed, indeed) when he beholds the events of history in their picturesque aspect, when he knows the shape of an Attic vase, as well as the outline of the map of Hellas; and the fashion in which a Greek girl wore her tunic or tied her long hair; as well as the history of Harmodius and Aristogiton. The color of a Greek border-design, the architecture of a Greek house, are more important to know in training oneself to study history, than the precise date of the death of Epaminondas or the execution of Socrates. By reading dry chronicles about the Merovingian kings or the might of Charlemagne, the average student will not succeed in memorizing a lesson in French history; but when the artist and the historian combine their skill, so that the reader can behold the figure of Roland, and the Paladius, the result is otherwise. When he has learned the style of the costumes and weapons and architecture of those ages, his memory becomes at once impressed with a picture which is not readily forgotten. When he has so mastered the *picturesque* in history, those panoramic effects which appeal to and impress the imagination, the recollection of each historical event will ever be associated in his memory with a picture!—and a picture whose correctness may be assured by the use of good authors. At first it is likely they will be faint sketches rather than brightly colored drawings; but as he advances in study, the outlines

will become sharper and clearer and the colors brighter. Voltaire long ago observed that no one could hope to learn history by mere memorizing of names and dates; but by so studying an epoch as to comprehend its spirit and the general causes of those great events which impress the mind. Taine teaches you on this Voltairean plan. He instructs you concerning the history of art in Athens or Rome, in Florence or Utrecht, in Venice or Madrid, by a series of word-paintings colored like the works of the Old Masters; and illustrating the life of each art epoch in every detail. He teaches the history of English literature in the age of the Anglo-Saxons or of the Restoration, by placing before the student all the life of those ages in its true color and form. A mere dry fact does not readily lend itself to the grasp of memory; like a framework of bone, it must, in order to so live, be clothed with flesh and blood.

But history forms a part only—though a vast part—of popular education. What Taine, Martin, and many others are doing in one department of educational reform, men like Tyndall and Huxley are doing in another. Science has abandoned the old and ponderous style of expression, and has chosen a language as fluent, facile, and fascinating as the best novelist could desire. Proctor teaches astronomical facts to a greater number of readers perhaps than any other scientific writer has, by appealing to the imagination and the fancy, as a stimulant to memory. So likewise on the subject of geographical study, chemical science, natural philosophy, of botany, of geology, of microscopy, of even medicine—the best authors and teachers in these days will be found those who season dry fact with the spice of fancy.

Such a system of instruction was, however, almost impossible prior to this age. The vast advance of science and

learning within the last half century has alone rendered us able to appreciate the incalculable importance of cultivating the fancy in training the mind, and appealing to the imagination in order to impress the memory.

From the importance attached by Mr. Atkinson to the observations of Mr. Goschen, it seems rather odd that he does not conclude his essay with the inculcation of their obvious lesson—that the best books for the student are those which combine the greatest amount of instruction with the strongest appeal to the fancy. The teaching is one we feel a strong sympathy with, and one which, if taught boldly by Mr. Atkinson, would lend his lecture far greater value than it actually possesses.

EXTREMES OF MENTAL CULTURE

Not long ago a leading paper of this country spoke of the unfortunate fate of some noted literary characters as remarkably strange,—suicide, starvation, or drunkenness ending the lives or wrecking the minds of many brilliant writers. It does not, however, seem "remarkably strange" if the character of these unfortunates be fairly considered. There are seldom to be found among them men noted simply as great thinkers or great investigators. They are not the scientists, the philologists, the historians, or the philosophers—not the men who pursue a tangible and useful object with the determination and selfishness of true heroism,—not those whose lives, however brilliant, are more or less practical even in their brilliancy, and whose successes result in material advantage to their fellow-men. The unhappy and unfortunate ones are on the contrary the dreamers and visionaries of the literary world,—the men of imagination,—the Romanticists. In those whose imaginative powers are highly cultivated and developed, sensitiveness exists to a degree utterly inconceivable by practical minds. The nerves of mental feeling are absolutely raw,—a breath, a touch, a suspicion of unkindness produces agony. Perhaps the flowers of Fancy can blossom only when watered with tears and blood. The great artists of imagination certainly seem to cultivate those shadowy blossoms by these tragic elixirs; and the Sybarite who cried because of a crumpled rose-leaf in his fragrant couch was less sensitive to

pain than many inhabitants of our modern literary Sybaria. Such ones are illy adapted to resist the temptation of hasheesh, of wine, of debauch,—the anodynes of psychical pain. The dreams begotten in the intoxication of physical pleasure are recorded in lucid intervals; and the world wonders at the strange and terrible agony of the beautiful mind which created them. As the fancy is thus cultivated, like some delicate exotic plant in a conservatory, the mind finally ceases to find pleasure in realism; and every dangerous method of self-illusion is resorted to. Then, at last, the whole physical system,—too delicately organized to endure the terrible strains put upon it,—suddenly gives way utterly with the saddest results. He that increaseth wisdom increaseth sorrow, indeed; but he that increaseth fantasy increaseth yet greater sorrow. The culture of the imagination is the culture of a luxury which is, perhaps, the dearest of all luxuries,—oceans of molten gold could not satisfy its wants, the wings of a condor could not grant its desire to soar. The ancients were in some sort wiser than ourselves; the idealism of Greece was created upon a foundation of truth; the beauty of naked marbles never wearied its admirers with the real world and its pleasures. The higher humanity of this age is struggling between the extremes of realism and idealism; and the question of which is preferable we must abandon to those wiser than ourselves. Though mental suffering has increased so greatly since the ruin of the old pagan world,—who dare deny that the human capacity for mental pleasures has increased a thousand fold?

SCIENCE AND EDUCATION

The admirable little essay by Prof. Hutson, published in our Sunday issue, was well calculated to provoke reflection about some very remarkable problems which will be likely to vex the minds of future educators. To recapitulate opinions of various eminent scholars as to the present deficiencies of collegiate and university educational systems would be superfluous at a time when it has become so well known that few university graduates ever acquire a sufficient familiarity with ancient Greek to read an unstudied text at sight; and the author of *The True Meaning of Higher Education* has not thought it necessary to dilate upon that dismal and indubitable fact. But he has certainly elucidated the causes of such educational failure in a way which deserves careful attention.

No etymologist could deny the immense value of classic studies, and Prof. Hutson probably regards them as indispensable to a thorough knowledge of any great modern European language. The failure of students in general to acquire proficiency in them he believes due not to the intrinsic difficulties of the tongues themselves, but to systems of teaching. Certainly whoever has passed through that peculiar course of classical training called into question by our essayist must acknowledge that were modern languages—German, French, Italian, or Spanish, for example —taught upon the same plan as Greek or Latin, very few persons would ever learn them thoroughly. Prof. Hutson dwells with especial force upon the time-sanctioned error of teaching the grammatical laws and exceptions and niceties

of a literature too much, and the character and beauties thereof too little. Vast attention is paid to *methods;* comparatively little to *results*. Every college student is obliged to analyze grammatically certain pages of Xenophon and Herodotus, of Cæsar and Cicero; but how many of them are simultaneously taught to comprehend the wonderful lesson contained in the Retreat of the Ten Thousand; or the real importance and beauty of the work of the Father of History—whose tales are being annually verified by the researches of civilized travelers; or the great interest attaching to the character of Cæsar as a statesman, a general, and a moral force; or the condition of Rome in the era when Cicero's splendid eloquence was heard? As a general thing the system of teaching the simplest classics is dry to a degree that disgusts the young student. His imagination is rarely stimulated,—his curiosity is seldom excited,—his artistic sense, if he have any, is commonly ignored; he is fettered to the most prosaic dictionary-and-grammar work. Nevertheless, these dead languages are the languages of modern science; a knowledge of them, if not absolutely indispensable to, is of immense importance in the study of chemistry, physiology, anatomy, botany, zoology, and a hundred other branches of learning. The mere names of the various sciences whose technicology has been formed from the classical languages would fill columns of this paper. Now, as Prof. Hutson observes, the object of university-training, or of the higher education, is only to make a man. We may even say that all the knowledge which the best educational establishment can give to the best scholar is knowledge *how to learn*,—the knowledge of that mighty Alphabet by whose aid we may spell out the great mysteries of real science. To become at all proficient in any large

branch of practical learning is the work, not of a few years, but of a lifetime!

And in view of this fact it is almost appalling to consider how the sciences are multiplying, and how, year by year, their ramifications are expanding and deepening. It has already become impossible for any human being to master all recognized branches of any single professional science. The most eminent general practitioner in medicine, for example, will refuse to give consultation in certain delicate matters which themselves require special life-study; he will refer some patients to an ophthalmist, others to an aurist. The study of physiology has become complicated with chemistry and microscopy and electricity to an extent entailing subdivision of labor for future investigation. Anatomy—constituting so enormous a study in itself—has latterly developed immense branches ramifying into zoology, embryogeny, craniology, anthropology, ethnology and other kindred sciences. Needless to speak of studies, if possible, still more complicated;—sufficient to note the startling fact that while all these vast sciences are, so to speak, growing into one another, besides being interwoven throughout with mathematics,—each of their branches is perpetually evolving new offshoots destined eventually to develop into new sciences with new sub-divisions. Nevertheless, science is only in its infancy!—how important, therefore, the problem of future education!

It certainly seems to us that existing educational systems must be not only remodeled, but specially adapted to the scientific requirements of the coming era. It is doubtful in the extreme whether such a thing as General Knowledge can even now be acquired by the most gifted of men under the most advantageous of circumstances. The learned men of

the future must be specialists;—for, while the limits of science are being perpetually and enormously enlarged, the duration of human life remains the same. To the students of the future the higher education must offer something very different from the facilities given by the modern system: the future graduate must not expect to consider himself fitted to follow any professional career he pleases, but only to pursue that special purpose to which his education has been directed. Ultimately the result of such an educational system might be the formation of something like professional castes. This idea is quite foreign to our present conception of social perfection; but so far as it is possible to draw inferences from the rapid development of knowledge, and the prodigious importance of science in practical life, we can scarcely persuade ourselves that the interrelationship of the educated classes will not be very peculiarly modified within another two centuries.

THE MENTAL DICTIONARY

At the recent annual meeting of the *Cinq Academies* the most curious paper read was certainly that of M. Michel Breal, who had selected for its theme: *"How words are classified in the mind."* It would be irrational to suppose that M. Breal professes to fully explain so complex a subject, and one which cannot be even generally comprehended until such time as science shall have minutely and exhaustively explained all the mysterious mechanism of the human mental process; but M. Breal has really contributed something to our knowledge of this subject, and has perhaps actually anticipated some future scientific discoveries. We shall try to summarize some of the essayist's facts and conclusions.

While, for example, every educated adult person is in himself or herself a living dictionary of some modern language,—let us say, in this case, English,—still we have no precise knowledge of the classification of words in our brain; we have the interior vocabulary, but we are so habituated to consult it, and make our consultation so rapidly that we seldom try to think how it is done. It is only when the mind is slowly recovering from the long blankness of unconscious sickness, when all the watchwork of the brain seems to be clogged-up, and thoughts and memories are ticked out with painful slowness, that one is ever tempted to theorize about the mechanical system itself. An admirable article upon such theorizing was not long since contributed to our own *Atlantic Monthly* under the title of *The Zig-Zag Telegraph.* But while we seldom take the trouble

to think how wonderful are those catalogues of names, those vocabularies of idiomatic expression, those co-ordinated pronouncing dictionaries of the brain, we are nevertheless so accustomed to open them, and, as it were, to turn the leaves at the right place by a mere effort of will,—that if the right word does not offer itself to our research at the right instant, we feel both surprised and vexed.

A very small part of our multifarious mental phenomena are scientifically understood. We know that just as many physical actions to which we are accustomed are performed mechanically, almost unconsciously, and with a very slight effort of will,—so are many mental actions performed by dint of long habit. We do not take the trouble to think how we walk, when we have a smooth and familiar path to follow; we do not think how we ought to speak, when the speech is neither difficult nor likely to be followed by serious consequences. The words we need are all in our possession; we know that!—they lie dormant in the brain until needed. Those we are most accustomed to call upon, always rush forward at the first summons; but those we are seldom in the habit of using sleep more soundly, and have to be summoned many times. Even then, such words occasionally seem to have forgotten their own names. Knowing these things it is certainly worth while to inquire in what manner words are kept in the marvelous house of the brain,—how they are kenneled there, so to speak.

M. Breal declares that the idea of the object itself is the first thing to be impressed upon the mind; and the words relating to it follow in different order. We have, he observes, one very singular faculty. At the very moment we desire to use any particular word, we immediately forget all other significations that word may have—voluntarily;

for all the other meanings are perfectly well known to us. This would not be the case did we learn the word first, and the idea afterward. Take for example the word *title* which has literary, legal, honorary, and religious significations. If we wish to speak of the *title* of a book, why do we not think simultaneously of title-deeds, of princely or ecclesiastical appellations? Because in that page of the mind where title has a literary significance alone, these other meanings are not registered; they are placed elsewhere in connection with other ideas which they represent. The word "Key" has a musical, a mechanical, and a literary meaning; but those meanings in the brain are never confused, because each meaning is attached only to the idea it represents, as if the brain were an enormous illustrated encyclopedia or picture-dictionary, with a name under each engraving.

This fact alone shows how all-important is the modern reform in dictionary making. The dictionary of the future must be etymologically historical above everything else; the reader must know positively what idea a word first expressed, why that meaning has or has not been changed, what is that word's extreme limit of expression, what is its morphology, its evolutionary record. Then he will never forget it. When we study a foreign language the words are less easily remembered than are new English words; because they have strange colors and false lights, because they are perpetually reminding us of something in our own tongue with which they have nevertheless no relationship whatever. Indeed, to master a foreign language perfectly, etymological study of no ordinary sort must be made. Spanish, for instance, is said to be one of the easiest of modern languages to learn; and it is not difficult to acquire enough of it for ordinary reading, conversation or writing. But to master

it requires a thorough acquaintance with the origin of those words derived from Arabian or Berber sources, which have no fellows in other Latin tongues. Mastering a language thoroughly is a rare accomplishment; but much may be done by etymological research into the history of words,—once the history is known the word is never again forgotten. France, England and Germany have revolutionized their dictionary-making with this very end in view; and other countries are imitating the good example. The linguist no longer maintains his authority for the use of a word with mere canons of conservative taste; he applies the evolutional system to its study; he takes us, as M. Breal beautifully observes, into the interior of the intellectual workshop, and explains to us not only the designs of the tapestry, but the whole process of manufacture—showing us the reverse side of the work, where each thread begins, crosses, knots and ends.

USE OF THE EYE OR THE EAR IN LEARNING LANGUAGES

M. Michel Breal delivered last month before the Sorbonne a noteworthy lecture upon the method of learning foreign languages, in which he boldly condemned all scientific systems in vogue, and declared to his Parisian auditors that if he himself knew how to speak very few languages, although he could read a number, it was owing to the imperfection of his early linguistic training. Some of his remarks will have much interest for Americans, and perhaps especially for New Orleans readers.

The main point he attempted to establish in his lecture, reproduced by the *Revue Politique et Litteraire*,—was the prime necessity of teaching a language *by ear*. To teach a living language *by the eye*, according to any system, no matter how scholarly the method or how apt the pupil, was likely to produce very indifferent results,—for the simple reason that such a system itself is a subversion of the natural law. Speech being the primitive medium of the communication of ideas by sounds, and written language only the subsequently developed art of fixing those ideas by durable signs, it is obviously controverting nature,—commencing at the wrong end of the line,—to attempt to teach language first by the eye. The consequences of this false method in educational establishments are truly lamentable. In the French *lycées*, according to M. Breal, it is held that ten years' study are requisite for the learning of English! Now this style of studying English, like much of our own school-method of studying French and German, differs very little

from the system of studying the dead languages. Concerning the value of the old-fashioned methods of studying Greek and Latin in English and American universities, it is only necessary to note that not one graduate in many thousands can read an unfamiliar Greek text at sight, and that a man, who in spite of all our educational stumbling-blocks, by some rare gift of genius, is able to make himself a perfect master of the classic tongues, becomes as famous in the world of scholars as a Paganini or a Beethoven in the world of music.

Apropos of the difficulty of learning a language *by eye*, M. Breal tells an amusing story of a French scholar who went to a German university to study German. He was a man of remarkable mnemonic powers and of immense application. After having thoroughly mastered German grammar, and made himself perfectly well acquainted with the 248 irregular verbs, he thought himself fit to attend the university lectures; but was painfully surprised to find he could not understand one word of the German professor's address. Nothing daunted he learned by heart a volume of German roots,—constructed on the principle of treatises upon Greek roots,—and he returned to the lecture-room only to find himself no wiser than before! Then he downed Ollendorff's method; and felt certain he had learned something. But when he went to the University to listen it seemed to him that the professor's speech was one "enormous word which issued from his mouth in interlinking syllables, unbrokenly, for three-quarters of an hour." What was left for the French scholar to do? Nothing, except to learn the German Dictionary by heart. *He did it*—memorizing 30,000 words at the rate of 1000 words a day. All

in vain, he could not understand one syllable of what the professor said. And to add to his chagrin, several very ignorant French mechanics, who accompanied him to Germany on another errand, had learned the language without any trouble whatever, while pursuing their ordinary avocations. The French scholar profited by the lesson, left books alone, and went to young children for instruction. He learned German from them, and is able to teach it to-day in one of the best educational institutions of Paris.

The French Government has learned to appreciate the impossibility of thoroughly learning a foreign language out of books alone; and those public-school instructors who are educated by the State are now sent to England to learn English, to Germany to learn German. They are placed in private families, and generally learn the language tolerably well in one year, very well in two years. To be able to read a language is one thing, to speak it another! The Germans seem to recognize that speaking is rather a question of mental habit than of learning;—they do not say "he knows French," but "he CAN French,"—*er kann franzosisch.*

A language should be learned by the adult just as it is acquired by the child. This too-much-ignored truth is well manifested by the facility with which soldiers, servants, mechanics and others master an idiom during a comparatively brief sojourn in a foreign country. And when a language has thus been acquired *orally,* it becomes easy enough then for any educated person to learn its orthography, its grammatical laws and niceties, and the beauties of its literature. But let it be well understood that no book can teach pronunciation,—that no printed system can train the ear,—that no cabinet study can ever teach one *to think*

in another language than one's own;—and this it is absolutely necessary to do before a language can be thoroughly mastered.

The time to teach languages, then, is not after the mind has become well developed, but while it is still shaping. It is as easy to teach a baby to speak in two or three languages as in one. Suppose, also, the case of a father who always talks French to the child, while the mother always talks English. The child, says M. Breal, is not at all astonished because his mother speaks a different language from the other people whom he knows—

. . . "He simply thinks that is his mother's way of talking;—that is the way his mother calls things;—all the acts of his life have another name when his mother mentions them. In his little head there is developed a special group of representative ideas, of which the figure of his mother forms the centre. The child does not *translate:*—he does not know what translating means;—he does not know that he is speaking two languages, nor even what a language is. He only knows that his mother will not answer him if he calls his doll a *poupée* instead of a 'doll.' . . . Children have been known to evince the greatest amazement on hearing other persons speak the very language which they had thought to be the unique and special idiom of their mother,—so intimately were the two ideas associated for them. Let the years pass,—let the same education continue; and the two languages are at the child's disposition. They are developed together, but in a parallel way, and without intermixing." . . .

Such early training, and nothing else, accounts for the remarkable perfection with which our Louisiana Creoles speak two languages,—sometimes three. For most adults the only certain method of mastering a language is to go and live where it is spoken, and to train the ear and organs of

speech before attempting to learn rules of grammar and verbal regulations that are always more easy to forget than to memorize.

In regard to reading another language, there is one interesting fact worthy of citation regarding that marvelous Mezzofanti, who spoke forty-one languages well, and knew how to read at least as many more,—namely, that he studied these tongues without grammars or rules, simply through translations of the New Testament. Their laws of construction fully revealed themselves to him as he read and memorized. He was, of course, one of the world's greatest prodigies; but even the dull can learn more of the construction of a foreign tongue by such methods than by most existing school-systems.

A LANGUAGE QUESTION

That brilliant and eccentric writer, John Ruskin, has been amusing the English public by his reply to Sir John Lubbock's published request for suggestions as to choice of books for a small private library. Mr. Ruskin's poor opinion of John Stuart Mill, Darwin, St. Angustine, Voltaire, Grote, and others, seems to illustrate a peculiarly fantastic turn of mind, and can scarcely receive any serious consideration. What he has to say about languages may not possess much more importance intrinsically; but it is likely to obtain far more attention, as it must call out a flood of sympathy from many intelligent readers to whom it offers a consolation for lost opportunities or unavoidable deficiencies.

Mr. Ruskin does not believe in the use of acquiring any of the living languages beside one's own,—except in the case of scientific men. Scholars, he considers, must learn French and Italian—French especially, because the French works on science are unparalleled in excellence! As to German works on science, these, he holds, ought to be translated as a mere matter of philanthrophy, because no one who has any regard for his eyes can afford to trouble himself with the text of the original. But the ordinary man has no need whatever to learn foreign languages, unless he is obliged to travel a good deal in foreign countries; and otherwise he has enough to do to acquaint himself thoroughly with the literature of his own nation. Mr. Ruskin says his own acquirements in foreign languages are somewhat slender;—he can struggle through a French book with the aid of a diction-

ary, and even this he regrets being able to do, as it is simply waste of time!

This acknowledgment, and these opinions, do not astonish as emanating from the eccentric, but as emanating from the rich mind that conceived *The Stones of Venice.* If this master of beautiful style has obtained all his power and sweetness and charm of language without the knowledge of other languages except his own, this question must occur to us:—Could Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, Rossetti, Swinburne, and other great poets have achieved what they did without any knowledge of foreign languages? Has Swinburne's perfect knowledge of old French been of no value in forming the marvelous flexibility of his style? Could Tennyson have written the *Idyls* or *The Princess* without knowing any other language but English? Had Rossetti's mastery of Italian and of Italian literature no effect upon the perfection of his sonnets and ballads? Would Longfellow's *Evangeline,* or even his *Hiawatha,* have been less impressive if their author had never read a page of German, French, or Italian? Was a knowledge of any other language but English essential to Browning's production of such exquisite things as *In a Gondola,* or such weird things as *Mesmerism?* Or, would Mr. Ruskin include poets among his "learned men"?

That acquaintance with foreign languages compels a broader and deeper knowledge of one's own, is a general belief that appears to be well-founded,—inasmuch as the *literary* study of other tongues necessitates considerable etymological research. There would nevertheless seem to be an open question as to whether such research could not be pursued with almost equally good results independently of foreign languages. Unfortunately, however, the *pro* or

con of the query is difficult to establish, for the simple reason that the majority of veritably brilliant writers, English or American, knew more than the language in which they wrote. Even Poe knew French. Most of the New England school of writers are manifestly affected by foreign influence. Historians, again, are obliged to read foreign languages in the course of preparing their material; and there is no modern historian of note who has been able to dispense with linguistic study. Fine critics are, as a general rule, good linguists. Novelists offer sundry exceptions of the polyglot rule; but if we glance over the most illustrious English and American names we shall find that those who know or knew only their own mother-tongue are greatly in the minority. Poets, novelists, and historians are mostly proficient in several languages;—there remain among authors, philosophers and scientists to consider;—and these Mr. Ruskin confesses, must learn several languages, including French and Italian. Whether it be essential or otherwise for poets and novelists and critics to be linguists, it is at least certain that the best of them are;—and this fact considerably affects the power of Mr. Ruskin's assertion.

While it is true that any man would have enough to do—nay, much more than he possibly could do,—to familiarize himself with all the literature of his own country, it does not by any means follow that it would be judicious or advisable for him to attempt it. Every intelligent man has special tastes and special dislikes; and he may best cultivate the former and avoid collision with the latter by reading in certain directions only, and reading whatever he can obtain capable of cultivating him in that particular line. Humanity, emotionally considered, is the same the world over;—love, whether in India or among the Esquimaux, expresses itself in

words of beauty;—faith, whether in the sea of sand, or in the heart of strange Chinese cities, is the utterance of a universal truth;—and the incense of prayer is not less sweet whether it rises from the banks of the Volga or of the Mississippi.

Heroism, wisdom, duty, friendship, are peculiar to no one ethical system. Such differences as nationality implies, exist only as differences of tint in fine woofs of one material; —the substance of the texture is the same. But the beautiful and the true cannot be studied too much; their supreme words have not yet been uttered,—all infinity lies behind them; for they represent to our conception what is eternal because it is divine. That eternal and divine fact is surely worthy of being read in as many varying tongues as we can master. There are subtleties of character, of sensation, of thought, of expression, peculiar to race—subtleties, indeed, which seem to constitute race-distinctions, and which are too real to be denied and too significant to be ignored. These may, indeed, be to the consideration of such a critic as Mr. Ruskin, mere fine differences of surface shade; but to distinguish them does not require a vision keen as that of a Cashmere-weaver, and the man is surely most cosmopolitan,—most humane, in the best sense of the word,—who is able and desirous to seek for *all* real good that the many-colored world of universal literature can offer him, in multitudinous shapes of pulchritude, in linguistic costumes as varied as the habits and hopes of men.

MISSIONARIES AS LINGUISTS

M. Julien Vinson, Professor of the Hindustani and Tamoul languages at the Paris National School of Living Oriental Languages, has issued, according to precedent, a very interesting printed report of the progress made in the special Indian studies which he professes, between 1882 and 1885. The greater part of the little book is especially devoted to the condition of the French settlements in the East Indies; but there are quite a number of novel and valuable facts compactly presented in the remaining pages. One will find on page 25 a large quotation from *l'Abeille de la Nouvelle Orleans,* in regard to the use of the French language in the United States; and *l'Athenee Louisianais* may feel proud of a notice which will be read by Orientalists throughout Europe and the East Indies.

What we especially desire to call attention to, however, is the declaration of M. Julien Vinson, about the general worthlessness of missionary scientific work in the Indies. It is a pleasure to find M. Jacolliot,—an arch-humbug and pseudo-savant,—severely referred to; but the vague and broad accusation of the missionaries as valueless workers in the linguistic field, seem to imply some degree of prejudice on the part of the writer. It is true that he specifies Catholic missionaries in particular; but even if he intended a distinction, the statement is strangly at variance with the grand estimate of missionary work made by Orientalists far greater than M. Vinson. What we know of the *four hundred and ninety-one languages of Africa,* we know largely through the patient labor of missionaries who slowly and

painfully acquired those unwritten tongues, and gave them an alphabet, and translated into them the whole Bible, or a portion of the sacred texts. Needless to refer to the knowledge we possess of the Polynesian tongues,—some of which have become extinct since the missionaries first gave them written expression. But as M. Vinson's words refer especially to the Orient let us consider whether the works of the Indian missionaries have been valueless.

There are *two hundred and forty* languages spoken in the East Indies, which something is known about,—excluding dialects, whereof the multitude may be imagined from the fact that the Hindi language alone has 58 dialects; and the Kiranti, 17. It is not necessary to speak of the value of missionary labors like those of Spence Hardy and others, who are recognized authorities on the religion and the Dravidian languages of the Buddhists.

But it is not so well known that the missionaries have written works in Hindustani, in Gurmuki, in Marathi, in Sontal, in Mundari, in Keren, in Birman, in Khasi, in the Shan dialects, in Javanese, in Malayan, in at least fifty other languages and dialects. Nor are all these works mere translations of the *Bible* or the *New Testament;* they comprise grammars and dictionaries. In translations from the Oriental tongues, and in Oriental researches, the missionaries have also done admirable work,—such as Bertrand's translation of the Moslem legends of Haidari from the Hindustani,—such as Bigandet's legends of the Burmese Buddha and his Account of the Burmese works, such as Deschamps' monograph on the discipline of Buddhist religious communities. The above three authors were Catholic missionaries. What of the fact that the greatest authority on the Malay language was also a Catholic missionary,—l'Abbe

Favre? His dictionary of the Malay language, published in 1875, is quoted in catalogues as cheap at 50 francs; the supplementary work, printed in 1880 with the pronunciation in Latin letters, had a large sale at an equally high price; and his Grammar of the Malay tongue is matchless in its way. The only Assamese-English dictionary is the compilation of an American Baptist missionary —Bronson. Yates, an English clergyman, compiled an excellent Bengali grammar. Kellogg and Browne, both missionaries, are authors of Hindi grammars. An admirable Hindustani-English dictionary is the work of another English missionary—Rev. T. Craven. The only dictionary and grammar of the Shan language are the creation of Rev. J. N. Cushing. An English clergyman named Pope, and an Italian Jesuit named Beschi, have given the learned world good works on the Tamoul. We owe to a missionary,—Rev. A. H. Arden,—a grammar of the difficult Telegu language. A Moravian missionary, H. A. Jaschke, has given us a Thibetan dictionary. We might fill columns with the names of missionaries of all Christian creeds who have aided the linguistic knowledge of the nineteenth century by their work in the East Indies alone. We have only selected a few familiar titles at random.

It is perfectly true that missionaries are not largely represented as authors in those mighty philological studies which have made the world familiar with the dead languages of the East;—they do not take high rank among the giants who resurrected for us the Pehlevi, the Sanscrit, the Zend, or that mysterious arrowheaded Assyrian alphabet,—so difficult to decipher, that the interpretation of each single letter cost a human life! But it must be remembered that the missionaries have very little to do with *dead* languages.

Their duty is to learn and to speak living tongues, for the purpose of teaching;—they do not go abroad to distinguish themselves as linguists, but to spread Christianity. A whole page of this paper would not suffice to tell what they have nevertheless accomplished in Africa, in those linguistic investigations which formed part of their unselfish labor. If more learned workers have improved upon their grammars, dictionaries, and linguistic manuals, in many instances, —let us at least remember that without the work of the missionary, the European scholar could in most of those instances have done nothing. The great Chinese and Japanese savants of to-day owe much to the missionaries who first penetrated into those empires at the risk of their lives, and compiled vocabularies now sold at enormous prices as rarities,—like the Latin work of the Franciscan monk Varo, on the Mandarin dialect, now quoted at 1500 francs, and printed at Canton just 182 years ago! Finally, let us observe that our knowledge of many dead American languages, spoken by people now extinct, is due mostly to Catholic missionaries; and probably the only existing work on the dead language of our own Indian Louisiana,—the Taensa, was prepared with the assistance of ecclesiastics.

AN EVOLUTIONAL HISTORY

After an interval of several years, the fifth volume of a work which has not yet attracted the attention it merits, has appeared at Paris;—we refer to the *Histoire Universelle* of Marius Fontane, the intimate friend, and at one time, the private secretary of Ferdinand de Lesseps. M. Fontane is a learned man, a very scientific thinker, and a beautiful stylist;—we published four or five years ago a review of his first volume on the India of the Vedas,—a book which promised splendidly for the rest of the series, and which has been since equaled in value and originality by the succeeding volumes upon the Iranians, or ancient Persians; upon the Egyptians; and upon the great Asiatic monarchies of antiquity. His fifth volume treats of Greece; and is to be followed by ten or twelve others, which are to include the history of all the great civilizations of the world.

This undertaking is worthy of attention especially because the first of its kind, and because peculiarly adapted to the needs of the century. The knowledge and the study of history have been so enormously expanded in our own day, that some new method of approaching the subject has become absolutely necessary. It is now highly difficult to obtain a complete and uniformly excellent history of any single people or civilization. All our greatest and best historical books deal with epochs or with episodes only. To read universal history in an exhaustive manner is now almost beyond the range of human possibilities; and to peruse all the elementary treatises or epitomes corresponding to the larger work of competent historians, would

simply confuse and weary the mind,—like the methodical perusal of a Handbook of Dates, or a Dictionary of Epitomized Biography. It is infinitely better to attempt to familiarize oneself with the great characteristics of a people and the great movements of centuries than it is to memorize a multitude of petty incidents and dates which have no intrinsic value in study, and have a relative value at all only in their connection with that vaster incident of development in which they represent mere atomic movements. It is of the highest importance to seek to comprehend the existence of a race or a nation as a whole,—to study nations as individuals (after the admirable manner of Draper),—individuals whose birth, growth, maturity, and decay, are subject to great general laws. In this manner only is it possible for most students to acquire anything approaching to a just idea of universal history; but up to the present time there have been comparatively few books produced upon this principle, and nothing resembling a Philosophical Universal History except the undertaking of M. Fontane, which is still far from complete.

But the expansion of historical study has been largely due also to the vast progress made in sciences which have only become important in our own day. It is not now considered either satisfactory or philosophical to state a circumstance without offering any reason for its being. The different characteristics, physical and mental, of different races—their temperaments, their beliefs, their customs, their morals,—are now known to have been formed by varying influences of situation, climate and necessity. The many thousand dialects of mankind are known in like manner to have been evolved under as many thousand different conditions; and philology has traced back multitudes of

tongues to one or two vast primeval mother-languages.

A new science, that of comparative religions, has shown us the slow, steady, and beautiful growth of monotheism from primitive fetichism,—from that immemorial period when man first lifted his eyes to the mystery of the splendid sky, and learned to think. Yet another science, that of Folklore, has taught us the origin of many customs, manners, beliefs which helped in a small but potent manner to give primitive society cohesion. The knowledge of our kinship with the far-off races of swarthy India has been developed by the patient and wondrous research of philologists and ethnographers; and geology has also revealed us the existence of prehistoric races whose representatives still linger in Western Europe, and whose persistence, as human types, have affected the course of modern events. In short, the Protean and infinitely beautiful science of evolution,—already so widely applied to botany, to ethnology, to anthropology, to natural history, to geology, to anatomy,—must in the future be applied also to that particular branch of study we are considering.

This is just what Marius Fontane has attempted and is still attempting to do. In a series of sixteen handsome volumes,—each embracing the history of a civilization,—he endeavors to present us with all that is known in regard to the great movements of humanity through the centuries. Viewed through the microscope of the mere fact-gatherer, the story of Man is horrible enough, because we look at a narrow field in which circumstances appear distorted by very reason of their isolation. But seen from afar, as a whole, with the eagle-gaze of the philosopher and evolutionist, it is a mighty poem; and it is as a poem,—with exquisite richness of language and invaluable triumphs of research,—

that M. Fontane offers it to us. In each volume we have: first, the geography, geology, climate—in brief, the *physiography* of a country; second, the ethnology of the inhabitants of that country; third, the effects of climate and surroundings upon the nation; and lastly, the evolutionary history of the population from primitive to modern times. Maps are given and an excellent index summarizing, not only all the subjects treated, but likewise all the references, —to the number of thousands, consulted. Twenty years preliminary study were given to the work; but twenty years do not seem too many to have been devoted to its preparation.

It has only become possible of recent years to prepare such a work; and it may be ultimately superseded by something more complete, more perfectly arranged, even more beautiful. Yet, based as it is on the new philosophy and on truths as eternal as the sky, it will long remain an honorable monument to the memory of the first author who attempted to write a universal history upon evolutional principles.

THE HOWARD MEMORIAL LIBRARY—A LETTER FROM CHAS. DUDLEY WARNER

The letter written by Charles Dudley Warner to the editor of *The Times-Democrat* regarding the invaluable gift for which New Orleans is indebted to the generosity of Miss Howard, will be read with deep interest and produce, let us trust, such effect upon the future directors of the new institution as may more than bring about those happy results the author hopes for. Never has New Orleans boasted a truer and a more disinterested friend than the brilliant littérateur whose experienced pen has already wrought so much toward the abolition of sectional feeling between North and South, and the dispelling of prejudices and false impressions. Too much weight cannot be given to his suggestions; and his advice cannot be too closely followed:

HARTFORD, Feb. 8, 1887.

My Dear Mr. Baker:

Let me congratulate you. No news from New Orleans in a long time has been so good, so full of promise for the city, as the announcement in *The Times-Democrat* of the magnificent gift by Miss Howard of the Howard Memorial Library. It is a great benefaction, and it is timely.

It fits in exactly with the new industrial stir, and will powerfully promote it. Much as it may be valued as a literary achievement and satisfaction, its great service will be in the education of the new generation into that broad intelligence out of which spring enterprise, invention and the recreating industries. I expected

very much of Tulane University, and I expect more of it now that it is to have this powerful right arm. I hope the city will see its true welfare in fostering it, and that it will have a liberal endowment that will keep it fresh month by month and year by year with the new and important books in all departments. For a library, like a tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, must keep vital all through.

Let us also express the hope that the liberal spirit of its foundation will accompany its management, so that the public may use it freely and be taught how to do so. Few people, even intelligent home readers, know how to use a library and get at its treasures. A library (no matter how large and well selected) shut up will, of course, have no more effect upon the life of the community than a locked warehouse full of grain would have in appeasing the hunger of the city. A collection of books is as idle as a collection of pebbles unless they are used. And it is not enough to open the doors. It needs an intelligent corps of librarians to distribute the books—that is, to advise and assist readers, to issue bulletins of information and in many ways stimulate the public to use the library. The library at Worcester, Mass., doubled its circulation and the number of its readers in a short time by a system of this sort. You start fresh and clear, and can incorporate the very best system for handling your library.

Incidentally, this library will be of service to the town in other ways. If it does not in itself attract winter visitors, it will be an added inducement for them to sojourn in a pleasant city where they can have, either for study or amusement, the advantage of a great public library.

It will also be a place for the deposit of local historical material, manuscripts, letters and books. People who do not care to intrust valuable matter of this sort to small societies will deposit it in a great library where it will be of public service. It ought to be a means of preserving the traditions and cultivating the historic consciousness of Louisiana.

Forgive my running on in this way when I intended only a word of congratulation, and believe me yours sincerely.

CHAS. DUDLEY WARNER.

Few men, and even few authors, have had larger opportunity than Chas. Dudley Warner to observe the advantages conferred by public libraries, to estimate their force as a part of the educational mechanism, or to make an impartial study of the comparative value of those various systems according to which libraries are maintained, supplied and utilized. His admirable letter sums up in four pages the four most important facts to be considered respecting the gift of a public library:—first, its potential force, in education and intellectual expansion,—ultimately affecting even industrial development; second, the immense importance of systematizing its management upon a plan as liberal and generous as possible; third, its happy influence in attracting or retaining the scholarship or talent which might otherwise be tempted to seek more intellectually attractive fields elsewhere; fourth, its value as a storehouse for local history and an encouragement to the cultivation of what he so excellently terms, "historic consciousness."

The powerful advice contained in this brief and plainly-worded epistle, could scarcely be strengthened by any amplification;—it appeals directly to the intelligence of all men schooled to grasp good suggestions and rationally follow out brief arguments to their ultimate conclusion. Nevertheless some little comments may serve a good purpose if only as journalistic illustrations of the truths so pithily and cogently put before us by a distinguished author and a veteran editor. There can be no denying that the charge of provincialism,—made against New Orleans even by those who like her

most—is largely justified by causes which the possession and proper use of public libraries would do much to remove. Setting aside the old French taste of Creole importation and cultivation, and now unfortunately fading out, —it must be candidly acknowledged that New Orleans has had little general literary culture to boast of, compared with otherwise less favored cities of the North having equal or even smaller population. The heavier waves of fresh thought, formed by the highest voices of our day—voices that move the nations elsewhere,—have traveled to us in vain for want of a solid intellectual coast to echo against, and have wasted their force in feeble ripplings among us. Native taste has lived in homespun attire;—the costumes shaped for the mind elsewhere,—garbs whereof the fashions vary with the great rhythmical progress of the era,—have found little market here. The most perfect and polished products of the world's thought-making centres have been coming to us only by special and individual request, either in very small parcels or not at all. Stock indispensable to metropolitan bookstores finds no demand to justify the enterprise of keeping it on hand here. Private individuals of culture and means do, indeed, attempt to supply by personal expenditure the deficiencies of the book market and the lack of such a public library as even third-class Western cities boast; but these isolated examples of self-culture do not indicate any true and general harmony with the mental expansion of the time, nor can undirected personal effort, howsoever well-trained or wealth-endowed, fill the intellectual void which the absence of a public library creates. Along with comparative ignorance of outside progress throughout the intellectual world, there must exist comparative inability to estimate justly many things at home which

it is of superlative importance to keep developed to the utmost possible pitch of excellence; and all through numerous departments into which the energies of our population are directed, the consequences of provincialism are necessarily manifest to a keen cosmopolitan eye.

While the possession of a public library *may* be made the strongest possible aid to intellectual expansion and social development, it might again, as Charles Dudley Warner shows, avail us nothing at all unless judiciously and liberally managed. Not only should it become the recipient for all new and valuable books published on topics of large interest, and thus continually reflect the mental movement of the years; but these books should be properly announced and recommended to the reading public. Nothing is more needed by inexperienced minds than well-directed advice, what lines of reading to pursue, and where and how to begin. Publishers know this fact so well, that many of them have boldly and successfully attempted to impose upon the public with catalogues chiefly made up of their own productions under some such title as *What to Read*, or *The Best Reading*, or *Advice to Readers*. The librarian competent to aid and direct the intellectual recreation and self-cultivation of a community, should certainly be a man of more than common acquirements, mental breadth, and impartial opinion,—one always willing to submit his private judgment to the collective judgment of leading intelligences. The possession of literary material is indeed not more important than possession of knowledge how to select and assimilate the mental nourishment contained in books. While one man may prove competent to supervise the labors of a corps of librarians in this broad educational direction, too much attention could not be given to the selection of the mem-

bers of such a corps, in regard to special fitness for certain departments. A librarian's assistant ought to be something more than a mover of books from shelf to table; and in most well-directed public libraries, the departments devoted to medicine, art, history, science, etc., are entrusted to assistants possessing particular qualifications for their duties. How much more must be required of those whose task it is to feed a great library with fresh literature,—to select the solid from the superficial, the enduring from the ephemeral, the strong and good from the weak or worthless creations flung upon the bookmarkets yearly by the hundred thousand!

Many who have come from more favored cities to settle in New Orleans have certainly felt the want of a large and well-ordered public library as one of the greatest afflictions under which a community can labor; and others who have left our city to settle in the North, have doubtless been influenced in their decision by inducements offered in the form of public libraries elsewhere. The business value to a city of good libraries may be less than that of superior hotel accommodations,—and the importance of the latter is undeniable; but it is quite as real. Those affected by literary considerations in their choice of residence, are, often, moreover, men qualified to exercise, directly or indirectly, considerable intellectual influence; and their worth as public teachers may sometimes be very great. For example, the value to New Orleans of such a resident as Charles Dudley Warner,—one who has shown his love of our city in so marked and generous a manner,—could not be too highly estimated; yet it is certain that neither he nor any active professional author of great weight could long afford to make his residence in the locality totally barren of literary

resources. His power as a public teacher is amply evidenced by a letter which we sincerely hope will not only receive all the attention it deserves, but also awaken appreciation of a gift whereof he has so well illustrated the possible value and far-reaching benefit.

THE ALCHEMIST'S DREAM REALIZED

There has been noticeable within the last few years a strong inclination on the part of scientific men to investigate old myths and superstitions in a serious light, and to evince a real interest in stories which a quarter of a century ago were considered only suited for the nursery, except in their historical bearings as illustrating the ignorance and credulity of our forefathers. Herodotus was regarded as rather a father of faiths than as the Father of History, until the researches of modern travelers have made good his ancient claims beyond all doubt; showing that where the old Greek spoke with certain knowledge, he seldom erred, and that when he recorded fables, they were not of his own invention, but chronicles of old beliefs, which Stanley still finds lingering in the east of Equatorial Africa, or which Baker hears by the sources of the Albert Nyanza. Modern mechanics have become so developed that we no longer doubt the stories of the genius of Archimedes; and an Englishman has shown that in modern days a flotilla might be destroyed by means of burning glasses. The medieval accounts of gigantic skeletons are no longer to be laughed at, although the bones are now known to have been those of gigantic animals and not of monstrous men. Magic and astronomy are now suspected of having been founded upon ancient knowledge of some strange science now lost, but which may be rediscovered at no distant day. The modern Indian juggler turns serpents into rods and rods into serpents as

cunningly as ever did the priests of Pharaoh; and the spiritualist, Home, could recently claim to rival the Witch of Endor. The metempsychosis of the Indian faith is after all emblematic of scientific truths; and why may we not believe that the Elixir of Life is yet to be found, or that some future chemist may discover through his art the Fountain vainly sought by Ponce de Leon? Why not, indeed, since the Fable of the Alchemist has been resolved into a chemical truth—since the secret of the transmutation of metals has been discovered? and the discoverer is none other than the great chemist and spectroscopist, Mr. Norman Lockyer, of England.

Of Mr. Lockyer's first successful experiment, made in the presence of a small party of scientific men, the London *Daily News* speaks timidly yet wonderingly. By the aid of a powerful voltaic current copper was volatilized within a glass tube; and the deposit then dissolved with hydrochloric acid. By means of the spectroscope, Mr. Lockyer then showed that the solution no longer contains copper, but another metal-calcium. Repeating the experiment with other metals, nickel was changed into cobalt and calcium into strontium.[1] These metals have always been regarded as elementary, and incapable of being resolved into any components, so it must be inferred that either the whole system of spectrum analysis is at fault, or that the whole system of modern chemistry must be revised. The conclusions of the writer in the London *News* will doubtless be read with interest:

"The future possibilities of the discovery is difficult to limit.

[1] These "discoveries" were mistaken ones but transmutation has since taken place.

The great object of the old alchemists was, of course, to transmute base metals into gold, and so far as our knowledge goes there is no more reason why copper should not be changed into gold as well as calcium. The means at present employed are obviously such as to render the process far more costly than any possible results can be worth; but this is necessarily the case with most scientific discoveries before they are turned into commercial facts. I am not, of course, holding out any probability that such will ever be the case; but an attitude of mere incredulity is by no means justifiable in the matter. Mr. Lockyer is one of our best living spectroscopists, and no man with a reputation such as his would risk the publication of so startling a fact as he has just announced to the scientific world without the very surest grounds. He is known by his friends as somewhat sanguine, and he does not pretend to be an accomplished chemist, but he was supported yesterday by some of our leading chemists all of whom admitted that the result of his experiments were inexplicable on any other grounds but those admitting of the change of one element into another, unless, indeed, our whole system of spectrum analysis is to be upset, the other horn of a very awkward dilemma. He has already made a communication to the Paris Academy of Sciences on the subject, and he is about to read a paper before our own Royal Society, in which we may hope to learn the results of his later experiments, made since the paper was read in Paris. For this full account of his researches we shall look with no small interest, for since one hundred years ago Priestley discovered oxygen and founded modern chemistry; there has been, there could be, no discovery made which would have such an effect on modern science as that the so-called elements were no longer to be considered elementary." [1]

[1] This editorial was written long before the days of radio-activity in which process helium is evolved, before Sir Ernest Rutherford artificially obtained hydrogen from some of the lighter elements, before the reported recent transmutation in Germany of mercury into gold. (The Editor.)

SOME STARTLING FACTS AND DREADFUL DREAMS

Prof. John Ericsson has made the discovery among other discoveries, that had not the pyramids been built the sun would rise earlier. Gautier's fanciful description of enormities of brick and granite which caused the world to tremble on its balance, seems thus to be more than realized;—the world has actually lost its balance a little. According to Ericsson the removal of millions of tons of material from the interior of mines and quarries to the surface of the earth must have necessarily resulted in retarding rotation; on the same principle that lightening the axle and weighting the periphery of a wheel or any other body in motion weakens the center of gyration. In other words the hand of man has actually accomplished the prodigious feat of checking the rotation of the world, and of lengthening the day. Together with the influence of the flow of rivers (we are informed that the Mississippi alone actually checks the velocity of rotation to a degree perceptible and measurable by instruments) the labors of mankind are causing the motion of the world's revolution to slacken at the rate of twelve seconds in a century. Such at least is the present rate—a rate perceptible enough to produce some marked effect on the velocity of clocks and watches. But what must have been the rate during the ages when Egyptian Kings were building palaces with "quartered mountains";—when Nineveh and Babylon and Ebactana and other cities arose, "walled up to heaven," when Palmyra's unbroken columns

glimmered across the desert;—when the Greek cities of Asia and of Magna Græcia shone in all their glory of marble and gold;—when Imperial Rome counted within her walls, according to Strabo, the awful swarm of fourteen millions of people;—and when Roman architects wrought the marvels whose ruins are mountains,—all those prodigious aqueducts which bestrode whole provinces; all those amphitheatres which could seat their hundreds of thousands; those vast circuses wherein nations met to marvel at the archery of a Commodus, or the naval battles fought upon lakes of wine, given as entertainments by Elagabalus; all those mighty roads which united in bonds of white stone the eleven hundred cities of ancient Europe—surely in those days the miracle of Joshua must have been accomplished by the will of man. So we must, perforce, believe that in that remote prehistoric period when men fought with rude spears against the cave bear and the mammoth, the days must have been awfully brief.

Since man has actually realized the wish of Archimedes, and lifted the world almost out of its orbit, a fancy comes to us regarding the theory of another great scientist, that we are nearing the period of another deluge,—the recurrence of a cataclysm vaguely and terribly chronicled by the traditions of all nations. There are said to have been six or eight such deluges,—each of which must have resulted in the almost total destruction of animal life. Only such deluges could account for the destruction of those enormous herds of mammoths which formerly roamed that part of the world now known as Northern Asia; and those vast families of mastodons which once dwelt upon our own continent. At mighty intervals the accumulation of ice at the poles causes a sudden reversal of the axes of the globe. Such a

catastrophe, dimly foretold in all the scriptures of all religions, will certainly appear the Day of Judgment to those who may behold it. One half of the world will find itself suddenly plunged into the darkest night; the other into awful day. With the darkness and the night, with the sudden starlight or the day, will come a roar of waters so awful as to render all the other sounds inaudible, even the toppling of mountain chains into gulfs of earthquake, the subterranean thunder of volcanic disturbances, or the celestial thunder of a storm indescribable even by the pen which created the Apocalypse. What then will become of human knowledge or of human civilization? What fragments will be left after the awful crash when all nature shall have been reversed? The continents will have become ocean-beds; new continents will have arisen from the abyss of the sea; new mountain chains will have mantled their peaks with rosy snow under the light of a new world. Ragnarok; the Day of Judgment; Vishnu as the fatal horse, winged with white fire, and shod with the iron hoof, which is to destroy the world; Brahma waking from the long sleep whose dream-figures represent the Cosmos, which vanishes with the sublime awakening—do not all these prophetic epics but foretell the awful day that science discovers, impending through horoscope?

And yet if man may retard the motion of the earth by muscular exertion; if he may change the hour of the sun's rising, and the pale setting of the moon,—why, indeed, might he not be able to avert, for a time at least, the destiny of his race; might not all our polar researches be insensibly tending to such a result; might not our ever-increasing power to destroy the work of man enable us to conquer nature with the artillery of a new science?

THE PRECURSOR OF MAN

It has only been within the brief period of twenty years that science has obtained any positive facts from which to form a just idea of the condition of primitive man; but this brief period has witnessed the pushing back of the earth's living history some four hundred million years. In a recent article contributed to the *Atlantic,* Mr. John Fiske admirably summed up the results of recent discoveries concerning the first appearance of man in Europe, and the peculiarities of races—as distinct from any now existing as the negro from the Caucasian—which have become as extinct as the megatheria of geologic periods. But Mr. Fiske carried his history back much further in a previous article, which deserves to be more generally known; and we have just received a pamphlet by M. Zaborowski, treating not of prehistoric man alone, but of his ancestor,—equally interesting, yet more exhaustive than Mr. Fiske's admirable essays.

It is well known that Darwin's conception of the origin of species "through descent with modifications" has been enormously strengthened by a study of extinct species in their geological succession. The evidence offered in support of his theories by the extraordinary modifications experienced by domesticated animals and birds through systematic breeding, sinks into insignificance compared with the geological evidence of modifications effected by purely unassisted natural causes. For example we have been able to trace the horse back through numberless modifications to a five-toed creature something like a tapir and not larger

than a pig; and in this chain of positive evidence, as Mr. Fiske observes with just sarcasm, "there are no missing links." But to trace back man to lower forms has been hitherto a matter of greater difficulty; and although it cannot be positively asserted as yet that in his case the missing link has been found, it is at least important to know that such a claim has been made by distinguished scientists.

When we penetrate down through the earth's crust below the layers of four strata formed by four prodigious geological periods, all traces of man disappear; and evidence is not wanting to show that he could not have existed in the Miocene period. Nevertheless we find positive traces of the existence of a being capable of making and using fire, and of chipping flints into rude but positive forms—little files, little gimlets and rude cutting instruments. These were found also to have been in many cases subjected to the action of fire.

Now, although no remains of man have yet been found belonging to the Miocene period, the highest types of apes were fully developed; and one, the *Mesopithecus Pentelici,* seems to have been very common. But this fossil ape, the remnants of which appear only in the last portion of the Miocene period, and which seems but a high development of lower anthropoid ape-forms found in the middle Miocene period, offers proof of a physical superiority to any existing forms of quadrumana, and a high cranial development. It was as large as a man; infinitely more active. It has been boldly named by De Mortillet and others,—the "Precursor of Man"; and those fires must have been lighted, and those flints chipped, not by beings such as we could term men, but by ape-like beings resembling man only as Frankenstein's monster might have done. From this vari-

ety at least two distinct higher species might subsequently have been produced by modifications.

The flints were first split by heat, and then chipped, it would appear, into utensils. Even at the present day, there are varieties of apes which use clubs and rude weapons with skill, and use stones to crack nuts. It is not, therefore, beyond reason to believe that the *Mesopithecus Pentelici* may have manufactured flint weapons, and learned the use of fire. It was tall, and must have been intelligent beyond any existing species of ape; its teeth and form of jaws in many respects resemble those of man—particularly of the aboriginal Australians.

NEWS ABOUT ANTS

"He who shall eat an ant," says the *Talmud*, "shall be flogged five times with forty stripes save one." This would seem to have been inspired less by respect for the ant, than by the belief in its peculiar legal uncleanliness as a creeping thing, and especially as a scavenger. Still the wisest of Hebrew kings much respected ants, as more than one Oriental tradition tells us, and as His own words (Prov. xxx., 24) would indicate. These words referred especially to one of the most wonderful species of ants, The Harvesters, whom Sir John Lubbock treats of in his recent very curious books. The grain stores collected by this species are indeed so important that the Mishnic sages made Talmudic laws concerning them,—discussing at much length whether such stores belong by right rather to the gleaners or to the owner of the field, but paying little attention to the moral right of the ants. In all ages since men began to write books reference has been made to the wonderful intelligence and ingenuity of ants; but it is really only of late years that we have been able to learn the particulars of their curious life, and the degree of civilization to which they have arrived.

Huber is perhaps the most interesting of established authorities in this branch of entomology, so vast in itself;—it was largely from him that Michelet drew the materials for that strangely fascinating essay upon the Republic of the Ants, in *L'Insecte*. Huber's researches have also been popularized in many other ways since. But the subject is so huge, and so interesting, that every addition to its literature

by a real scientist is merely as the addition of one paragraph to the first chapter of a colossal work to be yet written. Sir John Lubbock's new work contains few discoveries, but these are of uncommon importance, and his work has already excited entomologists in France and Germany.

To the public, of course, who have daily opportunities of observing the habits of these ubiquitous creatures, the most interesting portion of Sir John Lubbock's work will be that treating of the intelligence of ants. Whether he simply confirms the observations of others in this direction, or reveals himself as a pioneer, he is equally fascinating. The results of his experiences certainly deserve universal study.

We spoke above of the harvesting ants; but even those are commonplace creatures enough compared with the Agricultural Ants of Texas, which the great entomologist tells us about. Michelet, speaking of the termites—erroneously termed White Ants—states that their civilization is superior to that of the aboriginies of the countries they inhabit. Certainly as much might be said of the Agricultural Ants; for their civilization will compare very favorably with that of the most respectable Indian races who inhabited Texas. They clear spaces of ground around their little city, and appear to plant these spaces with ant-rice (*Aristida oligaultra*), a plant of which they are exceedingly fond. This they regularly harvest and store up. A very curious fact regarding all sorts of grain stores kept by ants is that the grains never germinate. The ants have discovered some secret method of preventing such germination, and science has not yet been able to wrest the secret from them. But just so soon as the grain is taken away from the ants it will germinate.

The relation between the ants and those helpless little

green insects, the aphides, is generally well-known. The aphides are the milch cows of the ants, who keep them in herds. But what is not generally known is that the ants often build little cowsheds over them, and erect little mud walls around their pastures, and nurse their young, just as a cowherd attends to young calves. The ants always keep a supply of aphis-eggs on hand, and if the little republic is threatened with danger, the soldier ants keep the enemy back while the rest try to run away with their young and with their stock of aphis-eggs to a place of safety.

Nor is it generally known that besides the aphides the ants keep many other queer little creatures, some appear to be mere *pets,* the cats and dogs of ant-life. Others are blind beetles, which appear to furnish the ant with some kind of milk. These beetles have learned to beg for food just like pets. They tap the ants with their antennæ in a peculiar way when they are hungry, and the ants feed them—putting the food into their mouths as we feed babies or kittens. Then there are also tiny little ants of a peculiar species, which bigger ants keep like little monkeys. These climb upon the shoulders of their masters and ride upon their backs when they go out. Sir John Lubbock has also discovered that ants have regular athletic amusements,—Olympian or Pythian games.

Their slave systems are well known. Some species of red ants cannot live without slaves. In return for the services of the blacks they protect the latter against their enemies—make raids for them. Between master and slaves the kindliest relations appear to subsist. Whoever has read anything about ants knows these things. But what is far more novel and extraordinary is the discovery that this social system, this antique slave-republic, is founded upon

a moral and civil law probably quite as sharply defined for the ants as the ancient social laws governing an Etruscan or Hellenic city. Mr. Grote has declared that no society can exist without a moral law; morality is a necessity of society. The ants have a very complicated society, and sound ethical principles. Their god, their idol, is of course their queen, upon whom the future of the community depends. As Lubbock's observations upon this matter extend over a period of seven years, they are probably the most perfect of the sort ever made.

Barbaric indeed are Assyrian monarchies of wasps and the Roman empires of bees compared with the Greek republics of the ants. In their communities, populous as the cities of Magna Græcia, the division of labor is perfect, the utmost order prevails, the least quarrel never occurs between brothers—even in a Sybaris or Crotona of 500,000 souls. They have their days of temple worship, too, their hours of merry orgies, their Isthmian or Pythian games. Each helps the other. A sick ant is nursed, a wounded ant is doctored, a drowned ant is pulled out of the water and revived.

But the laws of the community respecting strangers are severe as those of the antique city, according to the archæologist De Coulanges. A stranger is not allowed to enter the city, any more than in early times would a Spartan be permitted to obtain a citizenship in Athens. A friend, returned even from a long captivity, is recognized, honored and welcomed like Ulysses. Communities of the same race may make war, Sybaris may be destroyed by Crotona. There is no doubt that ants have a language. They convey news to each other. Sir John Lubbock tells us of many ways in which they may be made useful to man. He believes they make progress also—intellectual progress. Per-

haps when the race of man has perished in some vast cataclysm, such as destroyed the monsters of geologic eras, some ants may found a new and peculiar civilization of their own.

ETHNOLOGIC THEORIZING

The very recent progress of ethnology has settled all doubt as to the existence of man during the quaternary epoch; and yet so many doubts remain to be cleared away regarding his history during that period, that a little wild theorizing is perfectly justified. Let us also remember that such theorizings,—like arrows shot in the air,—have often during the march of modern science, hit important truths long hidden in ambush. What we desire to theorize upon at present is this:—Are there, or are there not, in this very State, in this very city of New Orleans, some representatives of that primitive type of man which struggled for life against the cave lion and the mammoth more than a quarter-of-a-million years ago?

It was during 1856, that in a grotto some twenty yards below the level of the Dussel river, was found the famous Neanderthal skeleton, firmly imbedded in a mass of calcareous loam,—or *cloess*—that had become almost as solid as marble. When first submitted to the examination of scientific men, strong doubts as to the human character of the bones was expressed. The awful superciliary ridges, the immense thickness and fibrous solidity of the skull, the huge development of the muscular attachments, the peculiar form and size of the osseous structures to which the thoracic sinews were anchored,—seemed rather apish than human. But subsequently so many other skeletons of the same type were discovered in similar tertiary deposits, that the most skeptical were compelled to recognize these bones not as apish or even abnormal, but as the well-established type of

the primitive man. Brutal, ferocious as that prehistorical race must have been, it possessed ingenuity as well as strength;—it invented rude but terrible weapons, it inaugurated the art of cutting flint, it contrived the first axes and the lances tipped with stone or bone. In the geological cemetery of these wild human creatures, were also found the skeletons of an extinct species of rhinoceros, of the primitive elephant, the cave lion, and the hyena of the caverns,—showing how hard must have been the struggle of humanity for life against the gigantic animals of that era. There is evidence to show that this primitive people lived in isolated tribes, and subsisted chiefly by hunting. They do not seem to have warred upon one another; and some ethnologists would have us think of them as of the great apes of the *Ramayana,* using their strength only to a good end.

During the great changes in the earth's surface which succeeded the apparition of man upon the earth, the Neanderthal race appear to have long struggled alone. Until very recently it was believed that a much smaller race of cave-dwellers made their appearance about the second quarternary epoch. This race was brachy-cephalic, or round-headed, while the Neanderthal men were long-headed. Physically the smaller race could never have struggled against the Neanderthals. But it has now been found that the smaller race did not appear until the Neanderthal type had disappeared.

Why disappear? One might well imagine that a people so tough, so agile, so mightily built, could have remained masters of the earth till the end of time. But they did not. They have become as extinct as the primitive lion or cave-bear. They were succeeded, if not mastered, by a human race physically far superior to them. The existence of that race

was revealed in 1868, during the building of a railroad between Limoges and Agen. A mountain had been formed before and above the ancient cavern first exposed to view by the work of the railroad laborers, engaged in making a deep cut. Stalactites and stalagmites had met above the skeletons like enormous teeth; the cavern had closed its jaws upon them! But the bones were brought forth into the light, after their long rest of many hundred thousand years.

The men to whom those bones belonged would do honor to earth even in these days. While the Neanderthal's skull shows that its owner could have possessed but a limited degree of intelligence and a very imperfect system of language, that of the Cro-Magnon pre-historic man—as he is called—shows a brain capacity of uncommon power. The Neanderthal race possessed enormous physical strength; but the skeleton of the Cro-Magnon testifies to equal vigor. One skull is especially noble; the forehead high and full, the eyes immense, the nose was probably curved like an eagle's beak. Few modern men have such skulls. But to this intelligent and imposing head was added a body of vast muscular power; the rugged volume and density of the bones, the extraordinary extent of the surfaces to which the muscles were attached, prove that the living man would have been well able to cope with the strongest Neanderthal. The shinbones are not shaped prismatically like ours; they are flattened like a sword blade. The thighbone has also a very different conformation from modern femora, being much thicker than it is broad; while instead of the sharp ridge on the posterior surface of most thighbones, this one possesses a veritable column of dense bone-fibre, greatly augmenting the extent of the muscular attachment and even the thickness of the limb.

These were violent men, however. In the same place, the skeleton of a young woman was found, with the skull crushed by a blow; and the vascularization of the bones showed that she must have lived two weeks after the injury. There was also evidence that she had recently been a mother. Was this a domestic tragedy of the antediluvian world? Numbers of animal bones were also found pierced with flint arrows in a manner that could never be accomplished by the best modern archers, testifying to the prodigious strength of the bow and of the arm that bent it. The Cro-Magnons were artists also. They have bequeathed us sketches of the mammoth and the reindeer cut upon bone, which are full of spirit. It was this mingling of intelligence and brute force, peculiar to the race, which first united wandering tribes together into a nation, and guaranteed security to the individual in exchange for obedience.

Now this primitive race is not yet extinct; and even granting that the people of Terra del Fuego or the Esquimaux of the extreme north are also remnants of prehistoric races, we may consider the modern descendants of the Cro-Magnons as the most ancient of extant races. The Cro-Magnons of to-day survive in the Basques of the Pyrenean slopes.

Agglutinant and polysynthetic, their language bears no relation to that of any other living people; but the learned Broca finds a startling resemblance between their physical type, and that of the quarternary men of Cro-Magnon. The Basques are, it is true, rapidly diminishing in number, and mixing with modern races to an extent which renders it doubtful whether there are many pure-blooded families among them. But while those of the northern portion of the Basque country are positively mixed; those of the South preserve the craniological characteristics of that race which

probably effaced the Neanderthal people from the world. Yearly they emigrate in numbers to Buenos-Ayres, Havana, Montevideo, Mexico,—Louisiana!—and it is probable that among those swarthy fellow-citizens whom we term "Gascons" there are not a few in whose veins flows a blood more ancient than that of any line of kings, more ancient than our own Aryan ancestry, more ancient even, perhaps, than the very land upon which we dwell.

CELESTIAL GEOLOGY

The most remarkable essay on extra-terrestrial things which has appeared this year is undoubtedly the paper written by the great French scientist, Stanislas Meunier, upon the geology of the heavens. M. Meunier is the author of a book on meteorites. Our readers may also recollect the excitement produced some years ago by the declaration of a German savant that he had discovered in meteoric stones the fossilized remains of polyps and cosmic sponges. It was Meunier who completely refuted this assertion, by artificially reproducing similar structures through chemical agency. M. Meunier's recent article is technical to a degree which renders impossible a thorough review thereof in any small compass; we shall only attempt to describe in a general manner his line of argument, and to sum up his very potent conclusions.

With the development of the science of vulcanology it was found that the only hope of settling certain questions regarding the part of volcanic agency in the formation and destruction of worlds, and especially regarding the interior condition of our globe, lay, not in terrestrial but in extra-terrestrial study. The moon, less than a quarter million miles from us, afforded an admirable field for such celestial investigation; but her face might remain unchanged for many thousand years to come, and only through vast improvements in the telescopic and other scientific apparatus could we expect to obtain definitive enlightenment regarding her structure and the agencies that aided in its creation. M. Meunier has established a new scientific law, however,

by which some very extraordinary investigations of this sort may be prosecuted without depending upon the moon alone; —he has not exactly discovered the methods he teaches, but he has crystallized them into something definite and systematic. He might be termed one of the fathers of Celestial Geology.

Before our own day such a science could not have existed; our knowledge of the chemistry of the world itself had not sufficiently progressed. But now a great deal is known of the history and age of rocks; the formation of the globe's crust is no longer a secret, although the forces that created granite and gneiss may be more mysterious to us than those which made limestone or marble. It is certainly startling to reflect that marble may be artificially produced to-day by the process through which Nature formed it, and that successful imitations of various rocks have been made by chemists. Finally, our geologists have established the chronological order of rock-formation, and discovered the origin of many varieties of strata.

The osteogeny and osteology of our world being thus adequately comprehended, while the spectroscope, analyzing the light of stars, proclaimed a general uniformity of elements throughout the visible universe (with some few and extraordinary exceptions), it became possible to apply Cuvier's method to the study of meteorites. Cuvier did not study celestial geology; but he discovered a paleontological system by which the character of an entire skeleton might be reconstructed from a solitary bone. So it is that M. Meunier proceeds *to reconstruct the skeletons of dead planets,* from those fragments of their osseous structures which have fallen on the world in the shape of meteorites!

The wonderful results of this study cannot be properly

understood by those unacquainted with terrestial geology, and the sciences applied to it; but even the few remarks we try to present to the reader in unscientific language are sufficient to startle. Be it first of all observed, that most rocks tell the story of their own origin to learned men;—they bear marks of the action of fire, vapor, gases and water; of crystallization under prodigious heat, or of slow hydraulic compression under the weight of oceans. We know that blue marble of a certain kind has been produced from chalk; and chalk tells of water and of life. So also certain white rocks are metamorphosed by various forces into black rocks. A geologist with a great variety of meteoric rocks before him would attempt to classify them also according to his classification of terrestrial rock:—first, those of primordial crystallization; second, normal rocks produced by the cooling of molten matter, or the deposits of material held in solution by water; third, conglomerate rocks, such as sandstone; fourth, metamorphic rocks, due to the transformation of normal rocks; fifth, *filonian* or veined rocks, produced by the concretion, in excavations or fissures, of materials that had been long maintained in the subterranean laboratories of the world in a condition of gas or vapor. Now all these rocks are interrelated in geological history quite as intimately as one bone of a skeleton is related to the rest; and all of these rocks could be recognized among meteorites. There are few known meteoric stones which have not been identified with certain terrestrial formations, from which they differ chiefly in the size of the grain; and those which cannot be identified appear to have belonged to a part of some planet quite as deep-seated as those parts of the world about which we are still almost completely ignorant. It

is singular, however, that stratified and granitic rocks have no known representatives among æroliths.

But sufficient testimony has been offered by meteorites to enable a geologist to reconstruct analogically the globe of which they are fragments. Even the size of that globe can be fairly guessed by an estimation of the forces which have left their trace upon the stone. Those meteorites which cannot be identified with terrestrial rocks as to formation, may also yet teach us something about the mysterious entrails of our own world.

Other fragments fallen from heaven are inscribed with the story of the agonies of birth and death of worlds that have ceased to be;—they tell of tempests of fire and of earthquakes; oceans whose wave-roll never reached terrestrial ears; islands and continents doubtless peopled by intelligent beings whose civilization has left no trace of its existence in the universe; winters and summers unnumbered and unrecorded. . . . That world was fair and large, and must have circled beyond us like some huge bright moon. Gradually the oceans dried up; the atmosphere was absorbed; the great crust fissured and separated from the core; the core itself refissured and cracked asunder, and its fragments were whirled away through the shoreless night to shower upon other worlds,—other points of light moving through the darkness—or to feed the enormous furnace of the sun. So will our moon disaggregate and disappear. It is a world's-corpse, but the corpse is only beginning to decompose; the parts still hold together. Some day they must quit company; and our tides will cease to rise, and our nights will not be irradiated. Then our world, too, will become as the moon; deserts will devour our continents; our

seas will at last cease their thunder-song, and our skies will never be traversed by a cloud. Then, what of our faiths, civilizations, sciences? . . . Will humanity leave even one letter of an epitaph in the bottomless and boundless cemetery of dead suns?

Probably not. But perhaps among those things which we do not yet positively know, is that knowledge, civilization, art, are all but incidents in the development of a world, incidents of its life—varying with the variations of its history. Perhaps, as the character of a lost world may be divined from a fragment of its cadaver, so may the civilization of its inhabitants be ultimately determined; and when some atom of this globe shall fall upon the plains of a larger world in myriads of millions of years to be, the geologists of that distant sphere might determine at a single glance the whole character of our history and the whole range of our boasted learning.

PHYSIOLOGY OF FEAR

It has been said frequently and with truth that in such periods of epidemic, as the present,[1] fear kills no small proportion of those on the death list. Exactly how this comes to pass we are not informed; but may venture a little theory of our own in regard to it. No intelligent person questions the influence of mental action upon the general health of the individual. The imagination plays a chief part in the tragedy of sickness. It accounts to no small degree for the boasted success of charlatans, the realization of the predictions of fortune-tellers, the fulfillment of prophecies; the fame of "magnetic physicians" and mesmerisers; the apparent verisimilitude of many popular superstitions. Friday has actually become a *dies infaustus*, because imagination has brought a tremendous influence to bear on those capable of making it unlucky for themselves—such as the sailors who ship on Fridays with misgivings of ship-wreck, the leaders of expeditions who start on Fridays with the semi-conviction that misfortune is at hand, and all in perilous situations whom superstition renders careless and negligent through fear. We might quote multitudinous opinions of learned physicians upon imagination in therapeutics, or adduce cases of criminals, who expired under the belief they had been bled to death, although in fact a pin-puncture and a little water dropping in a basin were the real cause of the terrifying sensations and sounds to which they were victims.

The most ordinary explanation of the terrible results of

[1] Yellow fever was then raging in New Orleans. (The Editor.)

panic in times of plague, is that fear weakens the species, by destroying appetite, increasing circulation feverishly, and generally disarranging the action of the vital organs, so as to impair the reactive power of the system against the shock of disease. It seems to us, however, that this explanation might be carried out to greater amplitude. If it is questionable whether pain and pleasure are not closely akin—whether the nervous action in bodily suffering is very different from the nervous action in bodily pleasure, except in its aggravated intensity—it is just as questionable whether the action of fear on the mind is altogether different from the action of desire. Although apparently opposites, they may be no more than different degrees of the same condition.

Many of our readers have doubtless experienced a strange sensation when standing on some dizzy verge; or when in the presence of some great peril. On the brink of a precipice one is often liable to a curious impulse to leap down. In the presence of a danger, one is often unreasonably inclined to rush toward it. By a logical process only is the mind freed from the impulse. It is akin to the fascination inspired by a snake—to the mesmeric power exerted by a cat over a bird. Desire may not be altogether so remote from the fascination as we imagine;—it certainly is not under certain conditions; perhaps it is not under any conditions. We suspect that fear is an actual invitation to the evil dreaded, rather than a petition for mercy. It seems to predispose the body for the reception of the malady; to call the malevolent spirit in to take possession. It even anticipates the disease by creating an abnormal condition of the system before the disease really comes. It feels suspicious when the pulse beats regularly, and secretly satisfied

only when it beats one hundred a minute. It prefers the certainty of disease to the uncertainties of health, perhaps without knowing it. Its precautions may be taken logically; but its morbid desire of affliction, mechanical and semi-conscious, may be too powerful for antidotes. In short, the extreme fear of yellow fever, in our opinion, might often be analyzed into an actual desire for a fatal attack of it.

SOME PHASES OF SCEPTICISM

The scepticism which is creeping through civilized society, is by no means so uniform in its character as the fulminations leveled against it from the Sinais of the churches would lead uninformed persons to suppose. There are large distinct varieties of it, prevailing among different classes of people. The most widely spread form of it is deism or theism—which prevails to a much larger extent in America than the members of church congregations have any idea of; and even among the agricultural class of reading farmers. This form of scepticism is largely based upon the teachings of works like those of Paine and Ingersoll, and the cheap scientific and free thought publications for which papers like the Boston *Investigator* and the Toledo *Index* are the agents. A complete abnegation of Biblical religion in any form is professed by millions in this country who still retain a belief in one God, and in the future state of existence. But of this very large class the beliefs differ vastly. Some cling to fragments of early faith in the doctrine of rewards and punishments; some base their unbelief on works like the *Age of Reason, Vestiges of Creation,* Volney's *Ruins,* and everything else of the kind they may have been able to pick up; some profess to disbelieve naturally without attempting to study the opinions of doubters, and declare in a general way that it is folly to adopt any positive ideas about subjects beyond human power to fathom; comparatively few have schooled themselves in the wholesale scepticism of Voltaire, or followed the arguments of that terrible book, *Le Cure Meslier*: and still fewer have really

studied the latter day scientific theories and discoveries of Darwin and Spencer and Huxley and Tyndal, which have had and will have a vast influence upon future belief. There is a prodigious amount of doubt; but it is embryonic doubt mostly, half hatched out, and lacking the incubating warmth of knowledge and study to bring it out of the stage of abortive deformity.

Of atheists the number is not so great; but there are numbers of professed atheists in spite of the popular fallacy that every human being must believe in a God. Some of them do not rise intellectually above the level of the African chief who informed Sir Samuel Baker that the world always existed, and that the life of men and animals had a similar termination. There are others who are certainly superior men, and who, while recognizing the existence of creative force, deny to that force all the anthromorphous attributes given to it by various religious beliefs.

But deeper than all these doubts a philosophy of doubt is growing, which bears a strange resemblance to the strangest and deepest thought of the West,—which finds itself strengthened as with elixir by every progressive advance in scientific knowledge,—which deepens with each new investigation, as the abyss of heaven deepens beyond the range of the most powerful telescope,—which dreams only of the infinite and beyond time and space. Although directly an outgrowth of modern European thought it bears a startling analogy to the pantheism of India. It has its trinity of creating, preserving and destroying forces, its Brahma, Vishnu and Seeva,—the power that shapes from substance; the power that gives duration to form, and the power vaster than all which perpetually creates change. Yet all these are but one; and that one is all,—eternal, om-

nipresent, all-pervading, all-including. Men's lives, the life of the world itself, are but sparks of the primordial and ubiquitous force which whirls the stars and suns in their courses as grains of glittering dust. From that power come all things, to it all things return, of it is all that is and was and will be. And vast as the fabrics of these beliefs, vaster is the doubt superimposed—an abyss of doubt deep as the gulf of night above us. It is Pantheism without the thou! it is being insensibly taught more and more, by the European literature of the day, taking as many forms as the incarnations of Vishnu,—in poetry, romance, history, fiction, sociology, sciences of a hundred colors. Confined necessarily to an exclusively cultivated class, by the intricacy, the vast complexity of its formation, the depth and height and breadth of its strivings after the infinite, this form of scepticism can never, even in the most remote future, spread through the body of the people. The people could never rise to its comprehension any more than the worshippers of Ganesa, the elephant-headed god, could comprehend the awful truths which lie hidden behind the mysteries of the monstrous deities in Indian temples. And in these days the people, becoming the government, are their own educators and teachers, so that its influence upon a privileged class can never be judged of by general results. In special results it may, however, be judged of already; for it is shedding a strange light upon modern literature, and lending strange colors of melancholy to the most beautiful productions of modern thought.

NEW THEORIES AND OLD ONES

It is curious that metaphysicians and rationalists are alike commencing to declare their faith in strange theories which flourished thousands of years before European civilization was born, in the ancient empires of India and the East. The unspeakable old doctrine of cyclic creation—of regular periods of revolution in the action of the universal forces, when matter, having undergone all the changes of which it is capable, commences to pass again through the same vast series of active and passive forms—is now finding learned adherents in Europe, and especially in Germany. The New York *World* recently published a curious résumé of the scientific and philosophical arguments in support of these beliefs. The Rationalistic argues, with much force of logic, that inasmuch as the molecules or atoms of which matter is composed are necessarily limited in number, there must ultimately come a period when they will have effected all the innumerable combinations of which they are capable, and when the forces of the universe can no longer produce new forms. Yet while force and matter—eternal and indestructible—coexist, forms must continue to be the result of that coexistence; and these forms can only be a repetition of preexistent forms. Therefore—assuming the eternity of matter and force—all that now exists has existed before in other cycles of time too vast for human comprehension, and will be reproduced to all eternity through coming cycles of time.

The scientific discoverers of a cyclic periodicity in the history of solar systems support the same idea from the standpoint of practical observation; but the elucidation of

their views in a newspaper article would occupy more space in this journal than the subject justifies. Those who desire to digest such theories and the facts supporting them, should peruse some extraordinary works recently published. What seems to be specially noteworthy in this connection is that the vast conceptions of the Orientals in regard to immeasurable cycles of time, and a never ceasing recurrence of pre-existing forms in the universe, are proving by no means so absurd as European wisdom formerly attempted to represent them. These collossal myths are now found to be, like the monstrous idols of India, but symbols of faiths and truths which compel the respectful attention of the European learned. The deep-sounding mind of the German pantheist has (comparatively speaking) but recently grasped the ideas proclaimed by Indian sages in the earliest dawn of history; and our most startling astronomic hypotheses of the nineteenth century may be only new guesses at certain cosmic truths reflected in the hoary fables of the Japanese Buddhists from time immemorial.

SOME PHILOSOPHY

It is true that "when Bishop Berkeley said there was no matter it was no matter what he said"—so far at least as the general human belief in the entity of matter is concerned. But the process of reasoning which he followed did not pass away with him; and there appears to be a strong tendency to a similar strain of reasoning in our own day. Perhaps scientific discoveries have had something to do with exciting thinkers anew to solve intellectual puzzles which theologians are perhaps correct in declaring to have been invented by the Devil. When we are told that there is no light—only radiant energy, acting upon the eyes; no sound,—only movements of the atmosphere affecting auditory nerves;—no color, only vibrations ethereal;—is it at all surprising we should presently be told there is no such thing as matter and motion,—that the most apparently solid realities are merely phantoms of the mind? Many such assertions have been lately made in publications of a scientific character—viz, *Concepts of Modern Physics.*

Let us see—or more correctly speaking, not see at all! We only know of objects through their relations to other objects, we do not perceive objects at all,—we perceive only interrelations, symbols, phenomena, so to speak,—non-interrelation is therefore the equivalent of non-existence. Absolute rest means nothingness; inert matter is inconceivable in thought and unknown to human experience. Existence is motion. We ourselves are but forms of motion. Everything is thus brought down to a point of abstraction.

The most substantial beefsteak is resolved into a multiform phenomenon of movement. There is no difference between movement and matter. But it has also been proved with irrefragable logic that movement does not exist in reality; and as absence of movement is the same as non-existence, the result would be appalling if both schools of reasoning were right. Fortunately we may take refuge in that which holds that motion is real, although only relative.

It is impossible to discover of what value to the human race such intellectual discoveries can be—unless we are to consider the literature which embodies them as having the same relation to intellectual development by exercise that a complicated gymnasium may have to the development of muscle by physical exercise. No man who flattens his nose upon the edge of a half-open door in the dark, will be at all consoled by the assertion that "motion is only relative";—nor will the irrefutable truth that "we know of objects only by their relation to other objects," be calculated to alleviate the fury of the man whose wife runs away with a handsomer fellow. Our concepts may be "only symbolical"; but the knowledge of that fact will not heal the wounds of the individual who falls over a bucket of water carelessly left upon the stairs after the gas has been put out;—and the firmest conviction that "absolute rest is equivalent to non-existence" will not cure a tooth-ache. That "length has no abstract existence" may be well to know; but it will not shorten a milliner's or doctor's bill;—and the fact that the "inertness of bodies is a fiction of the mind" offers no acceptable apology for the laziness of servants. We may believe, if we please, that there is no distinction between motion and matter; but we are apt to act as if we believed otherwise when a small boy rides his velocipede round a curve against the

cutaneous envelope of our unprotected understandings. There is some philosophy which does not console—but is rather calculated to aggravate the woes of mankind. Time may be only a relative idea, but that fact will not prevent vexation when mails are late, and trains leave depots before the swearing hackmen can get there.

A MEMORY

An *Atlantic* paper of uncommon beauty, contributed to the August number of that admirable periodical, touches in a very dainty and singular manner upon a certain mental phenomenon which has afforded a charming puzzle to thinkers in all ages of civilization. Most imaginative and sensitive minds have occasionally experienced sensations not less occultly mysterious than those of the dreamer in Baudelaire's prose-poem, to whom the Moon whispers:—"Thou shalt love all that I love, and all things that love me . . . *the place where thou shalt never be,—the Woman thou shalt never know.*" But the same minds have doubtless, at long intervals, also known experiences even stranger than the charm of places never visited and the fascination of beauty never beheld;—for these latter feelings can be analyzed, explained, understood; they are only delightful combinations of fancies gathered in a thousand fields and amalgamated into one harmonious, but only apparently novel, design. Far less comprehensible is the impression often communicated to us by the first vision of a new country, the first view of a city never before visited,—an impression of familiarity with the totally unfamiliar—coupled with feelings of real surprise at the irrefutable certainty that we never beheld these things or heard these sounds before. Ancient writers were not strangers to such experiences; a Roman philosopher presumed to draw therefrom an argument in support of pre-existence. The soul, immortal and indestructible, might have lived in many bodies, and in each new form might retain some faint memory of that which it had

seen or heard in previous periods of incarnation. The announcement of a newly discovered fact may not so much excite surprise or interest, as it may evoke in the hearer's mind a vague idea of something once familiar though long-forgotten; it may not impress him as at all novel, but rather as old beyond recollection. When this is the case we are assured by certain dreamers that the subject of the sensation has passed through transmigrations of which some feeble echoes, some half-obliterated memories remain.

Yet one explanation of materialism—or at least of some romantically materialistic thinkers—is scarcely less remarkable than the above theory, which reaches its most fantastic development in the East,—and especially in the person of Buddha, who claimed the power of recollecting all the episodes of a whole cycle of births. Still, this scientific theory requires certain facts to establish itself upon;—some parent or family ancestor must have witnessed or heard those things which we, at first sight or first hearing, think of as things once known but forgotteen. For example, some traveler on entering a tropical port for the first time, imagines nevertheless that he has a dim recollection of a similar far-off experience; the vast blue light,—the bright colors,—the exotic odors,—the goldness of the great day,—the sounds of surf and strange tongues,—the oddity of sailors' chants,—the foreign facts and the violent impression of them,—the eccentricities of tinted architecture and of bright foliage above and beyond a forest of spars,—all these seem old, though absolutely new to him. But only for a moment, then the odd feeling passes utterly away, and the real strangeness of the scene defines itself with new precision. Was the first extraordinary sensation a real memory, or the ghost of a memory? It was the ghost of a memory at

least, because, although that traveler himself never before saw that port, his father or his mother had seen it, and bequeathed to him the remembrance of it. If physical characteristics are inherited through generations, even to the most minute details, might not strong memory-impressions, themselves essentially physical, be likewise transmitted? The animal world exhibits mental phenomena which seem explainable by this hypothesis. Carried to its furthest length the theory contains some queer grains of comfort. In process of time, according to evolutional doctrine, might not the capacity for transmitting and inheriting mental powers and memories become so developed that knowledge would not be extinguished by death, but would be transmitted from father to son like any other distinguishing characteristic,—tint of skin or color of eyes?

A much more reasonable theory is that our first impressions of new objects not unfrequently resurrect very old memories of things totally different, yet vaguely related to what we see,—just as the scent of a flower in the woods may recall some forgotten love episode,—just as the odor of an asphalt pavement, under the burning sun, may remind one of sea-waves and rocking of ships and coast-lines that faded from our sight twenty years ago,—just as a tune played upon a barrel-organ may bring to an emigrant's mind some misty dream of Scotch or Irish hills that he will never see again. Furthermore, we must not forget the extraordinary distortion of facts and forms in sleep; nor the similar distortion of memories when these go back so far that they touch the border line between sleep and life,—that they become shadowy and semi-diaphanous. When we bear these truths in mind we can the better appreciate the following

admirable paragraph in the *Atlantic*,—describing the writer's first impression of the famous mosque of Cordova:—

"The crucifix stands again on the high altar, and the missal has replaced the Koran; but as I crossed the threshold I exclaimed to myself, 'This is Islam!' It was like entering a new land, a new world. On every side, far as the eye could reach, arcades opened before me intersected by other arcades, innumerable smooth, slender columns supporting double Moorish arches, one above the other, with an open space between,—a labyrinth of parallel pillared avenues constantly crossing other avenues. As I walked on, looking right and left, seeing no end, no exit, nothing but successive colonnades of many-colored marble shafts, porphyry and jasper, with waving palm-branches and feathery tree-ferns for capitals, and horseshoe arches of broad alternate bands of red and white interminably repeated, a dark vaulted roof overhead in a summer twilight obscurity, a sensation half-strange, half-familiar, made me wonder in what dream I had paced these aisles before. *Then I found myself thinking of the rows of a great field of Indian corn in which I had lost myself when I was a child.* The effect of sameness and endlessness is almost identical; the impression on the imagination is of a vast plantation of palms turned to stone."

Surely there is a delicious poetry in this dainty and truthful explanation of the mysterious feeling the writer experienced. To the child-mind how marvelous the world is!—how full of magic is nature!—how exquisitely visible the fairy-paints of God, and the wondrous architecture of the woods! For the adult eye the corn-field has little interest;—for the little child, unable to peer above its whispering stalks, it has a weird and beautiful mystery,—so beautiful that to the richly-matured and finely-trained mind

of the man in long after-years, the spectacle of one of the world's greatest architectural marvels could evoke no memory worthy of the moment except those green-gold aisles of maize in which the toddling child lost his way.

"A GHOST STORY"

There are certain beliefs as old as the world, that have encountered more or less scepticism in all ages, and nevertheless endure to-day,—beliefs based upon observations so excellently authenticated, and so strongly interresembling, whether made before Christ or in the present age of railroads and electricity, that the admission of their testimony in the great trial which metaphysical theories are undergoing in the court of Common Sense, cannot be refused. We refer especially to the belief in warnings,—premonitions of death,—wraiths,—doubles,—all those singular superstitions connected with sudden decease,—all those apparitions of inexplicable voices by which people at vast distances from home are weirdly informed of the loss of friends, or relatives, to whom they are particularly attached. An immense number of extraordinary books have been written upon this subject; and an enormous bulk of modern testimony collected in regard to it,—so much, indeed, that people have long since become more or less weary of the theme, the more so because every new statement obtained bears a tiresome resemblance to others familiar from childhood. Nevertheless, while we have all read about such things, very few of us believe in them; and although there are probably few adult readers of this paper who have not occasionally met with some one claiming to have had ghostly experience, there are also few who are willing to place credence in such assertions.

Nor does it matter much how generally trustworthy in

other respects the person who makes the statement may be; in this particular matter either his veracity is apt to be doubted, or the soundness of his mental condition called into question. Finally, the numerous scientific explanations of mental and sensory delusions have been received with zeal by the public at large, who find in them a ready apology for summary condemnation of all weird experiences as totally unworthy of serious attention. It is possible, folks are apt to say, it is quite possible such things have appeared to certain persons, but only as musical or visual *spectra*—the results of diseased conditions of the nervous system.

But it would seem, from the tenor of a curious recent article in the London *Daily Telegram*, that certain forms of hallucination not only demand, but are actually receiving, a thorough and totally novel scientific investigation. The investigators, indeed, are men who do not believe in ghosts; but they are also men unwilling to accept the cut-and-dried explanation of all visual or auditory hallucinations by nervous disorder. They do not seem to think, for example, that an unhealthy condition of mind could alone account for the following story related by Lieut. Col. Jones of Her Majesty's Service, which is but one of a thousand equally well-authenticated narratives:

"In 1845 I was stationed with my regiment at Moulmein, in Burmah. In those days there was no direct mail, and we were dependent upon the arrival of sailing vessels for our letters, which sometimes arrived in batches, and occasionally we were months without any news from home. On the evening of the 24th of March, 1845, I was, with others, dining at a friend's house, and when sitting in the veranda after dinner, with the other guests, in the middle of a conversation on some local affairs, I all at once distinctly saw before me the form of an open coffin with a favorite

sister of mine, then at home, lying in it apparently dead. I naturally ceased talking, and every one looked at me with astonishment, and asked what was the matter. I mentioned, in a laughing manner, what I had seen, and it was looked upon as a joke. I walked home later with an officer very much my senior—the late Major Gen. Geo. Briggs, retired, Madras Artillery, then Capt. Briggs—who renewed the subject, and asked whether I had received any news as to my sister's illness. I said no, and that my last letters from home were dated some three months prior. He asked me to make a note of the circumstance, as he had before heard of such occurrences. I did so, and showed him the entry I made opposite the day of the month in an almanac. On the 17th of May following I received a letter from home announcing my sister's death as having taken place on that very day—viz.: the 24th of March, 1845."

Our readers are doubtless familiar with numberless stories of a similar character; and probably most persons who do not believe such things could occur except by fortuitous coincidences, doubt because they have not seen. Now the scientific and impartial writer of the article in the English journal before us, well remarks that although millions die and "make no sign,"—although such experiences must be comparatively rare, we must also remember that other mental powers, of whose existence there can be no doubt whatever, are equally rare. For instance there are persons capable of powerfully impressing or influencing other persons without touching or speaking to them; and there are persons peculiarly sensitive to the unexpressed will of strong minds. Both powers are uncommon—that of conveying impression or of receiving it; and (leaving all theories of mesmerism out of the question) there must even in such cases be a bond of affection or sympathy,—"a moral relationship"

as the editor calls it,—between the two. Under such circumstances it is not impossible that mind should affect mind to an extraordinary degree; and perhaps the narrative of the English officer might be accepted on the theory that his dying sister thought of her absent brother so intently as to form that image in his mind which he saw. How far the influence of mind may thus reach is certainly still unknown; science is obliged to confess its inability to tell us precisely what mind is. The other day, in discussing the subject of electrical phenomena in human beings, we stated on tolerably good authority, that only two or three cases of such electrical prodigies are recorded by physiologists.

That they have been seen and studied is beyond dispute; and while we grant the existence of mysterious powers of one sort on such rare testimony, we cannot reasonably reject the existence of other powers still more incomprehensible, but equally well authenticated.

It is easy enough to recognize the power of mind upon mind, when the recipient and the deliverer of the impression are in each other's presence; but it is difficult to comprehend the extension of such influence half-way round the world,—unless we force ourselves to accept a theory like that old Greek story about threads of invisible gold spun by the Fates, which bind lives to lives without ever snapping, till the scissors of death cuts them. Yet again we must believe in other things quite as hard to understand! Who can comprehend the specialized sense by which a hound follows a zig-zag trail for miles through woods, fields, prairies, or even through the crowded streets of a great city, where the trail is crossed by others innumerable and equally fresh or fresher?

If the faculty of conveying or receiving such singular im-

pressions as those related in Lieut.-Col. Jones' narrative, is only an example of some specialized sense, we might suppose that in the course of time such powers would become more generally developed in mankind; and the evolutional theory again presents us with startling possibilities,—the realization of old mythological fancies,—the reading of secret thought,—the silent exchange of sympathy across the face of the world,—and even the final annihilation of deception by the absolute impossibility of veiling a purpose or of concealing a hate.

THEOSOPHY

The work and literature of the Theosophical Society in India and England have been subjects of much favorable and unfavorable comment in those countries; but it was not until quite recently that they attracted attention in the very capital of materialism and scepticism,—Paris. In fact, a new branch of the Society was lately established there; and to judge from the powerful article upon it in the *Nouvelle Revue,* it promises to flourish luxuriantly. There is much of novelty, mystery and romance in the theories of the brotherhood;—their purpose is nothing less than the realization of the dream of a universal religion; their theories have all the strange attractiveness of witchcraft, alchemy and occult literature. Yet their philosophy is not without some sound foundation; and they have constructed quite a remarkable range of scientific buttresses to brace up the slender structures of Alchemical hypothesis and Rosicrucian idealism. Like Margrave in Bulwer Lytton's story, they have sought their learning in the Orient—"out of the East the lightning cometh!"—they have made pilgrimages to Himalayan wildernesses in search of that knowledge so rigidly forbidden to man by all forms of religion which have recognized the existence of magic or the possibility of conjuration. To the rigidly orthodox of even our own day such knowledge must appear of infernal origin,—even like that tree described in Sura xxxvii of the *Koran,* "the fruits of whose branches are the heads of demons";—but the agnostics of the period have a right to hold that howsoever puerile such researches seem,

they may ultimately result in discoveries of large value to humanity.

The Paris "Theosophical Society of the Orient and Occident" is founded upon precisely the same programme as that of the Theosophical Society of Madras, India,—the aim of which is to establish a universal brotherhood of mankind, without distinction of caste, color, race or belief; to favor the study of the literature of Oriental religions and sciences, and make manifest the importance thereof;—and to study the Unknown laws of Nature and the latent *psychical* powers of man. Here the positivist is tempted to smile. But the Paris society expressly adds that the brotherhood "do not hold to any particular explanation of psychical phenomena,—much less to any belief in the existence, in this physical world, of any forces outside of those recognized by physical science." *Psychical*, therefore, is only a term used by the society to qualify phenomena of a special character, although these be in themselves necessarily material; for to the theosophist the "immaterial" necessarily means the "non-existent."

But while the theosophists expressly declare their non-adherence to any form of religion, and their hope of being able to unite members of all religions under their infinitely liberal programme, their own practice has not in all instances tallied with their professions. Did not Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Alcott go to India in 1879 expressly for the purpose of preaching to the people of the glory of the ancient religions and "to warn them against the substitution of any new faith for the doctrines of the *Vedas*, the *Tripitakas*, or the *Zend-Avesta?*" This, indeed, they may have had a perfect right to do; but if the Theosophists sincerely desire to bring about a union between Catholics, Protest-

ants, Jews, Parsees, Buddhists, Mohammedans, Brahmanists, Jainists, etc., their denunciation of the work of Christian missionaries is a poor step toward the universal conciliation. Furthermore, Colonel Alcott, after decrying the Catholic and Evangelical missionaries in India, undertakes himself to preach Buddhism in Paris. Buddhism, he says, is the religion most in conformity with nature and law, and is destined to become the future religion of the world;—therefore he publishes and distributes a Buddhist catechism—"according to the canon of the Church of the South,"—by Sumangala, High-priest of Sripada, and Principal of the Theological College of Widyodaya-Paravena, in Ceylon. The book, however, is acknowledged to be highly interesting; and the eccentricities of certain members of the Theosophic confraternity do not, perhaps, represent the general spirit of all. What is much more curious than the Buddhist preaching of Col. Alcott, or the theories of Sumangala, are the researches being made into the Buddhist spiritualism of Thibet. The Thibetans are said to have been the first to inspire the idea of the Theosophical Society. They have certain schools,—occult universities,—colleges of Magic, if you will,—whose graduates are said to accomplish with ease all the prodigies of all thaumaturgists from Apollonius of Tyana to the present day. They claim powers akin to those ascribed to Buddha himself in the legends; and according to tolerably good testimony they are really able to do very wonderful things. It must be remembered that Indian yogis have performed before English officers feats of a seemingly impossible kind, which the witnesses could not explain at all by commonly understood laws. The Thibetan neophite has to serve a severe novitiate of seven years before he is allowed to study the higher art; and much of what he learns then is

not known. But the powers of communicating mysteriously with each other at great distances,—of controlling wild beasts and serpents,—of creating visions,—even of appearing simultaneously in two different places,—are commonly claimed by the Thibetan adepts. In fact, they assume the possession of the same knowledge which Bulwer Lytton gave to his Margrave; and the Thibetan mystic's luminous projection of himself is precisely like the apparition of the *Scin-Læca*. It is also worthy of observation that the tests of initiation in Thibet are much like those demanded by wizard-teachers since the beginning of the history of magic:—abstinence from flesh and wine, constant application of the mind to an unselfish end, conquest of desire, self-denial in all things, and especially love. The Theosophical Society proposes to investigate all these mysteries, and, if possible, to explain them. It has also renewed public interest at home in the researches of Crookes and other eminent psychologists, and has published many curious and even valuable works. Aside from mere theories, its objects are in some respects worthy of the interest and support of thinking men; and it is quite possible that its researches may bring about discoveries which will prove scientifically and irrefutably that thought is not ephemeral. This is what it hopes to do. The production of books like those of Adolphe d'Assier, who published in 1883 the singular treatise *L'Humanite Posthume* certainly tend to divert minds from the grosser materialism, and to elevate our conception of humanity. D'Assier argues upon strictly scientific grounds that what is called "psychic force" is not necessarily interrupted by death,—that no force ever ceases to act,—that as the sunbeam emitted from our day-star never ceases to be, so the thought flashed from the brain of man never dies, but pre-

serves its radiant energy through all cycles of time and beyond, into the Night of eternities. Is it not curious to find a scientific theorist in 1883 developing a serious theme upon the beautiful fancy which Theophile Gautier uttered in his *Arria Marcella,* so many years before?—the poet has often an intuition that seems to border upon prophecy:—

. . . "In effect, nothing dies, all things exist forever: no power may annihilate that which once had being. Every action, every word, every form, every thought, that falls into the universal ocean of existence, therein produces circles which travel, ever enlarging as they go, to the very confines of eternity. . . ."

MODERN SUPERSTITION

That superstitions outlive religions is a truth too palpable to require much dwelling upon,—especially at this epoch of folklore studies, when modern superstitions are being traced back not only to Greek or Roman days, but beyond them through the dust of dead civilizations back to ages of primitive fetich-worship. Human nature has not very much changed since the beginning of history; the advantages of scientific progress are enjoyed by all, but the methods by which they have been obtained are mysterious to the vast majority of mankind; the average skull of the nineteenth century may be of greater capacity than the skull of the middle ages, because it has much more work to do, but the superstitions of the middle ages are by no means quite dead. With the vast widening of human knowledge, and the ever-growing necessity for specialization, it becomes more and more evident that the dream of a universally intelligent humanity is not likely ever to be realized. Men continue to write essays about the coming age of philosophy, the approaching golden era of science;—even while the dismal fact prevails that the greater part of the human race is ignorant of the most simple natural laws. To expect that all civilized men should know something about all the general results of scientific discoveries is absurd enough; but it would not seem too much to expect that universal education should infiltrate some positive knowledge of natural laws into the human mind at large. Yet the peculiar tenacity of many absolutely primitive and barbaric superstitions proves that such expectation has little to justify it. Consider, for

example, the prevalence of beliefs in astrology, in fortune-telling, in divination, in quackery and imposition of the grossest description! It is useless to say that those fortune-tellers and clairvoyants who make fortunes in all the capitals of the world, who swarm in all the large cities of the United States, are visited merely out of curiosity. They are believed in quite as stoutly as are the superstitions about Friday, about the bad luck attaching to presents of knives or scissors, about the howling of dogs, about ghosts, about cats washing their faces, about dreams. And those who excuse their visits to such people by the plea of curiosity, do so only because of the vulgarity attaching to all such beliefs and such acquaintanceship. Some might imagine the very fact that fortune-tellers and fortune-telling are considered despicably vulgar, to indicate a disappearance of the practice and of its professors at no very distant day. But this would be a serious mistake. Fortune-tellers were considered quite as disreputable thousands of years ago as they are to-day,—indeed, even more so; and they have always made most money from those who profess not to believe in them at all.

Diviners and divineresses, astrologers, witches, wizards, daughters of the seventh daughter "born with a veil," seers, clairvoyants, humbugs of all varieties, are being constantly visited in New Orleans by otherwise intelligent men and women who would probably blush to the roots of their hair if they only took a moment's time to consider their own folly. Folly even is a mild term; for the results of such visits are far from being innocent. Some sensitive and suspicious mind may be very seriously affected by the solemn idiocy of the clairvoyant. The announcement on the turning of a card, that a lover is in danger, that a husband is un-

faithful, that a well-tried friend is only an enemy in disguise, may produce the most intense unhappiness, jealous anger, unfounded suspicion. It would be scarcely estimable,—the misery provoked by all this artificial excitement of passions. One unfortunate result of superstitious fear is that it actually invites the calamity dreaded; and the arrival of the calamity itself is an example that begets superstition. The evil multiplies with astonishing fecundity. If Carmen sees a priest crossing the road, and in consequence of the incident provokes her lover to kill her, the tragedy itself confirms the traditional belief of the provincials that to meet a priest is unlucky. A ship, after leaving port on Friday, encounters a storm; the superstitious sailors lose heart; fatal mistakes are made, and the loss of the vessel with all hands on board gives new strength to the grievous faith in lucky and unlucky days. At one time the commerce of the civilized world was seriously affected by such nonsense; and the nineteenth century offered the spectacle of a great English corporation warring upon superstition by deciding that its vessels should sail on Friday.

Education even of the most common sort has, however, affected something in another direction. Astrology is almost dead. The merest rudiments of modern astrology as taught in our public schools, and in the public schools of other countries, have sufficiently illuminated the common understanding to dispel ignorance as to the nature of the heavens. Moreover astrology has gone out of fashion; and there is fashion in all things. But the cards hold their own,—and the divining glass, and tubes, and other paraphernalia of antiquated nonsense.

To the advocates of women's rights the preachers of female equality, it must be disheartening to know that the

immense majority of the patrons of fortune-telling are of the gentler sex. Of course love and marriage are the motives. There is no reason in love-questions;—there is always more or less illusion, and much excitement of the imagination, which the cunning person who handles the cards knows by a few adroit questions how to intensify. Bad enough these results are; but there is good ground to believe they often provoke worse ones. Charms and powers are not the only sequences;—in many instances the fortune-teller's parlor should be under police surveillance. Strange discoveries have been made in other cities than this. Well may the visitors veil their faces!—well may they tremble lest some one who respects, or loves them, might possess a gaze keen enough to pierce through the disguise.

NEWSPAPERS AND RELIGION

The editor of a Chicago daily paper writes to *The Times-Democrat* that inasmuch as the Church seems to misapprehend the real attitude of the Press in regard to religion, he desires to collect statistics which will remove all doubt upon the question; and he incloses in his letter a number of blank forms to be filled out with answers to such inquiries as "How many of your staff are church members or communicants?" "What is your position in regard to religion as a moral influence?" etc.

With all respect to our contemporary, we must say we cannot fully sympathize with his methods; and must express our conviction that his plan can produce no worthy results. We decline to reply to questions which refer to matters wholly outside of journalism, and belonging only to the domain of private life,—not that we are peculiarly sensitive about intrusion, but simply because this intrusion has no really valid excuse,—no sound policy behind it. As for the query concerning our religious policy, it is not, in our opinion, a query harmonizing with the hard sense of practical journalism. We may, nevertheless, take this opportunity to reiterate what has already been expatiated upon exhaustively many hundred times, and is generally recognized throughout the journalistic world, viz: that a well-conducted newspaper can have no special religious policy whatever.

The object of a daily newspaper is to give the news, and to reflect, as news, the changing or fixed opinions of communities or individuals. It expresses rather than directs

public opinion. It prints the history of the murder on the same page with the history of an heroic action, and publishes the report of an ecclesiastical conciliabulum in the same issue with the account of a Communistic orgie. It chronicles the discoveries of science, but also the escapades of charlatans. It is simply a regular record of events; and its policy must be confined to the manner in which those events are treated and arranged and commented upon for journalistic purposes. It cannot possibly have any fixed religious policy; for, once such a policy is adopted by any journal, the journal ceases, *ipso facto,* to be a first-class newspaper, and becomes a sectarian print, the mouthpiece of a special religious circle. No really thorough *newspaper* in the English-speaking world possesses any particular religious policy; no perfectly directed journal excludes one class of ecclesiastical news to admit another class of similar news, or needlessly devotes more news-space to one church than another. The charities, the missions, the evangelical labors, the congregational reunions of all churches receive attention proportionate to the importance of the ethical influence they represent, and the social good which each one accomplishes. Religious news must, like all other news, receive more or less consideration in proportion as it is more or less interesting to the general public; and Press courtesies are equally extended to Catholic or Episcopalian, Methodist or Universalist, Baptist or Jew.

These rules are so generally recognized that it would be wasting space to dwell upon their reasons; and no intelligent reader needs to be told that journalism cannot violate them without violating its own best principles and thwarting its own highest purpose. And as a first-class paper cannot have any special religious policy, it matters nothing what the

private beliefs of its writers may be. Statistics in relation to journalistic church membership could have no earthly value in determining the general position of the Press toward the Church. But granting the opposite, for the mere sake of argument, even thus the statistics would still prove worthless.

With its hundreds of employes, and scores of salaried writers, every great newspaper represents a microcosm of the macrocosm in which it exists,—a miniature of the community in which it finds support. Attached to it, in various capacities, may usually be found representatives of every creed which has numerous adherents in the city; and as only a certain proportion of every city population belongs to a particular church, so in the staff of any large newspaper only a certain number of writers are likely to be church members. The newspaper world is, upon a small scale, precisely like the world in general;—having its believers and unbelievers, its zealots and its indifferents, its agnostics and devotees, its Jews and Gentiles. In short, to any impartial observer it ought to be manifest that a religious policy is incompatible with advanced newspaper policy, and that there are no typically journalistic religious beliefs,—no private opinions on matters of faith or ethics at all typical of the profession. Unless our Chicago friend actually suspects the contrary, and hopes to prove that journalists are generally very religious, or very indifferent, or very sceptical, his anxiety on this subject would not seem to have any reasonable cause.

IMMORTALITY ACCORDING TO DR. HOLLAND

We have delayed for several months reviewing a certain red pamphlet which has been all that time staring us in the face from its familiar place upon our table, and which bears the solemn title of *Immortality: A Paper read before the Concord school of philosophy,* by R. A. Holland, S. T. D. Our apology for this unaccustomed procrastination is the serious difficulty experienced in our endeavors to get at the author's meaning, coupled with the pressure of other duties which rendered protracted study of the document impossible. During the brief intervals of leisure vouchsafed to us, nevertheless, we persisted bravely in the work of perusal; and do now venture the assertion that if we have failed to comprehend all of the mystical text before us, the fault lies, not in our feebleness of will, but in the finite character of our human understanding. So far as we are able to judge, the pamphlet consists of two elements—the Comprehensible and the Incomprehensible,—each running into and mixing up with the other,—so that the labor of sifting the former from the latter, requires a sort of intellectual qualitative analysis. The result of this analysis somewhat startled us. According to the Comprehensible element of this treatise, the reverend author is certainly an infidel (as orthodox Christianity classifies infidels);—according to the Incomprehensible portion of the text he can only be judged, of course, by those whose minds have no finite limitation! Perhaps the Incomprehensible has been shrewdly evolved by the essayist, as a species of protective shell into which the

Comprehensible can withdraw its horns when hard-pressed by stern fact. In attempting to digest the lucubration, we must confine ourselves to a brief consideration of the dimly Comprehensible part,—with just a casual allusion now and then to its sudden disappearance into the protecting darkness of the Incomprehensible.

The first general fact which we were able to extract from this somewhat chaotic obscurity, is that Dr. Holland believes himself able to prove the immortality of the soul, without any recourse to theology of the common sort, and minus the aid of Christian faith. "The question of man's immortality," he says, "is answered by his nature." And what is his nature? We quote from page 3:

"If man lives forever, it is because he is inherently self-relating —having as the form of his personality *that wholeness which includes all possible changes,* and hence may never change away from itself."

And what is this *wholeness?* He tells us, on pp. 2–3, that it—

"—cannot die into nothing, since the sum of being can neither increase nor diminish. Substance remains always the same; force forever persists; the whole cannot become less than the whole. Neither can this whole die by losing its total form in other forms than its own. No special form it may take can alter its form of wholeness. To think otherwise is to think there is somewhat else than the All which the All may become. But this else than the All would reduce the Allness to a part which it would limit as another part. *The true All must be the All of possible changes as well as of changing things and relations.* For mere change cannot be the All. If change be All and the All changes, then change itself must change, and the changing of change would be perma-

nence. Indeed, only the permanent can change. What ceases does not change. . . ."

Now we begin to approach the light! The All of all possible relations must be the Infinite—cannot be anything else;—the "wholeness" alluded to must be God. Man is immortal because he is God! Does the essayist really mean this? or do we misrepresent him inadvertently? That he does actually mean it, and that we do not misrepresent him seems evident from this astounding phrase on page 5:

—"*In so far as any man is an 'I' or 'Ego,' he is absolute or God.*"

Further on he even quotes Hermes Trismegistus in support of his theory: "The mind, in men, indeed is God. Wherefore also some men are God, and their humanity is nigh to Deity."

Still further along, on page 16, Mr. Holland tells us about one of these men that are, or were gods,—or rather Almighty God: Auguste Comte. Speaking of humanity at large, he writes: "In Comte's mind, it [humanity] recognized itself as more than great, *as even divine*—THE ONLY GOD!" And he assures us, moreover, that "Comte knew all about it." In fine, Mr. Holland positively states that man is immortal because his nature is immortal;—and that his nature is immortal because he is God. Man and God and Dr. Holland are therefore synonymous terms! Is this Christianity, or is it rank pantheism? But does he not qualify the assertion? Oh, yes,—with multitudinous qualification! On page 5, immediately after telling us that man's "Ego" is absolute as God, he argues:

"If his objectivity were equal to this divine subject of his selfhood, he would be absolutely God. But his selfhood is out of balance. It has two contradictory sides. *As subject he is one with God,* as object he is one with Nature; as subject he is essential, as object he is phenomenal; as subject he is permanent, as object he is under the law of time and change. This contradiction is manifest throughout his consciousness."

As subject only he is one with God, says this philosopher; but he has already told us that as an "object" man must perish,—that as a phenomenon he must disappear,—that as a finite form he has no permanence. (See page 3.) Then man is immortal only as subject; and as subject he is God! This is so strange an assertion for a Christian clergyman to make that we feel bound to examine it more closely. Does he not attach some mysterious meaning to the term "subject"? If he does, we cannot discover it. Sentence after sentence confirms our interpretation. On page 6 he exclaims:

"Take away the permanent, the unitive, the divine, and you have an animal. Cut off the freaks and privacies and sensations, and you have God. Both must be present to constitute man. Man thus is God manifest in the flesh."

Accordingly, whatever is not animal in man is God. Again he tells us that "whatever belongs to one Ego belongs to all Egoes." All men are, whether collectively or individually, God. What is this but pantheism?—and how can a clergyman reconcile such arguments, such opinions, with the dogmas of any Christian Church?

How he attempts to do it we have an extraordinary instance of upon page 8. "If God," he writes, "is man's self;

man is no less essentially God's other self. As man cannot know himself without knowing God, so God cannot know himself without knowing man. Hence, I say, when man becomes unconscious God will have lost his wits. And this I believe to be the Christian doctrine of the Incarnation. *The union of God and man in Christ did not produce an exceptional and hybrid personality,* but existed before the foundation of the world. Christ was the divine Reason, or Word, as Reason's utterance, outerance, or objectivity."

What?—the union of God and man in Christ did not produce an exceptional personality? Was Christ only an idea? Is this the belief of the Episcopalian Church? There is nothing discernibly Christian in this pamphlet; there is much recognizably infidel, pantheistic,—aye, even Buddhistic. What is more Buddhistic than the assertion on page 3, for example, that man "can only become the All by losing his partial form, and losing it again and again so long as it remains partial." This is surely a wicked suggestion of metempsychosis;—these are the dangerous doctrines of the Orient, against which a holy bishop of this city has so earnestly warned the faithful. Is there a Buddhist in the camp of the Gospel? Or has Dr. Holland been perusing the Vedantas?

Certainly he has gone very close to the brink—nay he has stooped over the verge so far that it makes one dizzy to watch him. Then, on page 7, conscious of the awful peril, he makes an almost superhuman effort to recover himself:—

"*Does this involve an absorption into the Absolute or God, and loss of personality?* No. Man already has in his self-consciousness the form of God which more of God's essence would not destroy but fill. God's fullness can never break God's form.

Not by lessening but by increasing self-consciousness will man become like the self-conscious All."

But in the very next line he adds that "man's *absorption into the infinite* will only render his self-consciousness infinite." Infinite contradiction! If man's self-consciousness becomes infinite, then Man becomes God, and God becomes nothing! Although man be subject to God now, God is some day to be ultimately annihilated by man! This is a signal departure from Oriental metaphysics, and involves so gigantic an absurdity that we look in wonder for what follows. Here it is:

"Consciousness, divine as well as human, exists only as a unity of distinctions. God must know himself as object to himself, and, since his self is the self of knowing, he must be object in order to be subject—*eternally other in order to be eternally the same.* And this principle of otherness or alteration constitutive of his objectivity generates the antithesis of nature with nature's antithetic divisions, changes polarities, through a process of becoming which completes its circle and finds again its total form as a self in man—still other to God and yet God's other self—opposing its multiplicity of otherness to God's subjective unity, a self of many selves, natural as well as spiritual—human because divine."—pp. 7–8.

The last part of this quotation belongs to the Incomprehensible, and is given only as a rare and beautiful instance of hardshell unintelligibility. But the first part is about as lucid as turbid water. We can detect a vague meaning in it. God must be "eternally other in order to be eternally the same"; He is "eternally other" in man; man is God's "other self." (So God has two selves!) "If God is man's

self (p. 8), man is no less essentially God's other self. . . . His distinction from God is as much a consequence of this total form as his identity with God." That is to say:—God, in order to know that He exists must be somebody else, and in order to be somebody else He must be man. We do not wish to misrepresent Dr. Holland; in order to discover his meaning, we cannot help also considering his "otherness." God must be both object and subject, and as object he must necessarily be man! Why? We do not know; perhaps, however, since Dr. Holland believes himself to be God, he might make another effort to explain. As it is, by the same argument, it would be facile to prove there is no God;—providing we grant the premises of the argument, which we do not. Again, according to the same reasoning man must have always existed, or there must have been a time when God could not have known Himself;—under the former assumption the Christian religion is false and the Bible a lie; under the latter God was not always omniscient, and consequently not always God, and consequently not eternal. Consequently there is no God in the true theological meaning of the idea.

So we have the spectacle of an Episcopal minister publishing a pamphlet containing some of the most extraordinarily infidel declarations ever printed: Man is God; Christ, Man and God are the same; God must become Somebody Else in order to know that He Exists. Now, in order to become somebody else, He must cease to be Himself; and ceasing to be Himself he ceases to be God. Thus, again, there is no God.

And yet the man who thinks and pens these things believes himself competent to take issue with men like Huxley. Huxley's qualification of sensation he declares to be wrong.

On page 9 we are informed that "sensation is absolute." Then sensation is God,—and the sensation of Dr. Holland upon reading these remarks will also be God. It is only because he believed himself to be God that he ever wrote such a treatise, since he tells us on page 12: *"The less can never explain the greater, the part the whole."* He can explain, he thinks, because he is not the lesser, but the greater—not the part, but the whole; he is therefore eternal, infinite, omniscient, and omnipotent by his own argument.

Nor is he content to tell us that Man is God, that every man is God, and that all men are God;—he particularizes to the extent of assuring us that Man is the Reason of God. Man cannot die unless God loses his reason—goes crazy? The phrase is not more irreverent than these sentences (see p. 6). "Man's death were God's imbecility"; . . . "When man dies God will have lost his wits." We are *the wits,* the common sense of God! We represent the sanity of God! We exist only to keep God from becoming idiotic. Humanity is the brain of God! We can only explain the monstrous anthropomorphism of these statements by the charitable supposition that Dr. Holland has been dabbling in some pantheistic philosophy or other,—perhaps in that Hindoo doctrine which holds man to be a part of the Universal Soul,—and that he has attempted to improve upon such speculations by accepting the theory of Emanation and rejecting its twin-theory, Absorption. We think this must have been his purpose; but so poorly equipped for the undertaking did he prove, that he has succeeded only in producing the most ludicrous of literary chimeras. When the theologian would soar into the face of the infinite, he should remember the fable of Icarus, and see that his wings be strong.

Far be it from us to proclaim war upon free thought, or

rational speculation!—far be it from us likewise to deny the vast ethical force of religion, or the tender beauty of a trusting faith. Necessarily impartial, we cannot ever become the champions of extreme liberalism any more than of extreme conservatism in matters which belong to the Church and its shepherds. But we cannot praise as holy what is blasphemous, as truthful what is absurd. The pamphlet sent us for review is neither holy nor even sensible. Had a layman written it, we should have probably devoted little space to the consideration of it, and reviewed it simply as the work of a man inexperienced in metaphysics. But in view of the astounding fact that its author is regarded here as an orthodox clergyman, the treatise deserves more serious attention;—it shows that a man may be a divine in public, and a sceptic in private; a preacher in the pulpit, and a free thinker in the press; an Episcopalian in New Orleans and a pantheist in Concord; a teacher of the Christian idea on Sundays, and a denier of Christ's "exceptional personality" on weekdays. This is a phenomenon, a marvel, an astonishment!

IMMORTALITY [1]

Dr. Holland soared to the supreme height of identifying Man with the "wits of God," and showing that man was immortal simply because God could not afford to be witless. Unless God is only a dialectical term for something else, Dr. Holland's attempt to reconcile the pantheism of his lecture with the theology of his pulpit must involve the absurd prospect of God being obliged to burn a part of Himself in hell for all eternity. He has been following, we are informed, the dialectic method of Hegel,—Hegel, the preacher of the Identity of Contraries, according to which God and the Devil might be synonymous! If this be so, it is only another instance of the manner in which the Hegelian will-o'-the-wisp may lead unbalanced minds into quagmires of absurdity.

The first proposition in Hegel's logic is that "Being and Non-being are the same." Hegel stated that it was all the same whether God existed or not. Hegel declared that God the Father was "The Idea as an Unconditional Abstraction"; that God the Son was "The Idea as a Conditioned Reality"; that God the Holy Ghost was "The Identity of the Two." Hegel said that Force was Impotence, that Light was Darkness, that Darkness was Light. Hegel said that This and That are necessarily the same; because when we leave This in order to go to That, then

[1] This extract is the concluding half of an editorial which was written in reply to a letter defending Dr. Holland. The letter is lengthy and was written by Mr. Dalton Williams and heads the editorial. I have omitted the letter and Hearn's direct references to it. (The Editor.)

That becomes This, and This becomes That. And Hegel's reply to the query whether having a hundred dollars and thinking one has a hundred dollars is the same thing, was that Philosopy did not concern itself with such trifles as a hundred dollars. For Hegel nothing existed except relations; he declared that the Things which we know are not only appearances to us, but are in themselves also appearances. Hegel's Absolute Idealism, as Lewes observes, is simply Hume's skepticism in dogmatic form; and Hume denied the existence of Mind and Matter. We are aware that through the beer-colored and tobacco-foggy obscurity of Hegel, thinkers have been able to discern one marvelously subtle spark of reason; yet the number of those capable of utilizing that intellectual forge-flame in any remarkable manner has been limited in the extreme; and now more than fifty years after the man's death his own disciples are still hotly divided among themselves as to the meaning of much that he wrote, while the attempted application of his system of religion has only provoked confusion and bitterness. Judging from its results, one cupful of moonshine is worth more to humanity than all the misused talent of George Frederick William Hegel.[1]

[1] For another extract from Hearn's third article on the subject see *Introduction.*

THE SHADOW OF THE *LIGHT OF ASIA*

The author of the *Light of Asia* made the original legend even more beautiful than the Buddhists made it; and the latter are fully able to recognize the fact.

When the religous, or at least the philosophical history of this half-century is written by some impartial and keen observer, we fancy that Edwin Arnold's name will figure in it as that of one something more than a popular poet,—as one who has had peculiar influence on the thought of his day. He is certainly responsible for that which is called Neo-Buddhism,—or at least for the development of it. He prepared the soil for the planting of those systems imagined by Sinnett, Olcott, Blavatsky and others,—all those pseudo-metaphysical flora which would have perished in short order but for the interest evoked in them by those remotely-kindred themes treated by Arnold. This Neo-Buddhism, a strangely distorted phantom of the real thing, is nothing more than a revival of American Spiritualism under a new name,—the resurrection of a corpse! The East is being flooded with extraordinary pamphlets, periodicals, novels, catechisms, and other works upon this ghostly creed. *The Theosophist* flourishes; *The Path* has just made its appearance on the table of *The Times-Democrat,* a red-covered monthly with the mystic syllable of Buddhism printed in sanscrit letters upon its title page. It is published, we are told, under the auspices of the "Aryan Theosophical Society of New York." Advertised in it we find some twenty-four "standard volumes" of Theosophy;—ranging from Fiction

to Comparative Theology, and from Magic to Linguistics. Certainly when a firm like Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, reprint such craziness as the *Occult World* and *Esoteric Buddhism,* it is not because those intelligent publishers place any high literary value on the books, but because they know there is a very large demand for them! Absurd as the Neo-Buddhistic claims and theories may seem, they pay; and they pay quite as well in England and in France as in America. The new delusion has spread so widely that it merits attention as a phenomenon. At a time when skepticism had reached strange extremes, and suggestions of a new spiritualism were suddenly thrown out, unbalanced minds clutched at them as drowning men clutch at straws. This, at least, would seem to be a rational explanation of the phenomenon, which otherwise probably amuses no one so much as Edwin Arnold himself, who must recognize the fantastic shadow created by his *Light of Asia.*[1]

[1] Written à propos George Agustus Sala's account in the *London News* of Edwin Arnold's reception in India. I have omitted the opening paragraph. (The Editor.)

ANTIQUE AND MODERN REPUBLICS

Popular orators and popular historians have been in these days over-apt to dwell upon the "principles of civil liberty" enjoyed by the ancient republics, and the virtues of antique civilization. Modern researches, however, have dispelled much of our enthusiasm for antique institutions. We are now aware that the antique republics were not "founded on virtue," as Montesquieu avers, but on a religion as conservatively illiberal and curious in its caste laws as that of India, from which it appears to have been derived. We have also discovered that liberty as understood by an American or European, had no existence in antiquity; and that the corruption which we are eternally lamenting and denouncing in our own social system was outrivalled by the corruption of the earliest republics.

The Greek or Roman Republican enjoyed not even the shadow of liberty. His body, his poverty, his family, belonged to the sovereign State. He was liable, at any time, to be summoned to sacrifice his life for his country. He was subject to a military conscript law more severe than that of Imperial Germany to-day. At Rome the liable period of military service ended only at the fiftieth year; at Athens, the citizen was bound to serve in case of war, to the age of sixty; at Sparta, his services might be required for life.

His money was also liable to seizure by the government. The ancient cities called, whenever they thought proper, upon their wealthy citizens for aid; and that aid had to be rendered without security or even likelihood of compensa-

tion. Even the women might at any time be summoned to surrender their jewels, ornaments and valuable goods at the discretion of the government. The ruling power might repudiate debts or confiscate private property just as it thought proper.

Even in domestic life the antique citizen knew not what liberty was. The Athenian law forbade celibacy, and punished neglect to marry as a crime against the State. The Spartan law inflicted a penalty even for failure to marry at a certain age. At Locris, men were forbidden to drink wine unmixed with water. At Rome, Miletus, Marseilles (Massillia) women were forbidden to drink wine at all. Even the fashion of dress was invariably fixed by law in each city. The Spartan laws prohibited a woman from carrying more than three dresses with her when traveling. At Rhodes and Byzantium men were forbidden by law to shave. At Rome as well as Sparta, the law might order a father to kill his children if weakly or deformed. At Sparta, parents were by law compelled to smile and appear joyful when their sons had fallen in battle. A man was liable to extreme penalties even if only suspected of being wanting in affection to the State. It was even dangerous to acquire social influence by reason of liability to banishment therefore. Religious freedom was something wholly unknown; scepticism was a crime against the State. Even the power to vote was regulated in early times by the government; and the right of popular suffrage was as much restricted by law as the verdict of a modern jury by the charge of the court. In fact there was nothing in antiquity which could be done independently of State and municipal law. Even trades and professions were more or less regulated by enactments; and the Greek laws concerning art, although extremely judicious

in many respects, were hardly less strict than certain Egyptian codes regarding the making of images.

Equality was unknown to antiquity. Fraternity existed only in small circles of society. Of liberty, even the idea was wanting. There were class distinctions in society of such terrible severity, that they only can be compared to the Indian caste laws. The very contact of the plebeian was a defilement. His condition was wretched as that of the Soodra of Hindostan. He had neither civil, religious nor political rights.

Thus it was in the earlier years of the antique republics. There was no liberty. When there was wrought a change after the lapse of several hundred years, there was little or no public virtue. The Roman plebes and the Athenian demos obtained their civil rights by revolution and sold their votes to the highest bidder. A class of ward-bummers who lived by political wire-pulling grew up in the capitals of both republics. The legislators chosen by the people became notoriously corrupt. Justice was prostituted; and instead of our modern "professional jurymen," professional witnesses preyed upon the courts for a living. Municipal thievery flourished after a fashion to outrival the régime of Boss Tweed; and the latter-day State Government frauds in our afflicted South were innocent in comparison with the criminal government of the Roman provinces.

THE FUTURE OF A GREAT NATION

The present distress in England suggests some consideration of social problems evolved in the growth of countries. It seems that the very same causes which produce prosperity, and are favorable to the increase of population, become at a certain period of their existence antagonistic to both; and that having once accomplished all the good of which they are capable, they ultimately tend to produce only evil and misfortune. But this misfortune, by an inverse process of action, revives prosperity, which again runs its course to another era of misery, which again relieves itself. It is also observable in history that each succeeding period of national adversity becomes more and more difficult to recover from, until at last all prosperity dies and is buried. This idea is simply that of Draper carried to greater heights in the comparison of a national with that of an individual life. The functions of commercial life are as liable to periodic disorders as are the internal organs of man; the temporary sickness may be followed by greater health in many successive visitations; but the whole system becomes finally enfeebled, and the nation, like any one of the long-lived citizens, must pass through palsied old age to death.

Hume, in his wonderful essay, on the *Populousness of the Antique World,* dwells with significant force on the fact that the growth of population increases with the growth of wealth; but whether the increase of the former be in direct ratio to that of the latter—whether it is slightly disproportionate or not, appears to matter little, inasmuch as the distribution of wealth is never proportionate to the distinc-

tion of the growth of nations. Indeed, the contrary is the case. From the communistic social systems of savage tribes to the high-and-low costs system of a country like England, the distribution of wealth is invariably in inverse ratio to the growth of population and the increase of prosperity. In small and poor countries the necessities of life are more evenly shared, and the signs of misery scantier than in the richest. The more wealth accumulates, the more it flows into the coffers of the rich, and the less it dribbles into the pockets of the poor. There are many causes for this, which we have no time to dwell upon in so brief an essay. It will be sufficient for the reader to recollect that money is Power, that Power always seeks to protect and to nourish itself by every method human ingenuity can devise.

The natural consequence to the nation of this overgorging of gold, is much the same as the consequence to a healthy individual of indulgence in a superabundance of rich food—indigestion and constipation. The bowels of commerce need medical attention; but the doctor is seldom to be found; in this comparison the individual system has advantages over the social system. The latter needs a really competent financial philosopher, who of all beings in the world is the most difficult to find; the former needs only the advice of an apothecary or ordinary physician. Sometimes, however, the nation finds its doctor; but only when the evil is slight, tangible and easily managed. Nature generally does for the nation what pills and purgatives do for the individual.

It is not too much to say that the absence of certain legal enactments in regard to the accumulation of wealth is liable at a certain critical period of a nation's history to produce serious results. The over-accumulation of wealth did much to destroy the empire of Rome; and it certainly destroyed

the strength of the early Greek republics, provoking revolutions which undermined the solid and sensible foundations of antique society. But who shall devise the cure for this peculiar trouble? Who shall be the great physician of commerce, the doctor of nations?

Wealth, at a certain point, not only becomes a burthen, but even loses its power; a nation may accumulate through and in its commercial centres enough gold to render it impotent—like those athletes of whom Pliny wrote who lost their virility by over-cultivating their muscular power. England is almost at present in a kindred plight. She is commencing to find her prodigious acquisitions not only burthensome, but actually losing value; her commerce is torpid; her factories silent; her colonies hardly repay the expense of maintaining them. This is due to many causes; but we must confine ourselves especially to the results of the over-accumulation of wealth by her high privileged and her merchant castes.

The richest country in the world and in modern history is actually unable with her present social system to relieve the distress of her starving millions of workingmen. This is obvious and needs no explanation. But the ultimate result must be considered.

In antique society—before the primeval laws were weakened or partly repealed by the succession of revolutions which terminated in an empire for Rome and tyrant governments for the Greek republics, there were property regulations which rendered such misery impossible. Prosperity increased the population; but the new generation sought a new home for itself; and this new republic growing old, again relieved itself by planting colonies elsewhere.

This was effected according to systematic plan. To-day

emigration is rather compulsory than voluntary. What social science did for the ancient state, famine and poverty must do for the modern. Ireland, overpopulated for a country where feudalism still lingers, and stricken by famine, poured her population to the four quarters of the earth; Germany trodden under an iron heel and crushed into the dust of poverty, sent innumerable multitudes of her children to find wealth in the new world. Thus Nature, after a fashion, relieves national poverty and national diseases; after these great exodi, these mighty purgings, commercial health returns; labor finds a brisk demand and capital ready markets for its products. Emigration alone can really relieve England at the present time.

But this condition of things must recur again, sooner or later, in many civilized countries. The result under European monarchial governments must generally be the same. It must be remembered that capital is seldom or ever the heavy loser. Labor is the great sufferer. Labor must die or emigrate in such a crisis as the present crisis in England. Capital suffers enforced idleness, which is a misfortune, no doubt; but capital does not emigrate. It remains at home; and the capitalists of colonies usually create their own capital. The rich classes remain at home, the poor seek new lands, and as in the course of several centuries the wealthy class will be found to have increased enormously; while the number of the laboring class remain either in *statu quo,* or show a remarkable diminution.

In short the number of rich families is steadily on the increase in all European countries, and that of poor families decreasing. The greater the poverty of the laborer becomes, the fewer marriages and fewer children. Moreover his physical worth deteriorates. The English laborer of to-

day is a poor creature compared to the English laborer of a hundred years ago. Emigration is a slow process of relief for suffering, and new colonies can hardly be planted by a nation with so many jealous rivals in the field and with more foreign wealth than she can really utilize to her own advantage. What is to be the result of a second period of famine, more terrible than the present?

There are two things likely to happen in such a case—the corruption of the wealthier classes and the desperate revolution of the miserable laborers; the former favoring the latter. The very wealth of the rich may prove a curse, as it did in the old French nobility. There is yet another troublesome possibility—a loss of commerce by rivalry with other countries, which will entail a condition of things almost similar to that which preceded in France the terrible revolution of '98. These things are not improbable.

But supposing England should pass through many such troubles what would be the result in perhaps another century and a half? The rich class would have quadrupled itself, and the poor diminished extraordinarily, for the conditions of its existence would be a hundred fold harder than at present. We would then have the curious spectacle of a small nation of merchant millionaires, like those of Venice, carrying on traffic with all parts of the world, producing nothing but manufactured goods—no fruits or cereals—drawing their luxuries and necessities, their bread and gold, exclusively from other countries. The agricultural laborer would have disappeared from England; or, at best transformed into a warehouse porter or servant; for wealth must have servants, and all England with its fair fields and vales would be only as a pleasure garden to London and Liverpool. But these things are not probable.

VARIOUS VIEWS OF MENTAL DERANGEMENT

The mawkish sentimentality and false humanitarianism which attempted to secure mercy for the late assassin of the President shows more or less unhealthiness in the public mind regarding the character and the correction of crime. It also offers a startling instance of the incalculable value of delay to criminal lawyers; for among those who were recently willing to demand a commutation of sentence for Garfield's murderer, there were no doubt many who would not have been sorry a year ago to hear of his having been torn limb from limb by a street mob. Such cases might well tempt one to believe in the greater efficiency of Oriental administration of justice, according to which a sentence is carried out as soon as pronounced.

The experiment of totally abolishing capital punishment has been tested in various countries with dismal results; and no really practical philosopher would advocate any further experimentalism of the sort. It has been claimed, however, that materialistic sentiment has had much influence in relaxing the austerity of ideas concerning the responsibility of criminals. The old feeling on this subject was based upon primitive religious teaching, and little consideration was given to the possibility of the criminal being more or less feeble-minded. It was enough that he had shed blood:—his blood should therefore be shed. Modern humanitarian experimentalism has tested the social value of Biblical teaching in this regard; and the result has certainly confirmed the authority of Moses.

It was superfluous, therefore, to speak of the advocates of the abolition of the death-penalty, whose basis of reasoning is altogether irrational. But the less irrational advocates of immunity for deranged criminals have really attempted to establish a highly dangerous precedent. In vain may the highest legal talent in the world attempt to define what is responsible and what is irresponsible insanity; in vain may the most acute physicians offer their confusion of curious opinions upon the subject. Broadly separated as furious madness may be from mildest monomania, the fine line of demarcation marking the medium between insanity that is and insanity that is not dangerous to society, has never been clearly traced and perhaps never will be. There is a mysterious vagueness there as between the ending of the vegetable and the beginning of the animal world—a stage of progressive development in which the precise part taken by intelligence can not be clearly laid down.

In the case of most great criminals it is alleged that there has generally been cerebral malformation or abnormal conditions of the cerebral substance. These men would appear to have been urged on to crime by irresistible propensities in their nature,—as the tiger is impelled to bury his fangs in the throat of a deer, or the python to beslime and swallow his prey. In the case of petty criminals much has also been alleged which controverts the idea of free will. Children inherit instincts of the criminal sort, and in turn, becoming parents transmit the same vices on through generations. The inferences to be drawn are the same in both cases; neither the greater nor the lesser criminals are free agents in the strict sense; they are cerebrally malformed, their brains are badly adjusted like clocks that cannot be made to keep time, and become more and more deranged

with each visit to the repairer. But unless the criminal, great or small, manifest certain outward and fantastic signs of madness, the law will not trouble itself to consider his irresponsibility.

Here is where the amphibious world of theory extends its legal marshes and its moral quagmires. Materialistic science eschews the soul, and considering the formation of brain only, holds the criminal irresponsible. Christian law makes certain allowances for marked abnormities of mental structure, but basing its judgments upon the belief in the soul and in free will, finds itself greatly puzzled betimes to ascertain how much influence the soul could exert in a brain deformed to just such an extent,—or, in other words, to determine at what stage of brain-lesion free will and moral responsibility cease to exist. Of course, there are some philosophers who allege there is no free will at all, that the body is a mere automaton; but such as these are not allowed to testify under oath.

Nevertheless we may well ask which is right from the sociological standpoint. The moral law which holds man partly responsible for his acts, or the philosophical theory which holds him irresponsible to a certain extent! Assuredly the extremes of either view were better than such undigested and contradictory opinions.

The extreme Christian view would hold that every man who is sufficiently intelligent to perform the ordinary duties of life in an intelligent manner is a free agent, and fully responsible for his acts, and liable to the death-penalty for high crimes against society.

The extreme materialistic view would hold that no man is a free agent, but that all men are responsible to society for their actions;—that those actions depend, indeed, upon

circumstances and influences over which they have no control, but that society judges acts and not motives;—that for self-preservation society is bound to destroy all those whose actions affect its integrity and ethical health;—that drones, criminals, imbeciles, deformed persons, hopelessly diseased invalids, the blind, the maimed or the halt, are all either dangerous or burthensome to society, and should therefore be put out of existence.

But there is really no form of philosophy or sound religion which can demand immunity for crime on the ground of a merely theoretical mental derangement!

FANATICISM IN FREE THOUGHT

Those who profess to make philosophy the basis of their intellectual and social life, are not always strictly consistent with the tenets of the doctrines they profess; and no intelligent person at all versed in the history of modern free thought, however liberal his views, can deny that the broadest liberalism has produced eccentrics almost as remarkable as the great fanatics of the austerely religious epochs. It is true that the fanatics of philosophical free thought seldom inflict, or knowingly desire to inflict, evil upon the human race at large; nor without grossest inconsistency could they pretend that their gospel should be preached with fire and sword; nevertheless they give occasional proofs of monomania not less remarkable than the erratic zeal of medieval apostles.

Such a case of eccentricity has manifested itself in the person of the learned Elisee Reclus, whose idiosyncracies are just now being very satirically analyzed by the French journals of all shades of opinion. We have made previous mention of the "marriage" of his daughters—one of whom bears the very pretty name of *Bengali*. The occurrence would hardly demand comment had it taken place in the home of a Communist or a Nihilist of the most Ishmaelitish kind; but, as resulting from the individual caprice of a rare and respected scholar, it is certainly worth all the notice it has provoked. Our readers will remember that M. Reclus not only refused his daughters the privilege of religious but even of civil marriage. They were simply "given away

with a blessing,"—and that was all. Shelley at one period of his life, advocated similar ideas, and was finally induced to make proper apology to society—but the folly of Shelley was youthful. That of Reclus is a folly of age; and one is tempted to quote a certain terrible saying—*Proverbs* xxvi, 12.

The point is not whether M. Reclus's ideas of cosmogony are as correct in the main as his superb *Geographic Universelle;* but whether he is quite consistent with his own philosophy. Even granting that there be no personal creator, no future, no individual soul;—even agreeing with the most extreme scepticism on the subject of human faith and human worship—still M. Reclus whether atheist or Pantheist, is strangely at fault from the simple standpoint of hard fact.

The advantages of civil marriage which M. Reclus deprives his daughters of, are twofold. First, there is the protection given by the law to both parties contracting marriage, which is certainly a very important matter for the woman. Secondly, there is the social law, created by and inspired by the civil law, which offers even stronger safeguards in some respects, and which is expressed in the commonplace phrase—*Public Opinion.* That Public Opinion, that social law, is keenly double-edged,—repelling and destroying what is inimical, protecting what is in harmony with itself. There is no defying it, any more than a caste law of India may be defied by those belonging to the caste. It makes itself everywhere invisibly felt; it either aids or it destroys. One must either bow to it, or become socially a pariah; and it is needless to dwell upon the material disadvantages attached to the latter condition. No solitary member of the society can revolt against that society; he

will be unconsciously crushed as an insect under the foot of an elephant. M. Reclus has made his daughters pariahs!

The religious marriage has its advantages even for the irreligious. It protects the marriage by ecclesiastical authority, which sceptics may ignore as they please in its theory, but which they cannot ignore in practice; for that ancient law has created an exterior social force—a lesser force than Public Opinion at large, but comparatively more compact. The parties who contract an ecclesiastical marriage, whatever be their private opinions, become *ipso facto* members of a religious society—a community within a community—a public within a public. In these days, irrespective of opinion, they are required to act in moral harmony with the community they enter. In return they receive a very considerable moral support; if they violate the self-imposed laws of the society in question, they will soon feel the material disadvantages entailed by their action. The civil and ecclesiastical marriage combined greatly strengthens the position of the parties in society. But while it is possible to survive socially the violation of ecclesiastical public opinion, it is otherwise when the offense is against the whole lay community. M. Reclus has compelled his daughters to violate all recognized social opinion,—religious and laical.

Leaving the religious question altogether aside, however, what is public opinion in these matters? It is the force of cohesion that aids in the crystallization of society,—that prevents disintegration of its particles, which are families. The family is the atom in that crystallization; the family law is the law forming all human societies, the law recognized alike in Tartar hordes or negro villages,—the law of nature developed and enforced by varying necessities. Without it society would dissolve like salt. History has given many a

lesson in this respect;—whenever society has become precisely as M. Reclus would have it, it has also become rotten,—it has putrefied, fallen to pieces; and one may vainly search the records of the past for a period of healthy prosperity in which the family relation was governed by no stronger law than the caprice of the individual.

"FOLLOW THE DONKEY-PATH"

If the intellectual disease of the century has not yet broken out with any degree of force in the United States, it is chiefly because Americans are busy building up a world,—therefore too busy to do much unnecessary thinking. Europeans, on the other hand, have over-much time for thought: they have only to maintain in good condition the structure of a world already old,—to keep the archwork of the past from falling in. Here, on the west of the Atlantic, there are possibilities of unparalleled magnificence; there are colossal prospects; there are wonderful hopes for all. There, on the east of the ocean, there is no more national expansion possible; there is no grandiose future in view; and human anxieties are largely aroused by the mere prospective difficulty of conserving existent conditions. Faiths, social systems, traditional ethics, seem falling into decadence: the dark ivy-growths of a new scepticism are dislocating slowly the Gothic stone work of religion; the steps of thrones are already slippery with Nihilistic moss; the arts themselves are writhing in paroxysms of effort to reach the Impossible—simply because the possible has become a platitude. And over all this, like a malarial fog, hovers the mist of a philosophy of despair. The mist spreads; it is being borne westward over the waters; it menaces, like an epidemic, the intellectual centres of America with invasion. Not far off, perhaps, is the day when it shall make a plague among us. But for the time being, the wind of the vast whirl and striving of the American life, prevents a general settling down of pessimistic germs. As yet they have exerted no marked in-

fluence upon the salubrity of national thought. Whether they ever do so will depend much upon the character of our future philosophers and teachers: America will need more souls like Emerson and like John Weiss.

How much the older world is absorbed in the Sphinx-riddle of the future, may be divined from a cursory glance at the number of new books and new treatises on the subject issued monthly from the chief publishing centres of Europe. The intellectual ferment of the world never arrived at so violent a degree before. There has descended upon Europe a vague, unfamiliar, yet terrible form of mental suffering for which thousands of thinkers are striving to prescribe and invent remedies, and which nevertheless resists treatment just as the Black Death mocked the medical wisdom of the middle ages. Some vast illusion or some splendid new truth might satisfy the wants of mankind;—Buddhism has been offered as the illusion,—a stone instead of bread, a serpent for a fish; but the new truth has not been yet produced. Indeed few seem even to believe in its possible evolution.

At such a time any philosopher who offers any new philosophical consolation is worthy of notice; and perhaps the most worthy of notice is M. Guyau, author of a very remarkable book entitled *L'Irreligion de L'Avenir*. From extracts published in a late number of the *Revue Politique et Litteraire*, we find that M. Guyau has made an excellent review of the conditions of modern pessimism, and a clever research into their causes. He finds that Germany is still the great enemy of human peace, as in the days of Schopenhauer. Germany has since given the world the hideous system of Von Hartman and of Baleusen (advocates of the annihilation of the world); and others whose writings are not

only invading the rest of Europe, but are obtaining myriads of converts at home. In fact, Germany has founded a new school of pessimistic philosophy, curious enough to deserve special study.

. . . "The most interesting representative of the new doctrine," says M. Guyau, "appears in Phillip Mainlaender, author of the Philosophy of Redemption (*die philosophie der Erlösing*). This pessimist was the son of parents of exalted piety,—and grandson of a mystic who died of nervous fever at the age of thirty-three, brother of another mystic who, having gone to India, became a convert to Buddhism only to die soon after, exhausted by his interior struggles. Phillip himself found his road to Damascus in the shop of a Neapolitan bookseller, where he discovered the writings of Schopenhauer. After having compiled his system of pessimistic philosophy, he corrected the proofs of the first volume, and the very day that he received the first copy (31st March, 1876) he hung himself. No one can deny this pessimist's strength of conviction,—nor the attractive power of abstract ideas when implanted in a brain prepared for their reception by heredity and a peculiar moral atmosphere. According to Mainlaender, philosophy must one day replace religion, but philosophy interpreted in its true signification, which is pessimism (!). Mainlaender loudly declares himself a Christian even while claiming to establish atheism scientifically. The liberty of suicide is the new attractive force by which the beautiful illusion of immortality is to be replaced;—salvation by death is to replace salvation by eternal life. Thus the Tree of Science must become even as the legendary fig tree of Timon the Misanthrope, which, every morning afresh, bore hung to its strong branches, the bodies of those who had come to seek forgetfulness of the misery of life." . . .

Precisely as Brahmanism was succeeded in India by Buddhism, so was German pantheism in Europe succeeded

by pessimism,—Schopenhauerism. The former necessarily engendered the latter, in either case. A vague, shadowy, though beautiful philosophy,—totally unsuited to the active mentality of Occidental races,—pantheism had a remarkably short triumph in the West. Expiring with the advent of true positive philosophy, which gave mankind at least some idea of the fixed limits of all human knowledge, it bequeathed pessimism to the world. The new positive philosophy was scientific, not religious: it could not fill the void, nor could it find strength to strangle pessimism, since pessimism assumed to fill an emptiness about which science had not yet thought of seriously busying itself. Mere recognition of forces and of laws could not, however, supply to mankind the confused but real consolation of faith. Very daintily and touchingly does M. Guyau describe this heart-want of mankind:—

"I was on the mountain, reclining upon the grass. A lizard came out of its hole, mistook my motionless leg for a rock: it climbed upon it without hesitancy to warm itself in the sun. The confiding little creature lay there upon me, enjoying the same light, never suspecting the existence of the relatively puissant life which circulated noiselessly and amicably beneath it. And I, I began to contemplate the mosses and grass upon which I lay, the brown earth, the great rocks: did I not myself resemble that humble lizard, and was not I myself the sport of the very same delusion? Was not a vast underlife all around me, without my knowing it? Did it not palpitate beneath my feet? Was it not being vaguely agitated by the vast All? . . . Aye; but what matter if it be at bottom only a blind and selfish life, wherein each atom labors for its own sake alone? *Little lizard, why have not I, even as thou hast, one friendly eye to look on me beneath the sun?* . . ."

Another cause of pessimism has been, according to M.

Guyau, the unprecedentedly rapid and vast expansion of thought during the latter half of the century. Physiological researches have shown that the sense of inability to achieve, the recognition of impotence, not only depresses, but incites the mind unconsciously to rage against the unattainable object. The existence of the Unknowable has been fully recognized only within our century; the mind of humanity still suffers from the shock of the discovery of its own impotence. A more terrible comparison could hardly be conceived than that by which M. Guyau pictures forth the mental torture of the epoch:—

> . . . Sometimes, in the mountains of Tartary, a strange animal is seen to pass by at breathless speed through the morning mist. It has the great eyes of an antelope—eyes extravagantly large and mild with anguish; but, while its galloping feet strike the soil into a trembling like that of its own heart, one sees beating, at either side of its head, two immense wings that seem to lift it above the ground at every beat. The creature plunges into the sinuosities of the valleys, leaving a crimson trail over the hard rocks. Suddenly it falls; then the two giant wings are seen to detach themselves from its body; and an eagle that had alighted upon its forehead and had been slowly devouring its brain, flies up, satiated, to the heavens. . . .

. . . We were impressed a few years ago by the opinion of Bertillon, author of *Les Races Saurages*, that the swift extinction of the polynesian races could not be satisfactorily accounted for by the importation of contagious diseases, nor by European cruelty, but only by the sudden comprehension of their own inferiority. While a race struggles and strives it must at least believe itself on a par with other races; it must believe itself mentally, morally and physically their equal. But when this belief has become absurd, im-

possible, then such a sense of depression, such a moral inanition will set in as must have supremely disastrous results. At present perhaps quite a large portion of civilized humanity finds itself in a moral predicament comparable to that of the Polynesian peoples prior to their disappearance. While the old religion breathed the duty of content, taught the equality of souls, inspired in all a spiritual sense of self-importance, offered consolation to all by the assurance that misfortunes and failures were to be received as trials,—"crosses," the new philosophy utters no kindly counsel. "If you are perfectly satisfied to remain in a subordinate place," it says, "that is because you are a fool;—if you think yourself the equal of others, unless you be a phenomenon, your first contest in the arena of life will show you that you have made a ridiculous mistake;—your misfortunes are due more to your physical or mental inferiority than to chance or to ill-will; and your failures should teach you that Nature has unfitted you in certain respects,—or at least left you unfitted,—to succeed in the struggle for existence. Nature is prolific, and sometimes wastes material: there are ten million eggs in the roe of a codfish!" . . .

. . . But is this agony to continue indefinitely until the day when some Hartmanite shall devote himself to end everything by devising some means of blowing up the world? M. Guyau thinks not; he declares, and argues his opinion with fine force, that humanity is simply passing through such a temporary mental crisis as shall better fit it to meet at last the greater problems of the future. Pessimism, he holds, is a necessary concomitant of the expansion of knowledge at this stage;—it is partly the result of our present sense of impotence before the Unknowable, partly the result of the general mental strain of the era, coupled with greatly

increased sensibility. It heralds a coming change from which we have much to hope. It is not altogether madness,—or if it be madness, it is at least a natural madness,—"such a madness as may be perceived at times even in the blind efforts of Nature herself." And as the force of logic always triumphs over Nature's hesitations at last,—being identical with the eternal force of things,—so it must eventually triumph in the self-elevation of man above the modern slough of despond. As for advice to thinkers, M. Guyau is not lavish of it; but what he does give is noteworthy. He does not object to speculation, to theorizing, in a proper way; but for the thinker who knows the existing limits of intelligent reasoning, he throws out this admirable hint:—

"In mountain regions the surest paths are those which have been tracked out by the heavy but sure feet of donkeys and of mules. 'Follow the donkey-path'—the guides tell us. It is often thus with life: it is the coarse common-sense of the multitude which opens the way;—it must be followed whether we will or no, and even the philosophers find themselves none the worse off for following the donkey-path."

MESMERIZED NIHILISM

Standard medical works published only a decade ago, stated in various conservative paragraphs on the subject of mesmerism, animal magnetism, hypnotism, Braidism (the various terms by which certain somnambulistic phenomena have been classed), that researches in the same direction had been by no means satisfactorily terminated. To-day the same general declaration would equally cover the truth; but that truth has expanded singularly,—expanded to such startling proportions that one is almost tempted to suspect prophetic intuition among those writers who gave mesmeric art so wonderful a place in romance. Some of the wildest ideas expressed in Bulwer Lytton's novels and short tales—especially in *A Strange Story*, and in *The Haunted and the Haunters*, seem to have obtained experimental realization and scientific credence. There is no belief now, it is true, in the pretended "odyle" of Reichenbach,—in that magnetic fluid, supposed to stream like a subtle flame, from the finger-tips of the mesmerizer into the brain of the subject. But there is now some positive knowledge about certain mental and physical conditions in which persons can be placed by systematic methods and hereby made, for an almost indefinite time, the passive instruments of another's will. There is even a partial comprehension of cause as well as of effect. Spiritualistic theory is not required to explain how the hypnotized can write with absolute accuracy when blindfolded,—how one class of sensations may be temporarily excited to a degree of astonishing acuteness while the rest are totally dormant,—or how the muscular sense may be so exalted that actions

usually guided by vision may be correctly performed independently of it. There are, of course, deeper questions involved which it has not yet been found possible to explain,—since even the phenomenon of ordinary sleep remains more or less mysterious. But there is no question whatever that under certain conditions of hypnotism, impulses may be given to the subject which will be indefinitely continued until the commission of some good or evil action toward which he is thereby involuntarily guided. The recent researches of Charcot,—profoundest of practical psychologists,—have left no possibility of scepticism in this regard. And only on the 22d of last March, a number of experiments made in Paris before the Academy of Sciences, by Doctor Mesnet, gave indubitable evidence of this power—occult and ghastly,—which one human being may exercise over the will of another.

Now is such power ever actually used for malevolent and cruel purposes, by unscrupulous men, as in those unpleasant stories of which Bulwer's are the most perfected examples? There is little reason *why* it should not be so used,—excepting that some scientific knowledge is requisite on the part of the hypnotizer, or at least, some of that knowledge only to be acquired by such extensive experience as few but scientific or cultivated men can obtain. Among the lower criminal classes the nature and importance of this viewless force could scarcely be comprehended;—only the higher ranges of society could furnish us with examples of such great and terrible criminality. Yet this century, like other centuries, has given many remarkable instances of how scientific knowledge may be applied to criminal uses; and the wild history of Nihilism is rich in this variety of criminal evidence.

It will not, therefore, be surprising to learn that the Russian police—(if we can credit a correspondent of the *Figaro*)—declare that certain Nihilistic crimes can be rationally accounted for only upon the hypothesis that the criminal has been hypnotized. The striking contrast between the character of certain Nihilists, and the nature of their attempts, first suggested this theory. Desperate and violent crimes are to be expected usually only from men of a passionate and reckless disposition,—from men of large physical power,—or from men whose minds have some abnormal and vicious natal or hereditary defect. But the prisoners were often talented boys of nineteen or twenty years,—slender, sickly, nervous and timid by nature to an excessive degree,—youths whose character was half-feminine, and refined, and sympathetic,—youths morally incapable of planning or feeling pleasure in any plot or purpose which they could know to be evil. The whole records of their lives were familiar to the police. Of good family, good manners, sound morals, sensitive and kindly disposition,—all of them, nevertheless, had suddenly developed totally new and exceptional phases of character in becoming frightful criminals. They had become transformed in a week,—a day! They had learned all at once in some unaccountable manner to consider murder, theft, arson,—the killing of a judge or a monarch, the destruction of a public building, the purloining of official papers, or the blowing up of a crowded ship or a railroad bridge,—as acts of patriotism and virtue! This could not be the simple result of digesting any pessimistic or pernicious philosophy;—such mental changes as ill or well directed study effects, require considerable time. And there was no reward whatever to gain by the criminal act;—certain death stared them in the face! Those who

were the authors of various murderous explosions, for instance, must have been fully aware, if in a responsible state of mind, that they were going themselves to be dashed to pieces by their own explosives. Yet by scores they went bravely to sure death,—on the railroad,—or on the scaffold . . . Mesmerism?

The suggestion is a startling and an awful one; and it cannot be totally ignored. If discovered to be true, the importance of securing the really responsible criminals, the hypnotizers, the mesmerizers, the occult wizards of Nihilism,—can be imagined! Such crimes as the supposition involves might well be classed as "fiendish"; as almost preternatural—as realizing the hideous conceptions of magical sins in the middle ages.

The experiments of Charcot and others have shown how such fantatsic offenses can be accomplished. Over and over again, for example, the following test has been made:—A hypnotized patient at the Salpetriere is given a paper-cutter, and told it is a poniard with which he must kill one of the guardians. Then he is let alone. Days, weeks, months after the awakening, while he appears perfectly calm and rational otherwise, all of a sudden the opportunity comes, and the attempt is made. The impulse of the magnetizer's will has remained thus in the subject's brain,—latent for a whole season, coiled up like a snake, waiting to spring!

Again, only a few weeks ago in Paris the experiment was made by Mesnet of hypnotizing a very honest young man and ordering him to steal a certain person's watch at the first opportunity. Next day the lad did not remember anything of the incident; he seemed fully awake and rational. But when at the moment arranged for, the owner of the watch appeared, the youth leaped upon him and snatched the arti-

cle away. . . . And the most horrible fact connected with this subordination of one will to the force of another,—invisibly and unaccountably, through an indefinite interval,—is that the subject cannot recollect the origin of the impulse. He does not know that he is acting by another's will; and yet he is so surely guided by it that he is made an almost infallible instrument, an automaton, a mathematically trustworthy machine.

The founder of the famous sect of the Assassins is said to have given only hasheesh to his followers. The modern Old Man of the Mountains uses a surer means of fulfilling his ends if his power be mesmeric.

LOST MUSIC

Antiquity has bequeathed to us a collection of facts, curiosities, art fragments, and manuscripts, that is rather astonishing in view of the destructive wrath of vandalism and the ferocity of bigoted zeal. We are wonderfully well informed regarding the private life and social institutions of the Greeks, Romans and Egyptians; we have acquired considerable historical knowledge relating to the Assyrian people, and to various great nations of the antique period now either destroyed or so hopelessly intermingled with conquering tribes as to have lost all individuality. We know much of the domestic secrets of antiquity,—its amusements, its luxuries, its literature, its laws, its religious rites, its arts, its politics, its fashions, and the kind of weapons which defended it, or the style of musical instruments which beguiled its idle moods. Unfortunately, while the ancient instruments used in the production of what Dr. Johnson styles "that which of all noises is the least disagreeable," lie in our museums for the inspection of the curious, the history and character of the music performed on them is utterly lost to us; and we can only surmise its peculiarities from the nature of the instruments themselves, with less hope of satisfactory results than Cuvier might have entertained on first attempting to reconstruct the anatomy of antediluvian monsters from a few fragmentary bones. From the character of these instruments in our possession it would scarcely seem probable that the ancients could have attained to a high state of development in the science of music; but it is

also true that a vast variety of ancient musical instruments must have been utterly lost to us by reason of their fragility of material, or—as might well have been the case with instruments of iron, brass, or more precious metal—because after early Christianity had abolished the music devoted to the rites of paganism, its cymbals, trumpets and other instruments were broken up and their material utilized for various purposes. On that supposition we might be justified in believing that musical instruments of a complex and ingenious character, and even capable of rendering a modern opera, were known to the Romans. If this may be received as true, it is credible that the ancients had written music; and the supposition is strengthened by the enormous catalogue of instruments known to the Romans which has been recorded by early writers in Latin MSS. The discovery of a MS. on music in Pompeii augurs well for more definite information on the subject; but in any event we have to regret the loss of nearly all the musical knowledge of the ancients, and a large part of that known to the early medievalists.

Suppose we indulge in a few random fancies. What was the melody of the Homeric Hymn to Apollo? Who would not like to know the airs of the sacred hymns of antiquity, the melodies which kindled religious fervor or evoked martial zeal, the music of Pindar's odes (we have preserved the air of one), or Sappho's lyric hymns? Who would not desire to hear the same wanton melody to which the daughter of Herodias danced so bewitchingly—or that played by the flute players before Duilius? Can anybody give us information as to the character of the harmonies performed upon the flute, harp, sackbut, dulcimer, etc., when Nebuchadnezzar's golden statue was unveiled? Is anybody

satisfied with the triumphal march in Aïda as a fair representation of Egyptian music in the time of Rameses? We have some Hebrew music dating back to the building of the temple and before it; but we should like to hear the merry tune to which David "danced naked before the Lord." Are all the melodies of Spanish dances—fandango, cachucha, bolero—of Moorish origin? or do some of them date back to the days of the Gaditanian dancing women, who danced at Sybaris or at Cannae and in the palaces of the Everlasting City, "draped only in a misty cloud of veils"? Is there some learned Rabbi who can tell us whether any of the ancient music still preserved by the Hebrews was brought back to Jerusalem from Assyria after the Babylonian captivity? As the dances of the Almahs and Ghawazees are old as Amenotaph, who knows but their music may be just as old? What was the nature of the melting melody which inspired Alexander first to kiss Thais and then to burn Persepolis? Was the sacrificial music of the Druids solemn and deep as the voice of a storm-wind in the woods? What tones of music were used in the battle cry of the antique barbarians, who rolled their strength upon the Roman legions like the sea upon rocks, all thundering upon their bucklers with their spears, and roaring, "Pharamoud! Pharamoud"! What was the tone of "Io paen"? And turning to the north, what was the air of that terrible viking song, whose burthen of "Yuch-hey-saa-saa-saa," still lingers in a modern German peasant song? Does anybody know the melody of the death-chant of Ragnar Lodbrok—"We smote with our swords"? Is there any memory among men of the air of the sword song sung before Harold Trygvisson? We have the words of the song of Roland; but who knoweth the music

of that mighty chant, as it rolled like ocean-thunder from the lips of the giant Taillefer at Hastings? [1] Alas! we know no more of these things than we know of that strange song Apollo sang—

"When Ilion, like a mist, rose into towers."

[1] In a letter to Krehbiel, dated 1878, *Life and Letters*, Vol. I, pages 190, 191, Hearn asks Krehbiel:

"Tell me if you have ever come across any Scandinavian music—the terrible melody of the Berserker songs, and the Runic chants, so awfully potent to charm; the Raven song of the Sweyn maidens to which they wove the magic banner; the death-song of Ragnar Lodbrok, or the songs of the warlocks and Norse priests; the many sword-songs sung by the Vikings etc. . . . Wonder if the original of the Song of Roland has been preserved. You know the giant Taillefer sang that mighty chant as he hewed down the Saxons at the battle of Hastings." (The Editor.)

WHAT THE GREEKS KNEW ABOUT MUSIC

H. Edward Krehbiel, Professor of Musical History in the Cincinnati College, is delivering a series of very remarkable essays on the various epochs of musical history in the ancient world,—so far as the researches of archæology have enabled us to judge the progress of the ancients in music and the national characteristics of that art in antiquity. Professor Krehbiel pointed out in his opening lecture the fallacy of the idea that the old Greeks could not have developed musical art to a high degree, inasmuch as the modern art commenced with Christianity. Independent of the fact that the early Christian music was unquestionably founded upon the older creation, and that the instruments used by the early church had mostly been already used by paganism, or but slightly modified from older forms which had escaped the wreck of the pagan art, it must be remembered that the music of the Greeks and Romans (like that of all ancient races) was developed and regulated by religion. The early Greeks were indeed the most religious of human beings; every action even in domestic life was governed by a peculiar ritualism; the gods were prayed to bless each meal, to protect each sleep, to aid each member of the family in the duties of the household or the field; the hearth was sacred; the family home was called holy; and as each dwelling itself was made blessed by the family altar with its never extinguished fire of branches, so the farm was made a place of worship by the family tombs which it contained. Life was

a complicated ritualism; prayers or invocations or holy hymns were forever upon the tongue of the early Greeks, and what power could have been mightier to develop the art of music among a splendid race of men, than this mighty spirit of antique religion? As there has never been formed a society, a civilization, an art without the aid of the religious idea, it may be fair to presume that the higher and stronger that idea, the nobler the arts which it nourishes; and it is fair to presume that musical art attained a high degree of perfection among the Greeks. The ancient religion, it is true, confined its music with extraordinary conservatism; modifications of a sacred air were regarded as insults to the gods; variations of a hymn sung in worship would endanger the safety of a family or of a city by provoking the wrath of the gods invoked in family or public prayer. But this very conservatism of religion in regard to art, occasions developments in a new direction, as the lopping of far-projecting branches gives birth to a luxuriant growth of young twigs. The music expressive of other than strictly religious emotions is developed by the very restraints imposed upon certain branches of the art; and the more profane music of the ancients may have reached a point of culture worthy to compare with some of our own.

It is impossible to imagine that a people so keenly sensitive to harmony of form, that every posture of the body, in action or repose, was regulated by severe training and prescribed by minute rules, could have remained ignorant of the higher laws of the harmony of sounds. They knew what modern artists vainly theorize upon,—the great and beautiful art-secret which died with antiquity,—the laws of perfect proportion of form in the human body. They knew the exact effect of mathematical fractions of the curve in the perpendicu-

lar line of a column, or the angles of an entablature. In all they have left to us concerning their knowledge of the other arts, we find the highest knowledge of harmony in form and of contrasts; and we might certainly infer that their art of music was a noble one.

Of those other arts in which we know that these Greeks excelled, no one has perhaps a more important bearing on the question of Greek music than their poetry. It is the most musical of poetry; and a people who could create such delicate lyric melodies, such mighty odes, such sublime epics—who triumphed over poetical construction with such consummate art that the most delicate ear cannot detect a false note in the measures of those grand old masters—who created the musical art of speech which we must call by a Greek name, onomatopoeia,—who still furnish models for all our modern authors to copy after, and whose melodious strength of verse the best of our poets can not equal,—such a people could not surely have been infants in the mart of music as we of to-day comprehend it.

MEPHISTOPHELES

While we are willing from time to time to offer a kind of romantic explanation of the story of unfamiliar operas, in accordance with the request of subscribers, we shall speak of *Mephistopheles* in another way. It would be audacious for any journalist to attempt the condensation of one of the greatest masterpieces of literature into a novelette; and in speaking of Boito's *Mephistopheles* one must speak of Goethe's *Faust*. Let those of our readers unfamiliar with either of the wonderful operas founded upon that mighty poem, read the poem itself. Only thus can they obtain an idea of the grand genius which inspired the musicians to create those masterpieces. Last year, when the Strakosch Italian Opera Company was playing at the Bourbon Street theatre, a member kindly furnished us with the Italian libretto of *Mephistopheles* and aided us to interpret the spirit of the poetry. It was at that time proposed to give only two scenes from the new opera—the Garden and Dungeon Scenes; and of those we wrote as follows at the time (December 16, 1879):— . . . "It is simply another musical version of *Faust;* but the libretto follows the story of Goethe more closely than in the more familiar composition; and the text of the German masterpiece is very faithfully followed even in the Italian verse. The garden scene of *Mephistopheles* incorporates the most striking parts of both of the garden scenes in the original poem, and includes the famous conversation of Faust with Marguerite upon the question of faith:

—" 'Mistake me not, thou lovely one! Who dare name Him and who avow, "I believe in Him!" Who feel and dare to say, "I believe in Him not!" The All-embracer, and All-sustainer, does He not embrace and sustain thee, me, himself! Does not the heaven arch itself there above?—Lies not the earth firm here below? And do not the eternal stars rise, kindly twinkling on high?—Are we not looking into each other's eyes, and is not all thronging to thy head and heart, and weaving in eternal mystery, invisibly,—visibly, about thee? With it fill thy heart, big as it is, and when thou art wholly blest in the feeling, then call it what thou wilt! Call it bliss!—Heart!—Love!—God!—I have no name for it! Feeling is all in all. The Name is sound and smoke, clouding heaven's glow.

"The dungeon scene is very fully given, almost as fully as in Goethe, and the Italian verse almost preserves the terrible power of the original in those terrible lines:—

—" 'What can you no longer kiss! So short a time away from me, my love, and already forgotten how to kiss! Why do I feel sad upon your neck when, in other times, a whole heaven came over me from your words, your looks; and you kissed me as if you were going to smother me! Kiss me! or I will kiss you! . . . O woe! your lips are cold,—are dumb! Where have you left your love?—who has robbed me of it!'

And the horror of the closing lines:—

MEPHISTOPHELES

" 'Up! or you are lost. . . . My horses shudder. The morning is gloaming up!'

MARGARET

" 'What rises up from the floor? Send him away! What would he at the holy place? He would me! Judgement of God, I have

given myself up to thee. Thine am I, Father! Save me, ye angels! Ye Holy Hosts range yourselves about to guard me.'

"As in Goethe, so in the opera, we hear the voice of Mephistopheles mockingly exclaim: 'She is judged,' and when the heavenly rebuke comes back with a flood of light,—'Is saved,' Mephistopheles thunders 'Hither to me'! and, with Faust, disappears from the scene.

"It is worth remarking that the Italian composer, who is a poet of no inferior order himself, wrote the words of the opera; creating at once a masterpiece both of literature and music."

To-day our readers can witness the whole of this wonderful opera, and hear its weird and haunting music. We shall, therefore, say a few words as to the general arrangement of the scenes.

Boito, in writing *Mephistopheles,* borrowed not only from the popular work of Goethe; but also from the second part of *Faust,* which is not generally familiar to English readers, and of which there is, we believe, no good English prose translation. It is considered by many critics too mystical and vague. Acts I, II, and III are taken from the first part of *Faust;* both garden scenes being borrowed from it, and other scenes, such as the visit of the Witch and the awful night upon the Brocken being drawn upon for the latter part of the second act. In the first act a "friar of orders gray" is substituted with good operatic effect for the phantom spaniel of the German poem; there are choruses of students and children, instead of the chorus of young girls and laborers in the Gounod composition. The conversations of Wagner and Faust, and of Faust with Mephistopheles, are almost metrical translations of the German verse, although

much is elided. The second act includes the garden scenes already spoken of; and the Witches' Sabbath Night on the Brocken, with its chorus of wizards and witches, the worship of Mephistopheles by the sorcerers and fiends, and the ghastly apparition of Marguerite. Act III, whereof we have already spoken, follows the prison-scene in Goethe with astonishing accuracy; the Italian metrical translation being almost literal. Act IV represents the gratification of Faust's desire to be beloved of Helen of Troy. By infernal enchantment, the past is recalled for Faust by the shores of the ancient river Peneus in the vale of Tempe. Having loved Marguerite, and surfeited himself with pleasures, and gratified all other passions, he seeks to realize a poet's dreams and to possess the beauty which bloomed thousands of years ere his birth. And Mephistopheles satisfies this wild longing.

There remains the Prologue, or introductory scene; and the Epilogue, or conclusion;—the first from the first part of *Faust;* the second from the second part;—the first representing the bargain between God and the Fiend which always reminds one of Job I, 6–12; and the latter representing the death-scene of Faust, when the powers of darkness are baffled by the celestial phalanxes, and the soul of Faust is saved. But in both prologue and epilogue the musician has merely preserved and rearranged a few of the vast ideas and massive soliloquies of the German poem, and adapted them to the exigencies of his art. The voice of the Deity is represented by a mysterious and invisible chorus, like "the voice of many waters"; and the phalanxes of the seraphim remain unseen, as becomes the modern stage. Only in a miracle play of the middle ages could a deviation from this arrangement be tolerated. The English libretto is good; but in its

metrical form does not approach the perfection and truth of the Italian version. The English opera troupe at the St. Charles Theatre gives a fine representation of this curious opera; Mr. Conly appearing in the rôle of Mephistopheles, and the charming Marie Roze as Marguerite, and also Helen of Troy.

LISZT

There is said to exist a mysterious law of destiny, or of nature, according to which the capacity of any gifted human being for pleasure is invariably counterbalanced by a capacity for suffering,—the pain to which he is destined being as deep as the joys which he will feel are lofty. Sensitiveness to beauty is a gift that has its invariable accompaniment of sensitiveness to the unlovely;—the more exquisite the delight of the former, the more exquisite also the torture of the latter. There are minds so constituted that the real world can have no enduring loveliness for them; their aspirations are toward the infinite and the impossible. Such a mind is said to have been that of Franz Liszt, who has become blind, in the seventy-third year of his age,—after the most brilliant, the most eccentric, the most astonishing of artistic careers. Liszt is the greatest piano-forte virtuoso who ever lived, and the greatest favorite of fortune that musical art has ever boasted; and, if not the greatest, certainly one of the greatest of living musical writers and thinkers. Yet he has also certainly been one of the most unhappy men born in the nineteenth century; and the nature of that unhappiness, which can only be vaguely divined from its extraordinary results, has been by himself described as something no other human being could fully understand. In order to understand it one must have a mind vast enough to comprehend the vastness of the master's, a fancy large and vivid, a sensibility as seraphical;—and it is not probable that any other mortal of modern times has been thus constituted. Moreover Liszt

seems to have come into the world with a vague, mysterious feeling of melancholy,—a longing for something unexplainable and unattainable.

At six years old he was so impressed by the sombre and magnificent sadness of Chateaubriand's *René,* that the impression of it—expanded and enriched by his powerful and passionate fancy,—influenced his whole artistic after-life. At the age of nine, already recognized as a musical prodigy, the intervals between his studies were alternately brightened with lightnings of dizzy pleasure or darkened with unfathomable glooms of unutterable despair,—as a youth he was ever fluctuating between extremes of pietism and of voluptuousness,—and as a man he took opportunity to gratify both inclinations to their full capacity. He enjoyed to satiety every pleasure that the world could afford him,—even that rare and noble one of bestowing charity to the extent not of thousands but of *millions* of dollars; and the romance of his private life was scarcely less extraordinary than the romance of his art. His whole existence has been an existence of extremes—tremendous extravagances of pleasure or of pain,—extravagances of piety, extravagances of love, extravagances of triumph, extravagances of self-denial, extravagances of self-indulgence. There is nothing in this world which Liszt has not enjoyed—not tired of and fled away from,—only to return to it and flee from it again. Every once in a while he would enter a monastery, but he never could resign himself to stay there;—religion gave him rest and consolation for a time only. Probably Liszt's religious ideas have never been clearly defined; for he was at one time an extreme Saint-Simonian; but, in seeking the retirement of the cloister, he hoped to find repose from the great torment of his life—the delusion of the Impossible,

the pursuit of the Unattainable. A monastery at least provided in its discipline a hygienic régime for the restless mind,—by directing that mind to a single ideal and a defined purpose. To sleep in one's own coffin as a Chartreux monk must have afforded such a one as Liszt the grim consolation of feeling that Death quenches all longings and stills all restlessness, and calms all dissatisfactions, but in such solitude memories of beauty, love, fame, pleasure, must come at intervals—like St. Anthony's temptations—to the memory of one who has enjoyed them all. So they came to Liszt, and Liszt was no St. Anthony. He might fly from the couch to the coffin, but he would again flee from the coffin to the couch. The world saw and wondered but never laughed at Liszt. In the beauty of his youth and the beauty of his art he had seemed to them as a Greek god, whose very vices were sublimities, whose divinity made him unquestionable, irresponsible to any save himself. His was a sacred restlessness, a sublime pain, a divine unhappiness that men felt without understanding, as they might feel the holiness of some impenetrable mystery which hierophants alone dare converse upon. And who can but feel a sympathy for the mighty musician in his darkness—whether that darkness be or not be due to the sufferer's error. It is pitiful perhaps that such men survive their own golden years,—their era of personal glory and demi-godhood,—instead of lingering until the light of their halo has well nigh faded out, and they are revealed to us, not indeed as something less than gods, but as mortals only,—not self-luminous,—not self-existent,—not less subject to age and misfortune and weakness than the average man.[1]

[1] Hearn also translated an article from *Le Figaro* on Liszt. (The Editor.)

THE TOUAREUG

The most remarkable of all nomads in the world,—a strange race of prey, whose origin is wrapped in obscurity, but who claim descent from ancient Turkish tribes, are The Touareug; or, as some spell the name, *Touaricks.* Certain writers have gone so far as to tell us of the *Touarick Arabs;* but the Touareug are not Arabs; they seem to own a distinct kinship to primitive Berber tribes. Nevertheless, no one has yet succeeded in establishing any positive history of their origin. Their name among the Arabs is a name of mystery and fear—*Hall el-Letame,* "The Veiled People."

But they must certainly belong to one of the finest races of mankind; for all who have been able to visit them without being murdered, have been astonished by their grace of body and regularity of feature. They are white as Europeans, tall, sinewy; their complexion has remained unaltered by the blinding glare of the desert sun after more than a thousand years; those of pure blood living on the borders of Ouaday and Timbuctoo are fair-skinned as Germans. A very remarkable peculiarity is that many of them have blue eyes; and these, shaded by lashes as long and silky as those of the Arabs, have a peculiar charm. Their women are uncommonly attractive; and unlike their Arab neighbors, the Touareug do not consider fatness essential to female charms. The girls grow up lithe and slim like antelopes, and rival the men in endurance of fatigue.

It is not yet possible to state the limits of the districts they haunt, although it may be said in a general way that

their wanderings extend from the nothern portion of the Sahara to the Niger, and from the western coast of the Great Desert eastwardly to Abyssinia. They hold all the gates of the Desert and of the Soudan, exact toll from all caravans that trade with the negro countries, and keep most of the black cities upon the border in a state of perpetual blockade. Negroes laboring in the gardens about Timbuctoo are frequently seized and carried off by them; and most of the northern desert cities are supplied by them with slaves. Although universally recognized as robbers and murderers by profession, they fearlessly enter the civilized cities of Algiers, Tripoli, Tunis, etc., to dispose of their merchandise—gold-dust; elephant tusks; camel-saddles, made of elephant bones and covered with elephant skin; sandals with soles so tough that the fangs of the desert viper cannot pierce them; ostrich feathers; tanned camel hides; strange fruits from the oases; and curiosities from the negro country. None dare to harm them. The fiercest Arabs dread the Veiled People; and even the Chambas, whom Abd-el-Kader never could force to recognize his authority, have been glad to enter into a species of alliance with them. Their endurance, strength, and knowledge of the more unfamiliar desert are declared to surpass even those of the Somafa, who can travel on foot in one day thirty leagues over the scorching sands, can distinguish a goat from a sheep at the distance of one day's journey, can smell the odor of a pipe or roasting meat thirty leagues away, and can discern the footprint of a virgin from that of a wife.

According to their own traditions, they entered the Great Desert for the first time about the two hundredth year of the Hegira, or in the beginning of the ninth century; the

first chief of the Veiled People being one Tilouttane, "owner of a hundred thousand mares." Dying in the two hundred and twenty-second year of the Hegira, he was succeeded by Yaltane, who was succeeded by Tamin. After the death of the latter the Touareug were divided among themselves during the space of 120 years; but became once more united into an almost resistless nomad power by Abdallah ben Hedfaoute, known as the "Veiled Chief," who claimed descent from the *Khalifa* of the Prophet. The Touareug remained united under his son and successor also, Aboul Kassem, "who owned a hundred thousand mares and ruled a country two months journey in extent." But after his death the Touareug confederation became again broken up, and has never been reformed since. Some tribes have lost their distinctive traits by mingling their blood with inferior and swarthy races,—by wedding daughters of Foullah or Abyssinia,—by miscegenating with the negro races of the far south. But these are exceptions. The majority of the Touareug are white; and nearly all the pure-blooded tribes have their winter dwelling in the Djebel Hoggar—a vast oasis almost in the centre of the Sahara, wholly in possession of the Touareug H'rar, or *Thoroughbreds*. With spring they leave the oasis, and return to the Sea of Thirst, the waterless wastes of the desert, to pillage the caravans, and double their sentries at the gates of the Soudan and of the Northern Sahara. Although converted to Mohammedanism in the eighth century, they have never been good Mussulmans, nor have they availed themselves of certain licenses permitted by Islam. Polygamy is almost unknown among them. Originally they were idolaters like the Berbers of the Maghreb; and they once probably cherished those ante-islamic statuettes of ivory (*doumiah*), the idol-

atrous but beloved memory of which yet lingers in those Arab songs wherein we hear of young girls "beautiful and pale like the white doumiah,"—like statues of ivory.

Whether Tilouttane or Aboul Kassem, those legendary Sultans of the Djebel-Hoggar people, were really owners of "a hundred thousand mares," cannot now be decided; but certain it is that the modern Touareug have no horses whatever to speak of. In the northern Sahara, on the borders of the Barbary States and in the Algerian desert are to be found indeed some of the rarest breeds in the world. But even the horses of the Ouled Sidi Cheikh would be utterly worthless in the country of the Touareug,—in the greater desert,—in that heaving waste of yellow desolation whose sand-waves surge about the oases of Djebel-Hoggar. "It was not until I gazed from that slope,"—wrote an Arabian traveler, "that it was given me to comprehend the immensity of the holy saying—*'Far as the sands extend, bless ye the Lord!'*" There is the very vastness of desolation, —a desolation peopled with the most ghastly phantoms of Arabian fancy: the *Silah* who lure travelers from the way by shrieks for aid; the *djinns* who make false lights to deceive the caravans, the *ghouls* who lurk in solitary places to devour those who lag behind.

But the Touareug have their *mahara,*—swift as horses and infinitely more enduring. These wonderful animals can glide over loose sand as rapidly as deer; they can, if necessity requires, make in 24 hours a journey equal to 10 days of caravan journeying—or 100 leagues; they commonly make 35 to 40 leagues a day. Whether they constitute a distinct species, or whether they are not to the common camel what the finest racer is to the draught-horse, does not yet seem to have been decided. A mahari (pl.

mahara) is indeed a camel, but a camel slender and graceful like a greyhound, with a very slight hump, a small delicate head, elegant nervous limbs, and a silky skin. In summer he is satisfied with drink once in five days; in the autumn he requires water only twice a month; he can pass the whole winter and spring without drinking at all, if he be properly fed. These animals are the *Gouareub el Beurr,* the Ships of the Earth,—the corsair-vessels used by the Veiled People. "We wear no shoes," they say, "because we never go afoot."

The name "veiled" has been given to the Touareug, because these strange land-pirates always veil the lower part of their faces when upon a raid, or among men not of their own race. Each *Targui* (sing. of *Touareug*) is armed with a lance, a bundle of barbed javelins, a poniard, a buckler of elephant-hide, sometimes a rifle, and a long, broad, double-edged sabre. This terrible weapon is the Targui's favorite arm; he is astonishingly expert in its use. When some French missionaries were massacred in 1876 near El-Goleah, the authors of the crime might have remained unknown but that one victim had received a sabre stroke which had cloven him *from the shoulder to the abdomen.* The hand of the Targui had betrayed itself.

The Touareug only allow their moustaches to grow, and a tuft of hair on the summit of the head, which generally is suffered to grow so long that it has to be plaited.[1]

[1] Two brief paragraphs, the beginning and the conclusion of the article, respectively, are ommitted, as they relate to political matters. (The Editor.)

SIDI ABD-EL-KADER EL DJELLANI

The Kaderia, or the religious society founded by Sidi Abd-el-Kader el Djellani, is the oldest of all the Moslem secret societies in northern Africa, excepting only the Order of Moulay Thaiyeb, which was founded in the eighth century of our era by Moulay Idris-ben-Hassen, a pious Sultan of Morocco. Nevertheless the Order of the Kaderia, which dates from the twelfth contury, is far the more popular, and boasts more *Koubba, djama, cherca,* and other varieties of commemorative monuments than any one of its rivals. It was founded by Sidi Abd-el-Kader el Djellani (or *Djillani,* as some spell it), a great saint of Bagdad, who acquired his surname by a long residence at Djillan, in Morocco. This saint was the special patron of the famous Algerian emir and patriot, Abd-el-Kader; and it is still devoutly believed by the Arabs that the saint himself appeared to the aged Marabout El Aratch, and bade him command the people to elect the young man to that position which he long filled so valiantly. Now, Sidi Abd-el-Kader el Djellani was himself a marabout of Bagdad, who left his native city at an early age, and traveled through Northern Africa, teaching and performing miracles. He founded in Morocco the order which bears his name, as well as various *zaouia,* or religious universities, and *medrasa,* or ecclesiastical seminaries. These establishments have wonderfully multiplied since his time; and the present Prophet of the Soudan was educated by professors of Islam attached to one of these Kaderian *zaouia* or *medrasa.*

But when the Mahdi had learned all that his teachers could teach him, he was still only a *marabout*. This word derived from the Arabic *rabath*,—which means "to attach," "to bind"—has precisely the same signification as our English noun "religion," derived from the Latin *religare*, "to bind to," "to attach." The marabout is a religious, an ascetic, sometimes an anchorite, who retires from the world to devote himself to meditation and prayer,—or again a missionary laboring among infidel races. He is rarely unmarried;—for Mahomet forbade celibacy; but his family must share his voluntary privation until such time as the people to whom he preaches shall insist on building him a college, and thus providing for all his wants,—or shall elect him both their spiritual and temporal chief. His office thereafter becomes hereditary; and many tribes assume their favorite marabout's name;—indeed all the Arabic tribes whose name begins with the words *Oulad Sidi* can trace back the history of their sheikh to some religious celebrity. The whole body of marabouts constitutes a sort of hereditary religious nobility of the second rank; the nobility of the first rank, being the *chorfa* (sing. *cherif*) who claim descent from Mahomet or some of the famous Companions. But there are many poor marabouts who possess little influence or reputation, and who can seldom hope for greatness except by a successful mission in some distant land. Such men as these are steadily pushing southward from the Barbary States—even beyond the desert; and are carrying Mohammedanism into the very heart of Central Africa. Some of them are said to have beheld the great equatorial lakes long before the advent of English discoverers—of Sir Samuel Baker, or of Speke and Grant.

Besides these marabouts,—(who rise sometimes to great

dignity,—who, in Northern Africa, have fomented so many revolts against European or Turkish power,—and who have wrought so much toward the establishment of negro Mohammedanism in the Central Soudan)—there are myriads of *fokira* (pl. of *fakir*) or *Khouans* equally attached to various powerful religious orders, but lacking the scholarship or the force of character requisite for the higher duties of the marabout-missionaries or Koranic professors. The Khouans are organized upon a system which, with its passwords, grips, and secret signs, reminds us in some degree of our own Masons and Odd Fellows; but which imposes obligations far more binding,—for the Khouans swear to be in the hands of their chiefs *"even as a corpse in the hands of the Washer of the Dead."* They must practice many severe rules of discipline; must meet at regular intervals to receive the orders of their spiritual chiefs, or the messages of his *rekkas* (secret agents).

The supreme chief or Grand Master of each order is called *Khalifa,* and resides in the city or district in which the order was first founded; but he has a representative in every district where members of the society live. These representatives are called the *Mokadden* or *shioukh* (sing. *sheikh*) each of whom has his vicar as well—his *nekib.* All the *mokadden* are obliged at intervals to visit the Khalifa, whose will is to them as despotic a law, as their own is to the inferior multitude of *Khouans,* marabouts, or *tholba* (the disciples of the order.) . . .

Sidi Abd-el-Kader el Djellani—whose colleges and schools are to be found in all parts of Africa north of the equator, and whose domed chapels glimmer, like enormous white eggs, from the summit of almost every mountain in the Barbary States,—is in many respects a very singular saint. He

is the special patron of travelers, of mendicants, and of robbers. Every beggar in Algiers, Alexandria, Cairo, Tripoli, Tunis, Morocco, and other Moslem cities innumerable, demands alms in his name; and the principal streets continually resound with such cries as:—

—"Who will give me to eat for the love of our Lord Abd-el-Kader el Djellani?"

"Where are those who fear God and our Lord Abd-el-Kader?"

—"Who will give me the wherewithal to break my fast for the sake of the Sultan of Saints,—for the sake of the Patron-Saint of Bagdad?"

—"O the Master of Bagdad!"

—"Who will have pity on me for the sake of Our Lord Abd-el-Kader—for the love of our Lord Abd-el-Kader el Djellani?"

The woman in travail, the wounded soldier, the fever-stricken pilgrim, the merchant anxious for the fate of his caravan, the mother watching by the cradle of her first-born, all invoke the aid and counsel of the holy marabout. So habitual has it become in Northern Africa to call upon the Saint under all trying circumstances, that even if a man happens to fall accidentally, both he and the spectators of the occurrence are sure to cry aloud, *"O Sidi Abd-el-Kader!"* —just as we should say "Good Lord!" or "Good Gracious!" The members of a caravan, before starting upon their long journey invariably make some such prayer as this:—"O Sidi Abd-el-Kader! thou art the protector of travelers, the companion of those who go upon *ghazias* (slave-raids), the friend of the unfortunate! Be with us and for us in this journey; and upon our return we shall make unto the poor

a grand *ouadaa*—a great distribution of alms in thine honor!"

Those about to go to war also invoke him, saying: "O Sidi Abd-el-Kader!—O saint of Saints!—O Sultan of the Just!—if thou wilt vouchsafe *that our balls shall never fall to the ground,* verily we will build a *Koubba* in thine honor!"

And the lover prays: "O Sidi Abd-el-Kader, if thou wilt make her mother and her brothers to sleep deeply this night, surely I will suspend two ostrich-eggs to the walls of thy Koubba; and I will bleed two goodly sheep in thine honor."

Indeed such is the generosity of Sidi Abd-el-Kader that, unlike other celebrities of Moslem hagiography, he will extend his bounties alike to ALL that pray to him, even Jews, Christians and idolators,—although his greatest bounties are extended especially to the beloved children of his order,—the Kaderia. Much is he invoked by the predatory nomads, —by all those desert robbers who follow like vultures in the path of the caravans, or who lie in wait among the sandhills like ghouls, to rise suddenly before the terrified traveler. And when the Arab robber finds himself in serious danger of meeting the awful fate of fire to which the severe laws of certain tribes doom him, earnest indeed is his vow—"O Sidi Abd-el-Kader, save me but this once, and I will surely distribute a great *ouadaa* ('gift of alms') to the poor in thine honor!"

Nevertheless, although the patron-saint of robbers, Sidi Abd-el-Kader also protects those who pray to him against thieves. Among innumerable miracles related of him, the following is one of the most remarkable in this connection.

During the great mission of the saint, those who were wont to attend his theological lectures, declared that one day Sidi Abd-el-Kader suddenly paused in his address to take off his right slipper and fling it against the wall of the *Zaouia* into which it entered and disappeared. Without offering any explanation of this miracle, the saint resumed his lecture for a few moments; and then, pausing a second time, took off his left slipper, and flung it also against the wall, wherein it entered and disappeared, the wall closing after it. The reason of this miracle was not known until a later day. It was then learned that some travelers on their way to Bagdad to visit Sidi Abd-el-Kader, had been set upon by robbers in the desert, and despoiled of all their goods. The robbers were about to depart to their usual haunts, when the unfortunate merchants ventured to invoke Sidi Abd-el-Kader. Immediately a slipper came through the air, and smote the chief of the robbers on the face with such force as to loosen his teeth. Feeling assured that the slipper could not have been flung by any ordinary mortal hand, the chief divined a miraculous interposition, and bethought him of restoring the stolen property, when his *nekib,* or lieutenant, attempted to interfere. Immediately a second slipper slapped the *nekib* on the face with such force that the blood spurted from his nose and mouth. Astounded and terrified, the robbers at once abandoned their booty and fled; when the pious merchants picked up the slippers, and brought them with them to Bagdad, where they were recognized by all the *tholba* (disciples) as the same *kebkab* which Sidi Abd-el-Kader had flung through the wall of the *zaouia* to the distance of many hundred miles, in answer to the prayer of the merchants.

For Sidi Abd-el-Kader belongs to the greater order of

Moslem saints,—those who can overcome the laws of nature at will,—who can make the sun to halt in his course,—who can command the earth to swallow up a wicked city,—who can show their wives Hell under one corner of a praying-mat, and Paradise under the other,—or who can change a whole caravan into sand, as did the holy marabout of El Bekerat on being insulted by a cameleer. Surely the sand-dunes of Djebel-Krima, which still bear a fantastic likeness unto a train of camels, are the monuments of his sacred vengeance.

Sidi Abd-el-Kader died at Bagdad in the latter part of the sixth century of the Hegira; but he died not as other men die. Allah had often spoken with him face to face, and had said to him: "Verily had I not sent Mahomet upon earth six hundred years before thy birth, thee would I have chosen as my prophet and mine apostle! But thou shalt be my *R'outs!*" So Abd-el-Kader died as a *R'outs* must die, to deliver men from abundance of evils.

For it is written that in the month of Safar of every year 380,000 varieties of evil are sent from heaven upon the world—deaths, wounds, miseries, griefs, accidents, and all misfortunes. Now of these 380,000 evils the holy *R'outs* assumes three-fourths; while half of what remains is assumed by twenty most holy men—the *Akiab,*—and the remaining eight alone are scattered among mankind. So Sidi Abd-el-Kader perished under the burthen of 285,000 different varieties of exceeding great woe. *"O the Master of Bagdad!"* [1]

[1] Two small paragraphs are omitted, one at the beginning and the other in the body of this article. They refer to the then living rebellious mahdi, Mohammed Ahmed. They rectify the error Hearn had made in an earlier article, that this El Mahdi was the spiritual chief of the Kaderia. (The Editor.)

THE CANONIZATION OF THE MAHDI

The books which have given to people of Christian countries their popular conception of Moslem life and religion are, generally speaking, works of fiction, volumes of fanciful stories which everyone reads, whereas comparatively few read the Koran, or any one of the many lives of Mahomet, much less the Arabian poets, historians, essayists, or biographers. But recitals like the *Arabian Nights* represent little or nothing of the life of a particular people;—their art is partly Persian, partly Indian;—they speak of the luxury of great cities with motley populations, doing commerce with Hindoostan and the Chinese Empire;—they reflect only the imaginative development of romance in a period of fantastic luxury and splendor. The student who desires to learn something of the Arabian people proper must, indeed, seek his information in other sources than those of pure romance; and the recent expansion of Oriental scholarship has offered him access to nearly all the important written literature of the East. From books alone, he can learn much regarding the primitive life of the desert, the manners and customs of the Mohammedans in most parts of Africa and of Asia, the history of all Mohammedan dynasties which have reigned from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, the origin and course of all schisms in the faith, the legends of famous martyrs and of great captains. But there is one subject on which even scholars still profess to know little, and which the ordinary reader probably knows nothing whatever about,—The Saints of Islam. Under this title must not be included either the

Companions of Mahomet, or the many celebrated writers and cenobites who flourished during the first centuries of the Caliphate. These are indeed credited by the Traditionists with having performed miracles;—their names in Arabic manuscripts are always prefaced by holy appellations, and some of their tombs are still places of pilgrimage; but they are not the true Saints of Islam. The Mohammedan Saint is he who is still worshiped as the father or patron or spiritual protector of a tribe, or a province, or a people,—the story of whose life is handed down from father to son and from mother to daughter. Whether the Arabs borrowed their ideas about asceticism and miracles and patron saints from Christian sources is doubtful;—certainly the Hindoos did not so obtain theirs, and we have reason to suppose that the belief in patron saints is common to all profoundly religious races at certain periods of their history. Still, it is a curious fact that the true Moslem hagiology dates back only to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, with one or two debatable exceptions. The lives of the Saints of Islam are furthermore unwritten;—they exist as the oral literature of populations which live to-day almost as they lived in the era of Abraham; and it were no easy task for European scholars to collect such material by word of mouth. As yet there is probably but one worthy volume on the subject, —written by a French Algerian officer, Colonel Trumelet, who succeeded in passing himself off for a zealous Mohammedan. Trumelet, however, was only able to obtain information regarding the particular Saints recognized in the French colonies.

Certainly Mohammedan Asia has its saints;—Bagdad is full of shrines and holy legends; the Shiites of Persia and the Sunnites of Turkey have their sacred tombs;—the Tar-

tars of the further steppes still pray for the second coming of Tamerlane; and Moslem India holds reverently the memory of many a pious fakir. But it is especially among the nomad races of the Arabian and African deserts that exists a cultus of this kind notably sincere and strong. The silence of enormous solitudes, compelling contemplation and expanding the imagination of faith,—the perils of travel through wildernesses peopled by fancy with spectres,—the reverence paid to arbitrative wisdom and to age by fierce peoples ever beyond the pale of law,—represent conditions peculiarly favorable to the growth of myth and saintly mythology. As in the days before Mahomet, the poet is the historian;—and a theme once found, a long line of singers embroider it with new ornamentations of language and idealism through the evolution of centuries.

Chronology has no real existence in those desolations where Time himself seems to have slept for a hundred thousand years. All that has passed out of memory is vaguely spoken of as having occurred *fi'z-zman er-Roum,* —"in the time of the Roumis";—that is to say of the Romans, the infidels, the Pagan of the old Western Empire of the Christians of the Byzantine era. Thus the Pyramids were built by Genii, the monuments of Egypt were constructed by demons "in the time of the Roumis." While the recollection of some vast or terrible fact,—the extermination of a people, the destruction of a province,—endures, the remembrance of the generation in which it happened is gradually effaced and swallowed up by the ever-advancing circle of that shoreless sea of time,—"the Time of the Roumis." For there are no annals, and no written things, —but the Koran only, and the written amulets suspended about the neck in little bags of leather. One by one, ac-

cordingly, the great figures of desert history become ghostly,—semi-diaphanous,—gigantic, as shapes viewed through a mist;—they cease to belong to the world of realities, and blend with forms of cloud and phantoms of mirage. Many a saint of the sixteenth century is already vaguely referred to the "Time of the Roumis."

There is also another peculiar cause for the saint-cultus in Africa. Africa is the great centre of Mohammedan proselytism;—Africa holds half the great universities of Islam;—Africa is the land of the *Khouans* and the secret societies of the Moslem faith. In Africa twenty Moslem converts are made to one Christian. For centuries the seminaries of her palm-shadowed cities have been pouring a stream of missionaries into the black South,—sincere and daring men who hold that the means is justified by the end, and who avail themselves of all possible methods to effect their purpose. They practice a legerdemain, which although imperfect enough to European eyes, seems to ignorant savages a work of God;—they begin to rule by cunning, they establish their power by fear, and extend their domination by exciting their converts to holy war. Central Africa swarms with them, and but for European opposition they would eventually convert all the continent to Islam. When such a man as one of these passes away, his successors find it to their interest to encourage a sort of worship to his shade. His name is still used to excite fear or love, to embolden destruction or to create compassion; and in days of peril he is invoked as next in power to the God of Battles.

Of such was the Mahdi, Mohammed Ahmed, Sultan of the Sudan by the power of Allah and the sword,—whose name, about which an imposing mystery still clings, vibrated so loudly through this world of the nineteenth century.

The great prophet is dead,—yet not before he fulfilled a considerable part of his predictions. He did indeed deliver the Soudan from the yoke of the Turks, and defied the power of England, and figured mightily as a destroyer of armies. He is said to have practiced the thaumaturgy of charlatans; but those men of Africa demand miracles as proofs, and he deceived them, no doubt, for what he believed to be a pious after-purpose. What his life has been we know yet through some of its results only;—the stories carried to English camps by fugitive slaves, by paid spies, or Arab traitors, are too conflicting to deserve comment;—we can feel assured of but one thing—that he was a great-souled and sincere man. His history remains to be written;—in the meantime his memory will be magnified among his tribe with vapory tradition, and his name will take its place in the immense litany of Moslem saints. For Islam canonizes her saints to-day;—she does not wait for the passing of a hundred years;—she worships at this moment before the domed tombs of the horsemen who led the fight against France;—and every large event in the history of Northern Africa during the past fifty years is coupled with the memory of a marabout. Was not even the earthquake of Blidah wrought by the curse of Mohammed Ben-bou-Rekaa? Says the poet:

"It was in Redjeb, on Wednesday, in the year 1240 (1825 A. D.)
That the quaking passed through this land.
A moment sufficed to accomplish the work of ruin,—
Aye, not longer at most than it takes to read twice the Surat *El Ikhelass* (which hath but five lines").

How much the Prophet of the Soudan was revered is shown by the mad zeal of those who died for him,—the self-

martyrdom of the young girls and boys who rushed on the English bayonets. The remembrance of those slaughters will not soon pass away, and they will be forever coupled with the name of the Mahdi. Curious, no doubt, will be the legends that must gather about his memory,—concerning the Demons that aided the infidel with lightnings and thunderings,—and the Magical Ships of Iron,—and the Devil-driven Horses of Brass,—and the mighty Evil Spirit that, in the likeness of a blue-eyed man held Khartoum so long against the hosts of the Faithful. So will the legend grow, gathering bulk as it rolls down the centuries, until that far day when the infidel shall have set his strong foot firmly upon the neck of the Arab, and the tribes shall call vainly on Mohammed Ahmed to rise from his whitewashed tomb.

A JEW! (LASSALLE)

It is curious to contrast the fierce hatred exhibited to-day against the Jews in Germany, with the worship, the absolute idolatry paid to a Jew within comparatively recent times by the working-classes of Germany. Perhaps no more brilliant representative of his race—not even excepting Heine—appeared in modern times, than Ferdinand Lassalle, the friend of Humboldt and of most of the great stars that burned at that time in the deep firmament of German literature and science. Lassalle has been termed the father of Socialism; and indeed he was the first to teach the working-classes of Germany to understand and to demand their rights and liberties; it was owing to his apostolate more than to aught else that the right of universal suffrage was finally conferred upon the working population of Germany. It was partly owing to his prodigious influence that the German Empire was solidified from out the nebulous state of a Confederacy. He was one of the strongest modern national reformers; and in lending his aid to the pangermanic ideas of Bismarck, who mutually supported him in many stormy times, it was with the idea that the first essential to a grand reform of the German social structure was a united Germany, able to contend single-handed against all the powers of Europe. Before his time—before 1858, Socialism was a mere phantom, which the conservatives could laugh at with ease and safety; to-day, as a contemporary French writer says, "it has become a mighty organization which entwines itself about all Germany, even as the serpent about Laocoon." But this socialism of to-day, although springing, from the seed

sown by Lassalle, even as the dragon-teeth by Jason, has assumed a character far different from his strong and logical tenets. It has been nourished by a different soil, a different atmosphere, since the untimely death of the handsome and disinterested young Jew, who devoted his life to the cause of the liberty and rights of the working masses. It has become atheistic and violent, destructive and terrible. "Socialism," says a German daily published at Furth, "is the preface to a vast period of atheistic civilization, which we of to-day have the honor to labor for, and which will live through a long series of centuries." Such was not the teaching of Lassalle. He only taught their rights to the Germans, and how to obtain them; and predicted the result of a persistent opposition to social reform by the government. The fulfillment of that grim prediction threatens to appear ere long. "There must be a revolution," he said, "gradual and beneficent, or violent and terrible." The government might effect the first; otherwise the people will bring about the second. According to the policy of the government the plant sowed by Lassalle would turn into an olive of fruitful plenty, or a monstrous hydra. It has developed into the hydra; the blossoms and the blessings have disappeared of recent years in this terrible transformation.

Lassalle was loved madly, however, during his life-time by the people for whom he toiled so much; the mere mention of his name awoke enthusiastic thunders, as a pebble dropped into certain mountain chasms awakes echoes as of an earthquake. After his death the idolatry paid to his memory was unlimited; hymns were composed and songs written in which he was worshiped after the fashion of an antique deity; assuredly no Roman Catholic had a grander apotheosis. Old-fashioned prayers were changed, and the

name of Lassalle substituted for Jesus, as the jewels of a ring might be changed. Victor Tissot gives us an example of such a prayer, taught by Socialistic mothers to their little ones:

Ich bin klein, mein Herz ist rein,
Soll Neimand drein wohnen
Als mein Jesus ein.

In this old prayer the name of Lassalle was made to replace the name of the Redeemer. And from the same writer we translate a Confession of Faith a veritable Credo of socialism, which first appeared in the *Freie Zeitung,* and which testifies what the worship of the young Israelite was in Germany even as late as 1869.

"I believe in Ferdinand Lassalle, the Messiah of the Nineteenth Century, and in the political and social resurrection of my people, now languishing in misery, through instruction in the irrefragable dogmas regarding the working classes by whom was honored Ferdinand Lassalle,—who born of a despised race, suffered under the middle classes and the reactionaries, fell by the hand of a murderer, and rose again to live in the hearts of his faithful disciples and in the memory of the working people, whence he will yet come to judge all the enemies of his doctrine."

And thus was a Jew worshiped by Freethinkers almost as another Jew is worshiped by Christians. Yet great as were the reforms obtained by Lassalle, unselfish as was his idealistic devotion to a grand Humanitarian purpose, deeply as the working-classes in Germany are indebted to him, neither Christians nor Freethinkers there seem at present inclined to remember that Lassalle and Heine too were Israelites. The aristocratic preachers are said to lead the rising

against the Jews. Are they fearful, with good reason, lest that strange race might produce another terrible Heine and another Ferdinand Lassalle in the people's great Day of Judgment?

A PEEP BETWEEN THE LEAVES OF THE *TALMUD*

To gain even a faint idea of what the *Talmud* contains would require seven years' hard study of six hours a day. There are few men living who can be considered thoroughly versed in it; and perhaps even among those phenomenal memories, which have been the boast of Oriental scholarship, there never was memory capacious enough to contain the oceanic vastness of Talmudic literature. We cannot attempt in this article,—devoted to some curiosities of Hebraic folklore and myth,—to explain even what the *Talmud* is. Let those curious upon such subjects seek information from the works of German, French or English scholars, who have written whole libraries about the great encyclopedia of Jewish learning. Any introductory explanation would occupy more space than we can afford. We only purpose giving a few examples in proof of the fact that audacity of imagination and monstrosity of conception may be found in the *Talmud* to a degree discoverable in no other ancient literature—except, perhaps, that of India, notorious for the enormity of its mythology. But between the story-tellers of Sanscrit and Hebrew literature, one feels inclined to give the palm of imaginative genius to those Rabbonim who created cows to be killed and eaten when they were hungry, or by the utterance of a Kabbalistic phrase caused barren fields to teem with the most luscious of ripe vegetables.

According to the *Talmud* the patriarchs were much more wonderful people than might be supposed from our uninspired reading of Genesis. The height of Abraham was as

the height of seventy-four men; and his weight equal to theirs. He ate at each meal more than seventy-four ordinary men could eat; and he built an iron city for his children with walls so high that the sun could not shine into it. Moses was also a remarkably vigorous man; for each of the tables of stone which he carried about so easily were upward of twenty-eight tons in weight!

But these were pigmies in those days. When we read the *Talmud* we are in a paleontological period of tradition. "When I was a grave digger," says Abba Shaul in the *Niddah* of the *Talmud*,—"I once chased a roe which had entered the shin bone of a dead man; though I ran *three miles* after it, I could not overtake it, nor reach the end of the bone. When I returned they told me it was the shin bone of Og, King of Bashan." Nevertheless, this fact does not seem so extraordinary when we remember that the soles of the feet of Og, King of Bashan, were forty miles in length, and that at each meal he devoured a thousand oxen, "and as many of all other sorts of animals," and drank a thousand measures of wine. It was Og, also, who desired to throw a stone forty miles wide upon the camp of Israel, and would have done so had not the Lord sent an army of ants to bore the stone when he was lifting it.

Og ought, in spite of his alimentative capacities, to have been satisfied however with a certain Talmudic frog for at least one meal. We are told of this frog in a commentary upon the discussions of certain learned Rabbis. In the original Hebrew of Exodus we read that "the frog" (not the frogs) "came up and covered the land of Egypt. Rabbi Elazar held that there was but one frog; but she so multiplied as to fill all the land of Egypt. Rabbi Akiva thought otherwise;—he said there was only one frog, indeed, but

that frog was so large that she filled all the land of Egypt. Rabbi Elazar ben Azariah said that this was untrue,—that there was indeed at first only one frog, but she croaked so loud that she called all the other frogs in the world into the land of Egypt. So much for the discussion. Rabba the son of Chanua said that he himself "once saw a frog larger than any seen now, although not quite so large as the frog in Egypt. It was about as large as Acra, a village of some sixty houses."

Such a frog might have satisfied the noonday hunger of Og, King of Bashan, in time of famine, but it would not have made a mouthful for Leviathan, "who maketh the deep sea to boil as a pot." For when Leviathan makes the sea boil, it does not become still again for seventy years! The snake Jormungand would be only as an eel to such a monster. Another Rabbi saw a sea-monster whose neck was three miles long;—and it had only been born that day!

After this we can the more readily accept the famous story of Cæsar and the lion. Rabbi Joshua ben Chananja was once at Rome; and the Cæsar (we are not told what Cæsar any more than in *Gesta Romanorum*) said to him: "This God of yours is compared to a lion"—as it is written in Amos: "The lion hath roared; who will not fear." . . . "Who," continued the Cæsar, "cares for a lion? A horseman can kill a lion." This Assyrian contempt for lions provoked the Rabbi to say, that the lion spoken of by the prophet Amos was not an ordinary lion, "but a lion of the forest of Ilaei." Cæsar insisted upon seeing that lion,—and the Rabbi prevailed upon God to grant the Emperor's desire. Thereupon the lion left his lair and roared; and though it was four hundred miles away, all the walls of Rome tumbled to the ground! Then the lion advanced

three hundred miles nearer, and roared again;—and the teeth dropped out of the heads of men that heard him, and the Emperor fell from his throne, and shrieked to the Rabbi that he would pray God to send the lion away.

On the authority of Strabo a population of fourteen millions has been claimed for imperial Rome; but the Rome of Rabbinical tradition was a far more wondrous city. The voice of its murmuring was heard over the whole earth; and we have a legend in the *Talmud* of three Rabbis journeying to it, who were almost deafened by its roar even at the distance of two hundred and twenty miles. The lion which shook down the walls of such a city must have had a mighty voice; yet his voice was even as the cooing of a dove compared to the voice of Judah.

For when the angel of the Lord interfered to prevent Joseph's brethren from killing him, Judah cried out with such a loud voice that all the walls of Egypt were leveled with the dust, and all the cattle cast to the ground, and Pharaoh was flung from his throne, . . . "and all the men who stood round about Joseph had their heads twisted with their faces to their backs, and so they remained until the day of their death!"

Some of the Rabbis would seem to have inherited the voice of Judah, or at least a part of it; for there was Rabbi Yehudah who had the stomach-ache for seven years, during which time "his groans could be heard for three miles." Nevertheless he was more blest than Korah who was so rich that it required three hundred white mules to carry the keys of his treasury.

Everything was in proportion in early ages, however. Every grain of wheat used to be as big as an ostrich-egg, "as white as snow, as sweet as honey, and as fragrant as musk."

In the time of Enoch they diminished to the size of a goose's egg; in Elijah's time to the size of a hen's egg; finally they became as small as grapes by reason of the sins of men. In the same way the land of Judea has become smaller. After Israel was expatriated the country "shrank even as the skin of an animal shrinks when its occupant is gone."

Sandalphon, the angel of prayer, whom Longfellow has written so exquisitely of, does not figure in the *Talmud* as a nebulous creature at all;—for he towers above all other angels to the height of 500 years' journey. Is there any other such angel, except, indeed, that one whom Mahomet saw,—who had seventy thousand heads and in each head seventy thousand tongues wherewith he sang the praises of God? It must not be supposed, however, that the other angels were very small, for the Ladder of Jacob was eight thousand miles wide. The reason it was so wide was to accommodate the angels; for as they were ascending two abreast and descending two abreast, space was required for four angels on each step; and the breadth of an angel's body is two thousand miles!

And nevertheless when a certain Philemo asked Rabbi Yehudah the Holy,—"If a man have two heads, on which head ought he to put the phylactery,"—the Rabbi was displeased and threatened to anathematize him. Yet have we not seen two-headed men in these days, although we have not seen angels?

But the anathema of a Rabbi enters all the two hundred and forty-eight members of the body at the same time; and we must not, at the present time, dilate further upon this matter.

NOTE ON A HEBREW FUNERAL

". . . Thus forever, with reverted look,
The mystic volume of the world they read,
Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,
Till life became a Legend of the Dead."

Father Kuelmann, one of the oldest printers in Paris, who brought out the first issues of innumerable newspaper ventures, was buried a short time ago with impressive ceremonies—nearly all the printers, mail clerks and folders of the newspaper offices attending. He was an orthodox Israelite, and the ceremonies of his funeral are described briefly, but interestingly in the Paris dailies. It was, in fact, a religious event. How curious and complicated these ceremonies are when practiced in all their antique detail, few know who have never paid much attention to Jewish literature. Perhaps the best popular work on this subject is Stauben's, which has been published in several European languages, and which deserves to endure as containing a vivid and touching history of many strange and beautiful customs falling into disuse. Our readers will not be wearied, we imagine, by a brief account of some of the religious observances Stauben describes.[1]

In such old-fashioned Jewish communities as those of Alsace where the orthodox rites are observed in all their primitive purity, the death of a member of the *Kehila* (congregation) is announced by the Schamess (Jewish beadle), who summons the faithful to prayer by two raps with his

[1] Hearn apparently refers to Stauben's *Scènes de la Vie Juive* which he mentions in a letter to Krehbiel. (The Editor.)

wooden mallet upon the doors of all the houses occupied by Israelites. Meanwhile the relatives abandon themselves to their grief, with all those outward signs of despair which we would regard rather as ancient than modern observances. The dead body is laid upon a plank at the foot of the bed, washed and combed. Then commences the ceremony of dressing the corpse; for one must not, says the *Talmud,* enter naked into the presence of the Lord.

The mortuary habit consists of a cap, the *mitnefess,* a pair of drawers called *misnakim,* and a long white robe fastened about the waist with a cord-girdle;—the complete costume being termed *Sargeness.* This is the same dress precisely as that worn by the sons of Aaron two thousand years before Christ. Strange to say it is also a wedding-gift which Hebrew lovers reciprocally make to one another. Lugubrious the idea may seem at first sight; but there is a touching poetry nevertheless in this wedding-present, so weirdly symbolical of faithfulness unto death.

Twice a year this *sargeness* is worn by orthodox Jews,—at the holy festivals of Rosch Haschana and Kippour. And is is believed by some that when the congregation of the living has left the synagogue, a whiter congregation enters it, the congregation of the dead, to hold on the eve of Kippour their annual reunion of ghostly prayer. Woe, then, to the living whose appellation is pronounced by the phantom *hazan,* as he calls the long roll of names.

When the body is laid in the coffin, the relatives of the dead approach to perform the most touching, perhaps, of all Hebrew ceremonies—*Mehila* ("pardon"). Each, placing a hand upon the feet of the dead, exclaims in turn:

—"I beseech pardon of God and of thee, if I have ever

been so unfortunate as to have offended thee by any word or deed of mine."

At such a time the poor may boldly come for alms, which are never refused; but none who enter the house, either then or during the subsequent period of mourning, may greet or speak to those in the house or to one another.

In the Jewish cemeteries there is often a sort of mortuary chapel, where the coffin is laid. There,—if it has not already been done,—the defunct is prepared for his long sleep with all the ceremonies of purification. About his right arm are entwined the *Tephilim*—a sort of Jewish scapular, containing the text of the commandments and the eternal prayer,—*Schmah Israel,* "Hear, O Israel," which Jewish lips have repeated for so many thousand years, and will doubtless continue to utter so long as the heart of man shall contain a spark of faith. Then about the shoulders of the dead is placed the *Thaleth,* a sort of scarf, the ends of which are entwined within the fingers of the deceased so as to form the sacred letters, Sin,—Daled,—Yad, signifying the Eternal Father of the living and the dead.

On the way of the funeral procession all water contained in any vessels within the houses, is thrown out,—for it is said that the Angel of Death, in wiping his sword, might have let fall drops of blood. All who have been present at the funeral ceremony must also perform the ceremony of purification; and a great vessel of water is kept in the chamber of mourning wherein the soul of the dead may purify itself twice a day during the whole period of lamentation. There are legends which tell us, that in cases where this has been forgotten, the dead have aroused holy Rabbis from their slumber to demand the means of ablution.

After the nearest relative of the dead has cast the first spadeful of earth upon the coffin, the assistants pluck grass and cast it over their heads, in sign of mourning, ere leaving the cemetery. ["Man's days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth, for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more."]

On returning to the house the *schamess,* with a knife slits the upper garment of the male mourners and rends it; while the women remove their shoes, and crouch down with faces veiled in the posture of mourning. A large oil-stain is made upon the floor as nearly as possible of the size of the deceased. For eight [1] days from the performance of the *Keria,* —the rending of garments,—the time of general mourning lasts; but the *Abelim* [1] (parents) must wear mourning and recite certain prayers twice a day for one whole year.

Each morning and evening of the first eight days,[1] twelve of the faithful assemble in the chamber to recite the *Kaddisch* or prayer for the dead. The glasses and pictures are covered with black; the house is darkened; and the "meat of affliction"—a special diet of soup and hard-boiled eggs, is only allowed to the mourners. Friends who wish to show their sympathy, must only do so by looks or sighs;—speech is forbidden, and, indeed, more respect is thus shown to the feelings of the bereaved than by those conventional modern formalities and hollow words of sympathy which often torture and seldom console.

Touching indeed are these ceremonies of affliction that recall the anguish of the words of Job:—"For there is hope of a tree if it be cut down, that it will sprout again. . . .

[1] This should be seven days. (The Editor.)

[2] *Abelim* means mourners, not parents. (The Editor.)

Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground,—yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? . . . Man lieth down and riseth not;—till the heavens be no more they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep." But solemn as the Jewish cemeteries are, there are signs of a faith less grim than Job's upon its curiously lettered tombstones—so well said by Longfellow to—

> "Seem like the tablets of the Law, thrown down
> And broken by Moses at the mountain's base."

Beautifully also does the poet express that holy utterance of hope:—

> "Blessed be God! for He created Death!"
> The mourners said,—"and Death is rest and peace;"

Then added, in the certainty of faith,

> "And giveth Life that never more shall cease."

THE JEW UPON THE STAGE

In 1880 there was founded in Paris the *Societe des Etudes Juives,*—having for its object the philosophical study of the history of Judaism. This society has been successively presided over by men of such prominence as James Edward and Alphonse Rothschild, Joseph Dehrenbourg, the Orientalist, and the great Parisian Rabbi Zadoc Kahu. It publishes a tri-monthly review, the *Revue des Etudes Juives;* and gives lectures every winter,—Renan being one of the most noted names upon its lecture-list.

The last lecture given under the auspices of this society by M. Abraham Dreyfus, had for its theme the character of the Jew upon the stage. M. Dreyfus himself is a dramatic author; and in preparing his thesis, he undertook and accomplished the enormous task of reading nearly everything extant in the shape of tragedy, comedy, or melodrama, in which the figure of a Jew appears. The result of his investigations in this regard has much curious value, —as illustrating the popular conception of the Jew, or at least the popular conception of what the type should be in dramatic production of all description. The unavoidable inference deduced by M. Dreyfus from the huge mass of theatrical testimony examined, is that to insure the success of any play in which a Jew figures, the character must be either villainous or grotesque, or villainous and grotesque at the same time. There are exceptional cases possible to cite; but the history of such plays only confirms the inference alluded to.

Indeed, even in our own day, noted Parisian dramatists have openly declared their conviction of what M. Dreyfus discovered through long and patient research. Adolphe Enney, a fine playwright, and also a Jew, told the lecturer his experience in a few memorable words. "I hold," he said, "that one must not attempt to struggle against popular sentiment upon the stage. The first duty of an author is to please the spectator—that implies respecting his tastes and habits. If I had introduced a Jew into one of my plays, I should have been obliged to depict him as a usurer, or as a thief, or as a traitor,—in short, as a villain. This would not have been an agreeable thing to do, since I am of Jewish origin myself. Therefore I have always suppressed the Jew altogether in my plays."

And the author of the *Demi-Monde,* Alexander Dumas, wrote in the preface to his *Femme de Claude:* "It is well understood that on the stage the character of the Jew must be made grotesque." Odious or grotesque or both, he has almost always been depicted since the days of Shakespeare, as well as before them.

It is interesting especially to read M. Dreyfus' views on Shakespeare's *Shylock.* He considers, with M. Mezieres—Shakespeare's great French champion—that Shakespeare was in no manner responsible for the prejudices of his era and his country; and that in sketching such a character as *Shylock* he really showed himself to be mentally a century in advance of his time. It was a startling audacity to introduce a Jew into the *Merchant of Venice* at all! And M. Dreyfus observes:

"I can dare to say that this Shylock is not altogether displeasing to me. Though I cannot feel for him that sympathy we owe to

those personages who are altogether virtuous and good,—still I cannot refuse him a share in my esteem. He is cruel; he is hateful, perhaps; but he certainly is not vile. His rapacity is less keen than his hate; and his hate has grandeur in it. When the tribunal has condemned him, he does not implore the clemency of his judges;—he is given his life without asking for it; and when, instead of confiscating all his property, he has only a fine to pay on condition of humbly submitting, he replies:

"*'Nay, take my life and all; pardon not!'* That utterance never came from a base soul. I much prefer this Shylock, ferocious and proud, to all the miserable little mild-mannered and ugly Shylocks who swarm upon our modern stage under the names of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Mardochai, or Zachariah."

Nor does M. Dreyfus pause at this estimate of *Shylock:* he goes on to say that the Jews have reason to be grateful to Shakespeare for having created in his *Merchant of Venice* a type by no means ignoble. For to the influence of that mighty writer may be traced the innumerable types of Jews figuring in modern tragedy—characters poorly modeled after a *chef-d'œuvre,* just as the Venus of Milo has given birth to thousands of Venuses in composition, in plaster-of-Paris, in gilt bronze, and in gutta-percha. Had it not been for Shakespeare modern playwrights might have thought fit to model their Jewish characters after the type of Marlowe's infamous *Jew of Malta,* or that of the horrible *Jews of Endingen,* which had a shameful success during the sixteenth century in Germany.

But why should the character of the Jew in tragedy or comedy be almost invariably made hateful or absurd? It is not, says M. Dreyfus, for the reason that German or Russian critics might give,—viz: "that the theatre is a reflection of real life and real sentiment." In hundreds of cases, he

tells us, a Christian observer,—surprised to see that his Jewish friend does not laugh at a play ridiculing Jews,—has been heard to say: *"Why, that does not concern YOU!"* The real feeling is not against the real Jew;—it is against a totally imaginative type of Jew which has become a conventional part of popular belief. That popular belief is far from being extinct;—the Jew in *Oliver Twist* is not hateful because he is a Jew; yet we may doubt whether, in the dramatization of that novel, the author's success would have been as marked if Fagin had been represented as a Christian. And in our own day, Alphonse Daudet panders to the same absurd sentiment regarding Jews. It is worth while, however, to remark that while the Jew is made repulsive upon the stage, the Jewess is invariably made attractive, bewitching, exquisite!

Satirical comedies upon Jewish life or manners were popular in Europe centuries ago; and the absurd or grotesque Jew will probably survive the villainous Jew upon the future stage. In 1815, at Berlin, this sort of silly farce reached its apogee in the piece called *Die Judenschule,* which represented an Israelite sending his son away from home to make his fortune with no other capital than some old rags and a bag of coppers. The youth accepts the rags, but refuses the coppers on the ground of their being counterfeit:

—"They may be counterfeit for you and I," says the father; "but you just rub them up with that fox-skin I gave you,—then the Christians will be easily fooled with them."

"Ah! don't talk to me of your old fox-skin"—cries the son;—"the rats have eaten it and the moths have taken the hair off it! You may as well say that you give me nothing, and with nothing nobody can do anything."

—"May the devil choke you for daring to say that with nothing nobody can do anything! With what did Jacob become rich? With nothing. And what did God make the world out of? Out of nothing."

—"Yes," replies the son; *"but everything was very cheap in those days."*

The Jews made such a protest against this ridiculous play, that the authorities had to suppress it. But in the first part of the nineteenth century the Jews were far from possessing that wealth, culture, power and influence which compel some respect to-day; and with the steady elevation of the race there is a steady diminution in the production of such trash. A few writers still utilize the false medieval conventionalism when they include a Jew among their *dramatis personæ;* but even then, the offensiveness and injustice of the presentation are far milder than they were in the older plays. The public—at least the intelligent public—are commencing to learn that the theatrical Jewish-type has no existence in any part of the real world. The Jew of the nineteenth century wears no particular garb, has no particular complexion, has no especial accent, monopolizes no one industry or branch of commerce;—he follows the professions and the industries precisely like other men;—he may be a doctor, a bookseller, a publisher, an author, a dramatist, a poet, a manufacturer, a chemist, a soldier. Then the whole question of his theatrical caricature may be well summed up in these words of M. Dreyfus:—

—"But what are we to do?" cry the dramatists. "You don't want any more types of Jew-usurers, Jew-thieves, Jew-murderers, Jew apostles! . . . And if we represent on the stage any Jewish types which are not different from Christians,—why, the Jews

won't seem to be Jews at all! Then why should we call them Jews?"

Why indeed? No one could give a rational and at the same time honest answer to that question. The truth is that the Jewish type proper disappeared with the demolition of the old *ghettos;* and that the Jews are now Frenchmen, Germans, Americans or Englishmen, like their fellow-citizens,—nothing more.

NOTE ON CREOLE PROVERBS OF THE WEST INDIES

The collection of curiosities of the unwritten Creole literature of the West Indies, made by Mr. Thomas, of Trinidad, in 1869, is so little known in spite of the considerable time elapsed since its publication that at a period when our own Creole antiquities are being so eagerly sought after, some selections from the sister patois of the Antilles cannot fail to interest. Negro proverbs possess a wisdom equal to the old Spanish *refranes;* and those fragments of rude philosophy now preserved by the appreciative research of American journalists and magazine writers, will probably survive the exotic races that gave them birth. In France the masters of modern fiction have latterly shown some appreciation of the grotesque beauty characteristic of Creole-patois songs;—the Parisian magazines of philology have published specimens, and certain melancholy and melodious refrains have been utilized with effect by novelists like Alphonse Daudet. But these oddities probably owed their preservation in part to the wild attraction of the airs to which they were composed—a music so weird and tantalizing that musicians like Gottschalk were impassioned by it. The curiosities of negro philosophy seem on the other hand to have excited small attention in Europe; while in America and the West Indies it has been artistically studied with very interesting results. The English-speaking negro is, however, surpassed by the black Solomon of the West Indies in some branches of primitive philosophy; the proverbs of the latter are pithier, stronger, and characterized by a

luxuriance of tropical symbolism in harmony with the rich nature surrounding him. Like his brother ecclesiast of America, his proverbs are mostly based upon observations of the characteristics of animals and birds and reptiles; but the tropics have furnished him with a more varied field of observation.

And still, even among those proverbs of both branches of the negro race which relate to domestic animals, the Creole proverbs seem to us the best. What a satire upon insincerity is expressed in these laconic verses:—

De'le chein ce chein
Douvant chein
Ce "missie chein"?

"Derrière chien, c'est chien; devant chien, c'est 'Monsieur Chien.'" "Behind dog's back, it is *dog;* but before dog it is 'Mr. Dog.'"

Nor are the following observations regarding the ox unworthy of attention:

"Bef pas jamain ca die savane 'merci.'" "The ox never says, 'thank you,' to the meadow."

"Pas fote langue qui fair bef pas se paler." "It is not for lack of tongue that the ox can't speak."

The meaning of the last proverb is obvious; the first refers to those who expect gratitude for services compelled rather by circumstances than prompted by good-will. Concerning the general rule that only those intimate with the habits and manner of life of others, are competent to utter trustworthy criticism, there is a curious Creole proverb:—*"Si crapaud die ous caiman tini malziex coer-li."* "When the frog tells you the aligator has sore eyes, you can believe him." Another frog-proverb refers to that familiar class

of people who are never heard of except when they "blow their own horn":—*"Ce langue crapaud qui ca trahi crapaud,"*—or, "It is the frog's own tongue that betrays the frog." Nor is the following, applicable to what Chas. Reade calls the "prurient prudes," unworthy of attention:—*"Crapaud pas tini chimise, ous v'le li poter caneçon,"*—"The frog has no shirt, yet you want him to wear drawers."

The habits of monkeys and snakes have inspired several excellent Creole proverbs. *"Macaque pasjamain sa die iche li laide"*—"The monkey never says her little one is ugly,"—needs no explanation. *"Miser ca fair macaque manger piment";* or "Want makes the monkey eat red pepper," is a powerful illustration of the pressure exerted by necessity. An equally simple and original saying is used with reference to persons who are insolent to those they do not fear, and cringe before those they are afraid of;—*"Macaque connaite qui bois le ca monter,"*—which means, "The monkey knows what tree to climb." There is another good monkey proverb also, referring to those people who want to take an ell when they are given an inch,—viz: *"Badnen bien epis macaque; main ponengade manyen lache li."*—"Joke the monkey as much as you like; but take care you don't pull his tail."

A snake-proverb is used in reference to those who would impose upon others as much as they could but for fear of consequences:—*"Si couleve pa te 'fonte, femmes se pouend li fai ribans jibes,"*—viz.: "If the snake wasn't spunky women would use him for petticoat-strings." The lizard has furnished a proverb referring to the relation between value and scarcity,—*"Si zandoli te bon viane, li pas se ca driver*—[Fr. *trouver*]." "If the lizard was good eating, there would not be many lizards found."

Turning to proverbs referring to human nature only, *"Dents pas ca poter dei,"* affords us a bit of truly African symbolism. "Teeth do not wear mourning," in other words, one may laugh, and yet be inwardly miserable. *"Dents pas chœr*s—"teeth are not hearts," expresses a similar truth. The peculiar white flash of teeth exposed by the laughter of black lips doubtless inspired this saying.

Most of us who try to keep pace with the philosophical progress of the age through the medium of study, can fully appreciate the eloquence of the philosopher's apophthegm, *The eyes are the teeth of the intellect.* The West Indian negro could not read when he created his curious folk-lore, but he formulated an almost equally impressive idiom in regard to such "intellectual teeth" as nature furnished him with—*Causer ce manzer zoreies,*—conversation is eating for the ears, or the food of the ear. *Boudin pas tini zoreies,* "The belly has no ears," may be impressively applied in various circumstances, but we suspect it was first offered as an apology for theft.

Here is a proverb which we consider about the best in the collection, and which all loafers should be made to learn by heart:

"Gens fenyants ca mande travai epis bouche; main chœrs yeaux ca pouie Bondie pon yeaux pas touver." "Lazy people ask for work with their lips; but in their hearts they pray God that they may not be able to find it." The brain that worded the above was not the brain of a fool.

Satire is seldom wicked with the negro race; it rarely exaggerates, and rebukes by a plain truth rather than by magnifying realities. Of an overseer inclined to tyranny in the old days, they would express their opinions in peculiarly forcible but ludicrous sayings: *Ravette pas jamain tini*

raison douvant poule. "The cockroach is never right where the chicken is concerned." The cockroach represented the fieldhand; the overseer the chicken.

Apropos of those who meddle with what they know nothing about, or get into trouble by interfering in other folks' business, the creole negro asks *Qui meler zefs nans calenda ouches?*—"Who puts eggs in the calenda of stones?"—or, "What business have eggs to dance with stones?" The English proverb about the dog whose bark is worse than his bite, has an amusing creole equivalent: *"Tambou ti tini grand train, pace en-didans ti vide."*—"The drum makes a big noise because it is empty." Another very amusing proverb possessing an evident slave origin is *"Voyer chein, chein voyer lache li,"*—"Send dog, and dog sends his tail." This refers to lazy people who, instead of obeying orders themselves, impose it upon subordinates.

"Graisse pas tini sentiment" is a proverb that some physiologists would consider exceptionally truthful. It is said to refer to those only who grow fat in spite of misfortune; but we suspect it has a wide application in the tropics. Fat or very fleshy persons are seldom over-sensitive; a phlegmatic temperament is generally that of stout persons. "Mothers make children, but not their hearts," is another saying which shows much observance of human nature.

Citations might be multiplied; but the article is lengthening beyond prescribed limits. The few specimens of West Indian Creole wisdom we have quoted may, perhaps, excite some reader's interest in regard to the proverbs of our Louisiana colored people, or at least the Creole-speaking portion thereof. It would be interesting to learn whether such proverbs are current here, and, if current, to determine their origin.

THE CREOLE DOCTOR

Some Curiosities of Medicine in Louisiana

The Northerner who decides to settle in New Orleans will find after the experience of a few summers in the Louisiana climate that he has become more or less physiologically changed by the struggle of his system with those novel atmospheric conditions to which it was obliged to adapt itself. According to the constitutional peculiarities of the individual, the effects of acclimatization may vary—while some persons suffer considerably, others endure very little positive discomfort; but all are subjected to a certain physical transformation. A rosy complexion invariably fades out; the blood partly loses its plasticity, as the proportion of red corpuscles greatly diminishes; and susceptibility to changes of heat and cold becomes singularly intensified. For Southern Louisiana is an especially pyrogenic region; the conditions are febrile; the general aspect of the healthiest natives is that of convalescents as compared with the ruddy look of Northern people; and the well-known ivorine pallor of the Creole suggests to inexperienced eyes a recent attack of malaria. The changes in the blood accompanying acclimatization necessarily involve corresponding changes in regard to diet and habits of life; but while the appetite may be maintained by the use of acidulated drinks, or such gentle stimulants as claret-and-water, one's capacity for intense or prolonged exertion steadily diminishes, and finally passes away. Nothing resembling the electrical vim—the almost furious energy—of the Northwestern American will endure

under this sun, and yet the physical languor which supervenes may be eventually compensated by increased capacity for rapid mental work.

During this process of enervation the stranger is peculiarly liable to fever, and of fevers (which in epidemic years, all seem to lose their special characteristics and to interblend with the dominant evil) there is a surprising variety. Some, like the *dengue,* seem to bray the muscles as with fingers of iron; in others, the victim may shiver with cold under the heat of a July sun—there are different kinds of remittent, intermittent and other malarial affections which are easy of treatment, and slow torpid fevers which scorn the power of quinine and so sap the nervous energy as to leave the victim prostrate for months. The acclimated citizen rarely suffers from these maladies; but woe to the incautious and energetic stranger who attempts to live in this sub-tropical and pyrogenic region, indifferent to the danger of excessive fatigue, or the perils of self-exposure to sudden changes of temperature!

Even in view of the fact that the city is but a few feet above the level of the sea, and to a large extent below that of the river, the humidity of the air is remarkable. Unless constructed with a precaution inspired by thorough knowledge of atmospheric conditions, brick houses are apt to prove damp and undesirable residences. Frame buildings are much more healthy, being little affected by those sudden changes of temperature which often represent more than thirty degrees in twenty-four hours, and will cause a cold sweat to start from every square inch of a hastily built brick dwelling. It is not easy to accustom one's self to these atmospheric variations; even the natives suffer from the irregularities of heat and cold; and if there be any

specially Creole disease, it is consumption. Flannel underwear becomes a necessity of life in this region of border warfare between the winds of the North and the winds of the tropics. It is not, however, until the blood has been thinned and the recuperative vitality lessened by the first summer's sojourn that the settler in Louisiana finds the South also has its winter—snowless here, but severe on those particularly sensitive to dampness, for the humid chill seems to penetrate to the bones. Even the cool nights of fall and spring have breezes that seem to blow from a region of thawing snows.

That the thermometer in Southern Louisiana rarely mounts so high during the torrid months as it does in the Northwestern or Northeastern States is sometimes appealed to as an evidence that our summers are less oppressive. But this inference is erroneous. A heat of 85° or 90° here is more difficult to endure than much higher temperatures in dryer air; for the moist atmosphere sometimes has the weight of the vapor-laden air of a Russian bath. Any protracted elevation of the temperature to the figure 100° in the shade would prove fatal here to hundreds, and if sunstrokes are less common in New Orleans than elsewhere, it must be remembered that summer is a "dead season" here, that there is comparatively little work done in the sun, and that all who can comfortably afford it leave the city. Our summer nights are cooler than in the North, but not really more refreshing,—for the coolness is a humid one, the coolness of heavy dews and sometimes of miasmal emanations—signalled in spring and fall by visible white vapors. Much of the unhealthiness of the night air has been attributed to the ubiquitous Spanish moss (*tillandsia nenenoides*) which lends such phantasmal beauty to the

Louisianian and Floridian woods—an aspect as of some vast and mysterious mourning for vanished gods—but which really absorbs ozone in quantities so enormous as to affect the atmosphere.

Other singular facts connected with the climatic conditions in Southern Louisiana might be cited; but enough has been already stated to show that the question of salubrity or insalubrity of the region for strangers can be fully answered by no one who has not passed through the experiences of thorough acclimatization, involving sundry constitutional changes. It was during my own struggles with such novel conditions of climate that I first became interested in the subject of Creole medicine—a natural art rapidly becoming obsolete—whose traditions have never been collected, much less published, and whose secrets are being buried every year with some one belonging to the old French-speaking generations of colored nurses and domestics.

Every people possesses its particular domestic medicines; and many of the best domestic remedies for trifling ailments are common to all civilized countries; but where the conditions of life and climate are more or less exceptional, home-medicines are proportionately peculiar. It is this fact which lends some real importance to the study of Creole medicine; and it is worthy of remark that in the old slave-days physicians were far less often summoned to prescribe for trifling ailments, inasmuch as every household was skilled in the use of remedies at once natural and simple. How the knowledge of these was first acquired I cannot pretend to explain; but it is not unreasonable to believe that in many cases the African slave was able to teach his master. Any one who attempts to study the evolution of

Creole negro folklore, negro patois, negro melody, or those strange practices generally classed under the name Voudooism might certainly gather many valuable facts by personal observation alone; but the true significance of much that was singular in the old slave-life can only be fully understood by those who have studied Africa profoundly. It is to men like General Faidherbe or Berenger-Ferand or Boilat—it is especially to ethnological authorities upon the subject of West African races and their customs—that we must look for the proper explanation of many mysteries regarding the beliefs and the folklore of American slaves; nor can one hope without some knowledge of the anthropology of those regions that furnished black laborers to our cane and cotton-fields to attempt a thoroughly trustworthy history of what is called Creole medicine.

My own experiences have not enabled me to make any noteworthy observations of the more purely African features of this somewhat occult art; but they enabled me to know the real skill of colored nurses in dealing with local fevers and other ailments of a less serious character. Among several curious remedies for which I had to thank these mysterious people I will cite only two. The first was a cure for bilious fever—which cure was brought to me in a small earthenware jug, piping hot. It was a drink which had a reddish color, an agreeable odor, and an unpleasantly bitter taste. I was told to let the fluid cool before drinking, and not to be frightened at the results, which proved alarming, for dizziness and difficulty of breathing were among them. But the draught restored me to complete health; and I may say that I even felt unusually well for several months subsequently. I wanted to obtain the recipe from the negress who prepared the medicine; but this, to my surprise, she

refused to give even in exchange for what I believed to be a rather handsome remuneration. Furthermore she declared the medicine was *bien dangereuse,* that I could not use it without instructions, and that I could not find "the plant." I knew there were at least four ingredients in the preparation; but the color and odor, at least, were not due to any very unfamiliar simples.

The second remedy was a very simple one for inflammation or congestion of the eyes; and was told me by an old colored woman who had the reputation of being a Voudoo, but whom I never suspected of belonging to that confraternity. She was able to comprehend the interest I felt in Creole folklore, and collected for me a number of little songs and proverbs in the patois. Her recipe was this: "Take a fresh Creole egg [egg laid in Louisiana]; separate the yolk carefully from the white, and then beat up the white into a light, fine foam. Then take a strip of cotton or linen about six or eight inches wide; fold up the egg-foam in it so as to form a cataplasm wide enough to cover both eyes, and go to bed with the cataplasm well attached by knotting the ends of the linen or cotton folds about the head." This simple egg poultice, thus left to dry upon the eyes, proved in my case remarkably efficacious, although I cannot imagine that there is any special virtue in albumen. I must also state that I recommended the cataplasm with good results in instances where hot or cold compresses had failed, for some reason or other, to reduce inflammation.

The reluctance of the negress who prepared me the potion above referred to, either to sell or give away the secret, I found to be shared by most of the colored people from whom I attempted to procure the same kind of information. It is really only the Creole gentleman or lady, accustomed

to command this class, and habituated to their habits and beliefs, who can obtain their absolute confidence in such matters. The greater number of the recipes cited in this article I could not have obtained but for the aid of Creole friends; and I am especially indebted to a scholarly Spanish physician, Dr. Rodolfo Matas, now president of the New Orleans Medical Association, for many valuable facts and suggestions. He called my attention to the fact that a patient scientific inquirer might discover under the fantastic surface of Creole empiricism material of larger medical importance than that which formed the pharmacopeia of those old Arabian pharmacists and practitioners whose treatises have only been carefully studied by Europeans within the last few years. Of course such investigations would demand an uncommon knowledge of sub-tropical flora, and years of practical study in Louisiana and the Antilles. Many prescriptions given to me I find it impossible to utilize for this article, simply because the names of the herbs are given in Creole or in African terms only, for which I can find no English or scientific equivalent.

As my Spanish friend pointed out to me, the whole of this empirical home-medicine may be classed under three heads: 1. Simples, or vegetable remedies; 2. Remedies into whose preparation animal substances enter; 3. Imaginative medicine, consisting less in actual curative methods than in practices, semi-religious and semi-superstitious—the Magic of the Blacks, African in its origin, yet queerly blended with ideas borrowed from Catholicism and distorted grotesquely in the borrowing. This last division deserves attention in a special article; and I cannot attempt to treat it in the present essay. Of the other divisions, the first is far larger and more hygienically interesting; it

is much more extensive than the samples I am able to cite can give any idea of, and to do it justice would require an exhaustive knowledge of Louisiana botany, especially a knowledge of our swamp plants.

Tisanes, or those preparations classified by our Creoles under the general name of teas (*thés*),—being infusions of medicinal herbs obtained by boiling the leaves,—occupy a larger place in Creole medicine than do the tisanes recognized by English or American pharmaceutical science as worthy of classification in dispensatories. There are hundreds of them. Some are too familiar to need more than an allusion,—such as the orange leaf, lemon leaf and sassafras teas. *"Mo pas boi dithe pou fieve li"* ("I'm not going to drink tea for his fever"), is a Creole proverb referring, not to tea proper, which is not a favorite beverage with out native French-speaking population, but to those warm herb infusions administered in fever. The following recipes are among the most interesting in the little collection I have been able to make of Creole medicine belonging to the first and second divisions of the subject.

Chills and Fever—For this familiar disorder several queer tisanes are recommended: 1. Tea prepared with the leaves of the pimento (pepper plant); 2. thick black coffee mingled with fresh lemon-juice to be taken three times a day; 3. snake-root (*serpentaria*) in whiskey—I do not know how strong the infusion is made; 4. tea made from the leaves of the *"cirier-batard"* (*Myrica gale*), a small cupful to be swallowed three times a day. In addition to these hot drinks, alternated sometimes with draughts of claret or spiced beer, well heated, the patient may be ordered to put cayenne pepper in his shoes every day for nine days. In the absence of quinine or other recognized febrifuges, some of the

above remedies are not to be scoffed at. The plant called by our Creoles the *cirier batard* has, moreover, been utilized in various ways by regular medical science, owing to its astringent qualities. Its aromatic properties are said to have a purifying effect upon the air of the swamps which it loves. In North America its geographical range extends from Louisiana to Greenland. The roots of the *Myrica* contain so much tannin that they can be utilized with great success in the manufacture of ink.

But the most interesting fact contained in the above samples of empiricism is the mention of lemon-juice. Lemon-juice as a remedy for certain forms of fever was known to the Creoles long before Tomasso Crudelli discovered the reason of its value, and advocated its use in the marasmal regions of Italy. Only at the last meeting of the International Medical Congress held at Copenhagen, the discoverer of the *bacillus malarii* strongly recommended the planting of malarial regions with lemon trees, and addressed the learned body with much success on the merits of lemon-juice as a febrifuge.

Coffee, considered a febrifuge in the domestic medicine of most hot countries, is administered largely in typhoid fever; but the infusion is made with the green berries in whiskey, a dose three times a day. To alleviate the cerebral symptoms, a live pigeon is cut open and the warm, bleeding surfaces applied to the head.

Leaves of the lettuce (*lactucarium*) are boiled to form a tea, said to be very efficient in cases of sleeplessness. This lettuce-leaf tea is administered in large quantities before going to bed.

Geranium-leaf tea, a delightfully fragrant beverage, is frequently given as a remedy for nausea. The interior of a fowl's gizzard, boiled with tea, is also recommended.

A cold in the head is treated in many ways, and also has its own special tisane,—a sort of celery-leaf tea. The tea is sweetened with honey, and a few drops of paregoric are usually added. Among other remedies I may mention doses of castor oil warmed

with molasses; also roasted onions, with molasses and butter, to be swallowed before retiring; and finally, a gargle made with olive oil, honey, vinegar and a little paregoric.

Boiled leaves of the honeysuckle are said to make an excellent gargle for sore throat. Parsley-leaves in vinegar are also used exteriorly. Another exterior application consists of a white onion roasted in the embers, then cut in half, and each half applied to the neck until cold. This operation is repeated three times each night.

The honeysuckle (*Lonicera caprifolium*) is known to medical practice. The expressed juice of the plant has long been recommended as a remedy for the stings of bees or wasps,—to be rubbed into the puncture. The fruits of all the varieties are said to be emetic and cathartic; and some varieties have been used by physicians in practice. The variety called *periclymenum* has been used in France as a gargle. Is this bit of Creole medicine a colonial inheritance from the mother country?

There are other local remedies for sore throat, of a character altogether too mediæval to allow of their being mentioned in print. I doubt, however, if these are Creole; for I have heard of similar medicine among the peasantry of Europe.

Indigestion introduces us to another tea, very fragrant and soothing, made from bay leaves and leaves of the mint-plant. A little whiskey is usually added. Sugar water is also recommended.

Melonseed tea is given in jaundice, and also in several other forms of disease. But the great remedy is carrot-juice; the carrots are first scraped, then squeezed through muslin. A cup of this juice is believed to be efficacious in the extreme.

For tetanus cockroach tea is given. I do not know how many cockroaches go to make up the cup; but I find that faith in this remedy is strong among many of the American population of New Orleans. A poultice of boiled cockroaches is placed over the wound. In Louisiana this insect (*Blatta Orientalis*) grows to a positively amazing size; and a very few would make quite a large

plaster. Oil of copaiba is also recommended to rub the body with in case of tetanus; but there is nothing especially Creole in the use of the latter remedy. Powdered sulphur, salt, and tallow are likewise used as a mixture to rub the person with; and cockroaches fried in oil with garlic for indigestion.

An immense variety of remedies for diarrhœa are known in Creole medicine; I will name only a few. Tea made with an infusion of pecan husks, pecan bark and the leaves of the pecan tree steeped in whiskey are very popular. This is doubtless due to the astringent quality of the pecan, rich in tannin. Another remedy consists in a hot drink made by roasting rice, and subsequently pouring boiling water on the grains. Hot water in which toast has been steeped is also given. Flaxseed tea, administered in so many ailments, is recommended likewise. Hot tea made with dandelions is said to be another efficacious cure. Milk and starch intermingled are often taken; also eggshells ground or powdered, and drunk in water. Finally the banana fruit (used otherwise in a hundred ways by our motley population) is advocated as possessing excellent curative properties. The fruit should be plucked or selected green, cut into thin slices, placed in a vessel, softened to a pap by having boiling tea poured upon it, and then absorbed.

As remedies for palpitation of the heart there are other extraordinary "teas." One, to be drunk morning and evening, is made by boiling parsley-root. Another is made with asparagus. A third is prepared with wild sage, "golden rod" (*solidago odorata*), and a plant called *l'herve à chevreuil* by Creoles, which I cannot at present obtain the botanical name of. This must be taken three times a day.

There is also a tea for rheumatism made from the leaves of the plant called by the Creoles *chou-gras*. An infusion of the berries of the same herb in whiskey is used to rub the afflicted part with. This herb is neither more nor less than the common pokeberry (*phytolacca decandra*).

Chillblains are not altogether uncommon in Louisiana, where the

frosts are light and cold "spells" have rarely a duration of more than three days. Lemon-juice is used to rub the place with. There are several decidedly original remedies for other ailments of the feet. For cold feet it is recommended that the members be wrapped in newspapers and the socks or stockings pulled on over the paper. This is also said to prevent cramps. For sore feet foot-baths of salt (rock salt) and water, or lye and water, or hot water poured over fresh mint-leaves or elder-leaves, are administered.

There are Creole remedies for headache, which by reason of their savage simplicity seem worthy of an African origin. These chiefly consist in applications to the forehead, temples or head of fresh leaves, which are changed as soon as the leaf begins to dry or wrinkle up. Leaves of the wild plantain are very popular for this method of cure; fig-leaves, elder-leaves and orange-leaves are also used. But the orange-leaf is usually smeared with lard before being applied. Another remedy is to pour a little hot water, mixed with laudanum, into the ear. Wild plantain-leaves, dipped in cold water, are very often used also to allay inflammation of the eyes, when the fresh skin of a certain fish, or the excellent egg poultice, is not immediately procurable.

In swelling of the glands of the throat the swollen gland should be well rubbed with tallow; and the tallow smeared on thoroughly melted by holding close to the skin, without actually touching it, the blade of a knife heated in the flame of a lamp or candle. Some say the point of the heated blade only should approach the skin, and that the point should be moved so as to describe a cross immediately over the gland. This seems to be a purely superstitious idea.

In erysipelas a poultice of almond-leaves and rice flour is generally applied to the sore. Almond-leaves, it may be observed, are also considered to possess special virtue and healing qualities in relation to affections of the eyes.

For overheating of the blood,—an imaginary disorder,—tea

made with the leaves of wild chicory is recommended, but tea made with the leaves of the *patate de Guinée* (potato vine) or leaves of a plant called *hooli* may be substituted. Somebody told me that *hooli*, or, as he termed it, *ahouli*, took its name from the Spanish *alheli* or alete, a corruption of the Arabic *al-khaili*, "the gilly-flower." But I am inclined to suspect an African origin for the word; moreover, the *hooli* shown me strongly resembles the plantain, having a large fleshy leaf, which when steeped in water makes the liquid ropy by reason of some viscid secretion. I must leave botanists to decide the scientific appellation of this, as well as of several other queer plants, one of which, bearing a little blue flower, is used to make a tea said to allay nervousness.

A favorite medicament for teething is furnished by the *chien dent*,—dogs' grass, quitch grass or couch grass (*triticum repens*),—which grows wild on many of our New Orleans sidewalks or *banquettes*. An infusion of the leaves is used to rub the infant's gums with.

There is a very funny remedy for earache which is popular among the most ignorant classes of French-speaking colored people, and perhaps among many equally ignorant whites. Of course the familiar plug of wool or cotton steeped in laudanum is in vogue here as well as everywhere else; but a much more efficacious remedy is alleged to be a plug of *laine-de-negre* poked into the ear. And the oddest idea connected with the practice is that the wool in question must not be asked for, but must be snipped off the owner's head surreptitiously, in order to render it efficacious. When duly stolen, and moistened with laudanum, the wool never fails to cure!

These recipes may serve to convey some idea of the nature and variety of Creole medicine, a subject much larger, however, than this essay can justly indicate, and including much that must be left to the ethnologist and the folklorist to properly utilize. Probably Angelo de Gubernatis might find in Creole medicine-lore some new material for his *Mythol-*

ogie des Plantes; but this material belongs to a class of the theme which I cannot at present attempt to touch. It has a special interest only to folklorists and those who have the leisure and the opportunity to study the question of African survivals in the West Indies and America. On the other hand, the herb medicine of the Creoles deserves some scientific attention. So far as my limited observation enables me to judge, the most valuable part of Creole medicine has been developed by climatic necessities. Febrifuges, indeed, form the most important portion of this domestic medicine; and the art of preparing these, as well as various sudorifics and diet-drinks, seems to have been evolved by an experience not without serious value.

Finally, let me request the reader to observe that I have used the word "Creole" only in its popular sense,—just as we used to say in slave days, a "Creole negro," or as we say to-day, a "Creole egg." Many of these prescriptions and ideas are of negro origin; and but few of them are now ever used by the educated French-speaking people of Louisiana, with the exception of certain tisanes the medical value of which has been latterly recognized by physicians.

THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION: THE JAPANESE EXHIBIT

The attention of the visitor to the Main Building is apt to be especially attracted at the present time by the Japanese exhibit, which is already much more nearly complete than any other Oriental and than most European displays. The entrance is through a screen-work, decorated with various odd designs above—red balls on a white ground, alternated with circular ornaments suggesting the outspread tops of painted paper umbrellas; beneath these, to right and left of the doorway, are maps fastened upon a ground of gilt wall-paper curiously stamped with complicated designs. One map represents the western provinces of Japan, the other the whole of Nippon, that island which the Emperor Zin-mu Ten-ô thought to resemble the form of a Dragon-fly, and to which he gave the name of the insect. The presence of a Greek border might seem an anachronism in this curious screen-work to many persons unfamiliar with the archaic art of Japan, where the same simply beautiful design has been in vogue from time immemorial—a striking instance of the fact that certain general laws which operate in the evolution of art ideas may have many times produced similar results in the development of widely different civilizations. Not only may the visitor be surprised to find the same border design upon many antique bronzes and ceramics in the Japanese department (especially on one beautiful iron box inlaid with silver and gold), but he may almost feel tempted to doubt the origin of certain tripods, pateræ, vases,

perfuming pans, etc., whose forms bear a strange similarity to the gracious conceptions of old Greek or Etruscan industry, or to certain relics of Pompeii preserved in the Museum of Naples.

The display of bronzes and ceramics—in which the antique art of Nippon is largely represented—dazzles and deceives the inexperienced eye. Great incense-burners, with double-headed and triple-clawed dragons interlinked about them in monstrous contortion, seem to be wrought in fine bronze; but they are only faience-ware dexterously metal-tinted. Delicate vases of porcelain aspect, covered with grotesque paintings, and surmounted by a cover on which a frog, a tiger, or a gargoyle-shaped creature is sitting, turn out to be made of the finest and hardest statue metal. But these and many other industrial specimens are modern; and it requires little artistic training to discern the superiority of the antique work. One figure standing upon the cover of a perfume-burner haunts me still—some vigorous little deity on tiptoe, lifting a prayer-scroll to heaven. The smoke of the aromatics, like the very incense of prayer, rises by a simple and pretty contrivance up through the scroll itself. The tiny god seems to move his lips of bronze; the muscles of his limbs appear to live and quiver. Palpitant with life also is a species of Japanese Cerberus, from whose open jaw should pass the smoke of another perfume-burner; even the artistic conversion of the tail into a fantastic leaf scroll does not wholly destroy his illusive animation. The antiquated porcelains have none of that conventional frankness of composition in design nor the flaring color which distinguishes many of the best new pieces; they are sober-tinted; they affect no accepted pattern; their figures are strangely puzzling to the eye at first glance, but

when the puzzle is read, what marvellous movement! Compared with some of these quaintly painted groups, all muffled and intermuffled in party-colored vesture, the most animated modern vase-figures seem stiff and clumsy. Perhaps the best of the latter is that of a furious Japanese swordsman, whose long blade reaches half-way around the flank of a gigantic porcelain vessel near the entry, to encounter the sabre of a painted antagonist who seems to have retreated to the other side of the vase.

What Japanese art of the best era is unrivalled in—that characteristic in which, according even to the confession of the best French art connoisseurs, it excels all other art—is *movement*, the rhythm, the poetry, of visible motion. Great masters of the antique Japanese schools have been known to devote a whole lifetime to the depiction of one kind of bird, one variety of insect or reptile, alone. This specialization of art, as Ary Renan admirably showed us in a recent essay, produced results that no European master has ever been able to approach. A flight of gulls sweeping through the gold light of a summer morning; a long line of cranes sailing against a vermilion sky; a swallow twirling its kite shape against the disk of the sun; the heavy, eccentric, velvety flight of bats under the moon; the fairy hoverings of moths or splendid butterflies—these are subjects the Japanese brush has rendered with a sublimity of realism which might be imitated, perhaps, but never surpassed. Except in the statues of gods or goddesses (Buddhas which almost compel the Christian to share the religious awe of their worshipers, or those charming virgins of the Japanese heaven, "slenderly supple as a beautiful lily"), the Japanese have been far less successful in delineations of the human figure. But their sculpture or

painting of animal forms amazes by its grace: their bronze tortoises, crabs, storks, frogs, are not mere copies of nature; they are exquisite idealizations of it. I scarcely think the Japanese display here sufficiently illustrates this particular branch of the art in all respects; but examples are not wanting, particularly in regard to birds. Two storks seven feet high are to be shortly placed at the entrance, and, like all such bronzes, they will stand on their own claws without any pedestal support. Bronze is but one of countless materials, however, wherein these bird forms have been imitated. Cranes of all sizes and of innumerable colors hold up their graceful necks in every direction among the show-cases; they stand in every position possible to the living creature; they describe K angles with their legs, and curve their necks into an S line, and poke their heads under their wings; they fight, fly, fish, watch, hatch.

Perhaps it is bad taste on the writer's part, but the bugs and reptiles in cotton attracted his attention even more than the cranes. You see a Japanese tray covered with what appear to be dead and living bugs and beetles—some apparently about to fly away; others with upturned abdomen, legs shrunk up, antennæ inert. They are so life-like that you may actually weigh one in your hand a moment before you find that it is made of cotton. Everything, even to the joints of legs or abdomen, is exquisitely imitated: the metallic lustre of the beetle's armor is reproduced by a bronze varnish. There are cotton crickets with the lustre of lacquer, and cotton grasshoppers of many colors; the korogi, whose singing is like to the "sound of a weaver weaving rapidly" ("Ko-ro-ru, ko-ro-ru"), and the kirigisi, whose name is an imitation of its own note. Tree-frogs are delightfully mocked with the same materials.

Of course there are fans of all values and varieties, *papeterie,* oddities in ivory, mantel-piece figurines, bric-à-brac dainties, exquisite porcelain sets decorated with scenes of Japanese life, or with stanzas inscribed in those long, straggling black characters which Japanese poets compare to a flight of birds winging their way against the light, and which recall to me memories of Léon de Rosny's *Si-Ka-Zen-Yo.* Perhaps some of those little cups are inscribed with verses from the same poets whom he translated—simple, touching, beautiful, in their naturalness:

"Wert thou a jewel, I would wear thee in my bracelet;
Wert thou a garment, never would I find time to undress me."

One misses the rice-paper drawings, but these are promised at a later day; meanwhile photographs of Japanese life and scenery partly supply the deficiency. There is a sort of tableau on exhibition, representing two celebrated historical personages, which affords one a very fair idea of the elegance of the old national costumes now passing away. I observed also with interest some fine swords—but not of the famous work which outrivalled in beauty and temper the blades of Toledo or Damascus, and was inlaid with dragon designs in gold. Splendid silks are hanging up everywhere; some exquisitely embroidered with attractive compositions, figures, landscapes, and especially views of Fusiyama, the matchless mountain, whose crater edges are shaped like the eight petals of the Sacred Lotos; Fusiyama, of which the great artist Houkousaï alone drew one hundred different views; Fusiyama, whose snows may only be compared for pearly beauty to "the white teeth of a young girl," and whose summit magically changes its tints through numberless variations of light. Everywhere it appears, the wonder-

ful mountain—on fans, behind rains of gold, or athwart a furnace light of sunset, or against an immaculate blue, or gold-burnished by some wizard dawn; in bronze, exhaling from its mimic crater a pillar of incense smoke; on porcelain, towering above stretches of vineyard and city speckled plains, or, perchance, begirdled by a rich cloud sash of silky shifting tints, like some beauty of Yosiward.

THE EAST AT NEW ORLEANS

Ichizo Hattorō, the gentleman commissioned by the Japanese government to take charge of its excellent educational exhibit, surprised me less by stating that the publications of Harper & Brothers are widely known in Japan than he did by giving me unquestionable proof that the universities and schools of his country are not at all behind our own. The list of original scientific works by Japanese scholars, and of scientific text-books, histories, works of reference, translated from the English, French, and German into Japanese, and including writings of Spencer, Thomson, Anderson, Thorpe, and many American writers on education, is absolutely amazing. Much of this translating has, of course, been done by order of the government, but many foreign works of a costly and exhaustive character owe their existence in Japan to the noble enterprise of private individuals or the liberality of literary societies. No just idea of the extent of Japanese educational literature could be readily obtained without some inspection of the many catalogues devoted to it, but the mere fact that twenty well-sustained Japanese magazines and reviews of an educational or scientific character are on exhibition only as specimens of a much larger periodical literature will be found significant. Among these publications may be mentioned a fine arts magazine (*Dai Nippon Bijitsu Shimpo*), a magazine of engineering (*Chingai Kogio Shimpo*), a pharmaceutical journal (*Yakugaku Zasshi*), a mathematical review (*Sunrishoin Geppo*), a law periodical (*Horitsu Zasshi*), a medical journal (*Tokio Iji Shinsi*), a magazine devoted wholly

to statistics (*Tokei Shinshi*), the official review of the Tokio Geographical Society, and two educational and several literary monthlies. The work of the Japanese press compares favorably with that of the United States government printing-office; and I observed that in scientific books Latin technical terms are usually printed in English letters, producing a very interesting contrast.

The barest enumeration of the specimens of calligraphy, drawing, painting, embroidery, modelling in clay, done by pupils of the Japanese public and industrial schools, the most condensed list of the scientific instruments, the maps, the charts, the school-books, the Kindergarten toys, the school furniture, the models or photographs of universities and school buildings, would fill several columns. I will only dwell upon one object shown me by the Japanese Commissioner, which surprised me exceedingly—an anatomical manikin. No doubt the reader is familiar with those wonderful anatomical figures intended for the use of medical students who find it difficult to obtain "subjects," or real cadavers. Such a manikin represents a human body with every internal detail possible to discover by perfect dissection; all the structure of the organs, the arterial, venous, nervous, and muscular systems, all the integuments and attachments and processes, are imitated even in regard to peculiarity of color and surface aspect, and the whole is so contrived that it may be all taken to pieces in layers or sections, enabling the student to study any particular part almost as thoroughly as though he had a veritable corpse under his scalpel. Hitherto the best of these models have been manufactured in Paris. But Kitagawi Senji, artist of the medical department of the Tokio University, having been commissioned to make such a manikin for the use of

certain classes of students, is said to have succeeded in surpassing the best work of the kind executed in Paris, and the admirable result of his labors is now on exhibition. His manikin consists of more than one hundred pieces in papier-maché, jointed together by mechanical devices of novel simplicity, and colored with deceptive skill. Except for the evident fact that the features are those of a Japanese, not of a European, few visitors could suspect that such work had been produced in a Tokio university. Quite as remarkable are sundry anatomical models designed by the same artificer for obstetric demonstration. Each part of the manikin and other models bears a number, and an exhaustive book of reference, containing 350 pages, 16mo, can be consulted for the name and explanation corresponding to each number. The book forms a sort of condensed treatise of demonstrative anatomy, and is printed in both English and Japanese, the Latin technical term in English letters being followed in the same line by the Japanese ideographic text. At present these medical curiosities are hidden away in the Commissioner's cozy private office, which is hung with Japanese tapestries representing birds and flowers in gold, silver, and various metallic colors upon a sombre splendor of black or purple silk. The minute exquisiteness of this embroidery challenges examination. But the actual workmanship is less interesting than the spirited grace of the design, the fighting storks become startling when the tapestry quivers.

The Chinese exhibit is essentially a cotton display, yet there is certainly nothing in the Main Building more unique and more attractive to even the unpractical observer. It is a veritable industrial museum that has been transported hither from the Yellow Empire, and not a mere exhibition

of fibres, textile fabrics, and machinery; the whole processes of ginning, weaving, dyeing, are illustrated by models, including perfectly executed figures of Chinese artisans and laborers at work. The roof of the little dye-house has been removed to enable us to examine every detail of the busy interior, with its half-naked workmen. Blue cotton tunics and loose trousers of the same material are hanging up to dry after their bath in the vats. The figures of weavers and spinners and tailors in another division are life-size, and perfect in realism; the nude yellow torso of one spinner glistens with mock perspiration. Elsewhere may be seen beautiful models of cotton junks with their bat-wing sails bellying as if under a good breeze, their crews in all the attitudes of sailor duty, and ramparts of huge, clumsy, rope-bound cotton bales piled up around the bulwarks, something after the same fashion that Mississippi cotton boats are freighted. Of course the industrial importance of the Chinese looms can be fully appreciated only when we understand something about the utilization of their products, and the authors of this display have consequently presented us with a delightful exhibition of Chinese popular costume, into the fabrication of which cotton enters so largely. Here is a pretty widow in full mourning, robed all in white, like a ghost, and wearing white flowers in her hair. Near her stands a Buddhist priest in yellow vestments; he has a sleek, contented, kindly face, and his black cap bears a remarkable resemblance to the Romish *berretta.* And here is a happy Chinese mother rocking her baby in a cradle of bamboo. Before the portals of a little temple two life-size figures are seated—a mandarin and his wife. He is clad in full official costume; she wears her flowered wedding robes, and her poor little stumps of feet, shod with exquisite slippers of satin, pro-

trude from ruffled silken pantaloons like the extremities of a doll. Further on we see actors and soldiers in Tartar garb gorgeous enough for the Khans of the Golden Horde. All these figures mimic life by their attitude, expression, and excellent coloring. Under their curved shoes are Chinese mattings; above them are Chinese roofs with eaves tilted up like the brim of a hat, and fin-like serrations along the edges. At either side of the main entrance is a great vase, covered from lips to base with complex designs in partial relief, and enamelled in divers colors. In general effect of coloration the display is strictly Chinese; the dominating tone is yellow—bright yellow, the sacred and cosmogonic color according to Chinese belief. When the Master of heaven deigns to write, He writes with yellow ink only, save when He takes the lightning for His brush to trace a white sentence of destruction. So, at least, we are told in the book called *Kan-ing p'ien*—the *Book of Rewards and Punishments,* which further describes the writing of God as being in *tchouen*—those antique "seal-characters" now rarely seen except in jewel-engraving, signatures stamped on works of art, or inscriptions upon monuments—those primitive ideographic characters dating back perhaps to that age of which we have no historic record, but of which Chinese architecture, with its strange peaks and curves, offers us more than a suggestion—the great Nomad Era.

MEXICO AT NEW ORLEANS

The Mexican government's great general display in the Main Building promises, though yet incomplete, to surpass all foreign exhibits in picturesque interest; and even now the young soldier who escorts visitors from one group of curiosities to another, explaining the history and peculiarities of each object with military brevity and precision, can scarcely complete his round in less than half an hour. The Saracenic building devoted to the display of mineralogy is still unfinished, but the visitor can already see enough to enable him to form some idea of the immense natural wealth of Mexico, and of the extent and character of her industries. He may be surprised to observe specimens of fine woods, neither polished nor varnished, presenting more than one thousand tints; admirable figured stuffs, bearing the same design on both sides, in wool, silk, or cotton; magnificent sugars, tobaccos, chocolates, liquors, and essences rarely seen in the United States; aromatics, perfumes, spices, gums, fruits, vegetables. He may inspect some specimens of marvellous saddlery and other leather-work, figured by hand, and set off with silver decorations of surprising delicacy; also sombreros edged with silver or gold embroidery of leaves or flowers, richly banded with cords and tassels of precious metal, and bearing in front the figure of an eagle with wings outspread—the Eagle that strangles the Serpent. Before long, however, he will have an opportunity of examining silver-work of a far more remarkable sort—that silver lace work and open-work executed by primitive meth-

ods, but so vaporously exquisite that it recalls the crystallizations of frost upon a window-pane.[1]

My attention, nevertheless, was principally absorbed by the *costumbres mejicanos,* whereof the specimens on exhibition surpass in finished beauty any works of the kind which I had ever seen before. These wonderful figurines in wax, representing the various types, callings, costumes, and manners of the Mexican people, are made by men without any regular artistic training; and yet there are pieces among them which own a grace almost rivalling the antique terra-cottas in the British Museum. Strip one of the little figures naked, and you will be astonished to observe the perfection of the waxen body. Every muscle has its proper salient curve in proportion to the tension depicted; every anatomical detail is studied out with surprising skill. Certainly these are not idealistic types; their startling realism is not produced by the loftier inspirations of the art sense; but they reveal a comprehension of nature really extraordinary, and they suggest magnificent possibilities for the period when this splendid plastic power shall have been refined and strengthened by high æsthetic training. The strangely tinted life of Mexico, with its surprising variations of picturesqueness, may be studied almost exhaustively through the clear glass of the cabinets—*charros, jarochos, vaqueros, peones*—a hundred singular types. Here is a band of peons marching in file, with burdens on their heads, whose naked and muscular torsos have the red coppery tint which tells of Indian blood; each figure represents a different physical type; one is Herculean in build, another slender but well thewed, a third seems too feeble for the task im-

[1] See Hearn's *Frost Fancies* in *An American Miscellany,* Vol. I, pp. 194–195. (The Editor.)

posed upon him, although his load has been purposely made lighter than any borne by his comrades.

Here is a mimic world of street peddlers of both sexes, led by a stalwart half-breed with a stock of vegetables strapped to his back. A brilliantly colored parrot sits upon the pack; the man holds a gourd in his hand, and his eyes, coaxingly lifted toward some imaginary customer, are luminously caressing enough to assure a sale. Every detail of his costume is complete—the sandals on the brown feet, the white cotton trousers and shirt, the brightly tinted *serape,* the variegated sash or girdle, the immense hat of woven grass. Beside him walks his wife, also wearing sandals; she carries a variety of porcelain bowls as her stock in trade; yellow circles of gold twinkle in her ears. There is the water-carrier, the *aguador,* bearing his freight suspended in huge brown jars at either end of a strong pole, while a lazy soldier of the line, smoking a cigar, watches him pass with a smile of recognition. There is a young woman with a clear olive skin that tells of an almost pure Spanish descent; she affects the European mode of dress, wears a mantilla and a short, bright Andalusian skirt; she sells some sort of cooling drink. Now a countryman appears, driving a troop of overburdened *burros* into the city; his typical dress—a Mexicanization of Spanish-gypsy attire, the regular *charro* costume—is garnished with silver buttons; the face under the broad sombrero is cynical and brutal; he wields his whip with an expression of contented ferocity. By the roadside slumbers a *leñador* (wood-cutter), naked to the waist, like other peons; his axe lies beside him; his mouth is open; you can almost hear him snore!

Here are two women making tortillas on their *tapetes;* one is certainly telling a funny story, for the face of her

companion is convulsed with hearty laughter. Here is a Carnival scene—a host of *mascaritos* shouting, dancing, jostling, grimacing, many in fiendish garb. Now we come to the *vaqueros*—Mexican cow-boys—displaying their skill before the eyes of the *ranchero* and his friends. One lithe brown fellow has just leaped upon the back of a wild bull, which he is able to ride without saddle or bridle in spite of frantic efforts to fling him off. Note the wholesome whiteness of the teeth revealed by the coaxing smile of that mulatto *pulque* vender, and applaud the agile leap by which that gitano-vested *torero* escapes the charge of a furious bull. Finally we are in the presence of purely savage types—Indians of the forest and mountain. They are really superb. One figure, with crest of feathers, and nude except for a narrow band about the loins, is an impersonation of barbaric grace in pose and form. He is in the very act of hurling a spear: the whole savage body is poised as if for a splendid spring. These types are slender, lithe, comely, very different from the compact and ponderous frames of the peons; and their artificer has made the nearest approach to ideal sculpture that I have seen in this department. I have heard of charming waxen figures of Venus which would afford excellent examples of Mexican idealism, but nothing of the sort is yet on exhibition.

Waxen portrait busts of Mexican celebrities, colored in likeness of life, are displayed in several cabinets. They are made by a class of men totally ignorant of art as we understand the term, but matchless as realistic delineators, who will model a likeness of you in wax or clay for a trifling consideration and with astonishing quickness. Here are Benito Juarez, Miramon, Iturbide, Maximilian, Porfirio Diaz, Gonzales, Santa Anna; all the great Presidents, warriors, *guer-*

rilleros; all the noteworthy personages of Mexican history, of many colors and often of mixed descent. The bust-maker is a naturalist; he never attempts idealism; his work has the alarming exactness of a photograph before retouching.

In another department a private firm exhibits some Mexican products more or less curious, including a collection of the indispensable *costumbres mejicanos* both in wax and in a more durable material. These, however, seem but clumsy and lifeless imitations of the superior work exhibited by the government. What can not fail to interest the visitor are the specimens of Mexican onyx and of Mexican feather-work. The peculiar adaptation of onyx for hitherto unsuspected purposes is well shown by a group of fine fish carved in that material, and bearing an opaline and clammy aspect of having been freshly caught. But much more interest attaches to the specimens of feather-work, not only by reason of their fairy beauty, but also because we know that this unique branch of Mexican industry is a fragmentary inheritance of that ancient and almost miraculous art which amazed the first discoverers of the Aztec civilization, and which Indian princes and high seigniors were proud to excel in. As I write, the memory of a Mexican landscape scene in feather-work is especially vivid—a vast expanse of opulent wheat fields, whereof the blonde immensity brightens or deepens its tint with the tremor of summer winds; distance makes violet the hills; a steel-bright river serpentines through the plain, reflecting the feminine grace of palms tossing their plumes against an azure sky. I remember also a vision of marshes—infinite stretches of reed-grown ooze, shuddering in gusts of sea-wind, and paling away into bluish vagueness as through a miasmatic haze.

The Mexican pottery on exhibition is rather odd than beautiful, but perhaps there are rich surprises in store for us. So far I have been impressed chiefly by the peculiarity of certain designs—figures of animals and birds blended with a scroll-work of flowers and leaves. These are rarely devoid of attractiveness, but their charm is not of to-day. It is quaint; it is sometimes even archaic; it recalls alternately certain designs upon the earliest European ceramics, the grotesques of initial letters in mediæval MSS., and the fantasticalities of tapestry. The visitor will also have an opportunity of studying the curiosities of Mexican ecclesiastical statuary, such as *La Virgen de los Dolores,* now standing in one of the large glass cabinets—an image not without interest, though robed after a luxuriant manner violently opposed to our artistic ideas of the subject. Unfortunately space forbids more than a bare mention of the stuffed Mexican birds, the hillock of block silver on display, worth $144,000, and the Mexican flora in the Exposition grounds, including certain maguey plants, which our frightened horses at first seemed to mistake for enormous spiders.

SOME ORIENTAL CURIOSITIES

The Japanese educational exhibit is so large and so extraordinary that, after having spent several days in examining it, I felt compelled to abandon the idea of attempting to describe it in a general way. For the time being I can only try to notice a few charming features of it which have not yet obtained the large attention they really deserve; but I am sure that I shall feel tempted hereafter to return to the same subject. A week's study is not too much for the visitor to devote to this department.

Besides the educational text-books and periodicals referred to in a previous article, there are some scientific volumes on exhibition so beautifully illustrated in colors as to compare favorably with the finest lithographic prints of such Parisian publishers as Firmin-Didot. For example, there is a folio work issued by Maruya & Co., of Kio, Japan, entitled, *Figures and Descriptions of Plants in the Koishikawa Garden.* The plates are marvellous for verisimilitude and vivacity of color. Half the text is Japanese, half English, and the English style pleases by its polished simplicity and scientific precision. Yet the translation into our tongue was made by a Japanese, Keisuke Ito.

In a small compartment near the book-table are exhibited the musical instruments of the classical Japanese period, *koto, hichiriki, wagoto, biwa, samisen, shakuhachi, kagurabuye;* and in connection with these are shown various treatises in the art of music, translated from the Japanese tongue. It seems that while the people of Nippon have adopted the best features of the European educational system regarding music, they have not allowed their own na-

tive art to become obsolete; and the ancient airs are still sung in the schools, just as the old and beautiful style of painting is taught concomitantly with modern drawing and water-colors. Nothing would interest some of our fine musical critics more than the report of Shuji Isawa on the result of the investigations concerning music which were undertaken by order of the Japanese Minister of Education, Oki Takatou. His chapters on the relation between Oriental and European music, on *Gagaku* and *Zokugaku* (classical and popular varieties of the art), on the tunings of the instrument samisen, called *honchosi, niagari, sansagari,* on the tuning also of the koto instrument, which tuning is called *hiradioshi,* and on the Japanese scale, are learned to a degree that would do credit to a German master-composer, but too technical to be treated of in this little article. What will be more generally comprehended and admired are his chapters on the similarity between ancient Greek and present Japanese music, and on the history of the latter, subjects requiring immense research. It seems that the scale adopted for the Greek seven-stringed lyre corresponds exactly with one of the scales of Japanese popular music; and after illustrating the fact by excellent diagrams, the writer further observes: "There is no scale in the Japanese classical or popular music which may not be found in Greek music." Some of the practical experiments, he reports, are curious and novel in the extreme. During the investigation regarding ancient Greek music, Isawa was especially impressed by that famous *Hymn to Apollo,* which has survived two thousand years, and may be found by the reader in Chappell's *History of Music.* This *Hymn to Apollo,* it appears, conforms precisely to what is known as the *Banshiki cho* in Japanese popular music; and when it had been har-

monized according to the principles of Japanese *gagaku* by Shiba, the court musician, and played on three wind and two stringed instruments, "nobody present could detect any difference between the ancient Greek and the present Japanese music." Shuji Isawa, who seems to have studied all branches of Oriental music very thoroughly, traces the origin of the Japanese art to Hindostan, and offers excellent reasons for his opinion that the ancient music of the Occident might also have had an Indian genesis.

I remember, when a boy, having been presented with an elementary work upon natural philosophy, containing instructions how to construct an electrical machine out of old household rubbish. Whether the Japanese educational authorities ever investigated the merits of that identical book I am not prepared to say; but they have certainly improved upon the sort of instruction referred to, and this in a wonderfully ingenious manner. Those who teach the elements of physics in Japan are not allowed to excuse any imperfections in their courses of practical instructions by the poverty of the district in which their professional duties are exercised. If the school is too poor to purchase fine instruments and experimental apparatus, the teachers are required to manufacture everything needed themselves. How this may be accomplished with infinitesimal cost is fully shown in the Japanese display of scientific apparatus made out of old champagne bottles, broken saws, silk rags, plates, old wooden boxes, old pots, paper bags, and bamboo pipes. The exhibition includes an amazing variety of simple chemical apparatus; and Ichizo Hattori informed me, with a delightful smile, that the actual cost of the whole was less than twelve dollars in American money. But the ability of the Japanese to manufacture scientific instruments of irreproach-

able perfection and great complexity is fully shown by an exhibit of costly apparatus used in high-school instruction.

Next in interest to the chemical and physical apparatus, I think, are the scientific toys used in the Kindergarten schools of Japan. The principle of gravity is well elucidated by a funny manikin that tumbles head over heels upon the least disturbance of its equilibrium; the principle of leverage is exemplified by figures of animals which perform various actions according to the way in which a limb or a tail is pulled. But I saw something much more ingenious than any of these—a set of wooden models, admirably contrived, by which the youngest child can obtain some rudimentary notions of simple geometry and of cubic measure. The block is square to begin with, but has been sawed into a number of cubic angles, held together by cotton hinges, and the square can be transformed into a pyramid, a parallelogram, a hexagon, a quadrangle, a rhomb, or a rhomboid by the simplest manipulation.

I can not find time now to speak of the drawings, nor of the various kinds of exquisite embroidery and needle-work, respectively styled *Sashinui, Tsu-dzwuori, Takayoshi* relief, *Hameawase, Nuiwase,* and *Sashimono.* But how lovely are the Japanese female dresses on exhibition! You can see a specimen of the beautiful girdle or belt brown beauties wear in Nippon—sixteen inches wide—arabesques of flowers and tendrils in gold and black on a ground-work of emerald green silk, and figured robes of fairy colors made from the cocoon floss of the *Yama-Maï,* and cloud white garments of the same beautiful material, downy to the touch as the breast of a dove, and daintily weighted at the hem with cotton padding to keep the graceful folds in straight lines while worn (*shiromuku aidagi*).

The gods of the extreme Orient and of the extreme Occident find themselves almost in juxtaposition among the foreign exhibits; and if the graceful goddess Kouan-yin did not keep her long eyes closed in meditation, she might perceive, only a few paces away, through the multicolored maze of banners and pendant scrolls and painted lanterns, the faces of Aztec gods, and the strange figures chiselled upon the bass-reliefs of old Yucatan palaces and temples. Unfortunately the American deities are at present unrecognizable, except by some scholarly expert in archæology, and the divinities of the Celestial Empire remain nameless upon the catalogues, so that any temptation to speculate in comparative mythology can not just now be safely indulged. There seems to one, however, in this singular approximation of Western and Eastern religious symbolism, some food for philosophical reflection. Is it utterly unreasonable to believe that the dream of a universal religion, if not of a universal republic, might ultimately be realized by the aid of those very influences which industrial expositions represent and expand?

When fully arranged and properly catalogued, the Mexican archæological display can not fail to engross the attention of scholarly visitors. The originals of most of the antiquities on exhibit remain in the National Museum of Mexico, but the models are faithful to a degree which leaves no room for regret. Relics of Uxmal, of Palenque, and of Mitla will doubtless be recognized by those familiar with the superb volumes of Désiré Charnay and other explorers, and

who are interested in the great riddle that has never yet found a decipherer—whence the suggestions of Asia and of Africa in this ancient American architecture? How came that Egyptian monster, the Sphinx, to find a home in Yucatan? Who conceived the almost purely Greek types chiselled upon the palaces of Uxmal? How happens it that a hierophantic figure in one of the Palenque bas-reliefs should have a coiffure unmistakably *elephantine*—a sort of mitre modelled precisely in the likeness of the great pachyderm's head, with bristling tusks, and trunk uplifted as if trumpeting? Does the fact justify us in believing the legend of Asiatic migrations beyond the Pacific? or might we dare to believe that the ancient American civilization was already flourishing at that remote period when the mastodon or some mighty allied mammal belonged to the living fauna of Mexico? These are but a few of the puzzles which can only be unravelled by some such discovery as led to the interpretation of the Assyrian inscriptions and the perusal of the tile libraries of Nineveh.

The *costumbres mejicanos* also find themselves in competition with the imitative art of China, which has placed on exhibition not only Lilliputian models, in terra-cotta or in wood, of her industrial classes, but likewise many life-size figures of the same description which deserve to be admired. The spectacled student, seated at a small table, with his abacus and unfinished theme before him, and his brush ready to begin another column of *kiai-shu* characters upon the half-written page, has deceived a good many visitors, and has even, I believe, been asked several questions by near-sighted people. But there are some specimens of model-work in the Guatemala department which, though certainly insignificant as to material and artistic finish, are

more extraordinary in several respects than either the Mexican or Chinese figurines. Like both, they are intended to represent various classes of people; but they are very small figures indeed, and are made of paper or cotton stretched over wire frames. At first you would take them for some novel variety of toys: an ordinary cigar box would hold at least fifty of them. When placed in an upright position on a table or desk, especially if the surface be dark, they please very much by their animated poses and their surprisingly accurate color; they appear to be soldiers, sailors, Indian hunters, gymnasts, circus riders, and dancing girls. In their case distance does certainly lend enchantment to the view; for close examination reveals that the pretty bodies are shapeless, the features apparently meaningless daubs, the brilliant costumes bits of ravelled cotton or crumpled paper. In short, the figures are illusions, but illusions charmingly conceived, bearing witness that their Indian artificer possesses some tricks of form and color worthy of a scene-painter.

In the same little chamber containing the Chinese household gods—corresponding with the antique *lares* and *penates* of the Occident—may be seen a very remarkable sample of the literature of the empire. It is a Chinese agricultural encyclopædia in twenty-four thin volumes—the modern reprint of a work composed during the latter part of the Ming dynasty, or about the beginning of the seventeenth century, by Su Kouang Kí, a great Chinese official. The volumes are very creditably illustrated with numerous wood-cuts in black and white, explaining pictorially the character of all agricultural implements and the manner of using them to the best advantage. It is very difficult to

understand how so exhaustive a publication can be sold in China for one dollar and thirty-five cents.

To an Orientalist the Chinese banners and scrolls painted with ideographic characters of the styles known as *tchouen-shu, li-shu, kiai-shu,* and *sung-shu* are scarcely less interesting in a literary way than the printed literature upon industrial topics. The Commissioner's office contains a long tablet bearing the name for China in ancient tchouen characters of gold upon a crimson ground, "The Great Pure Kingdom." On the left is a screen decorated with the character signifying "Power"; on the right a companion screen offers the emblem of the party-colored disk—with a black spot upon a white ground and a white spot upon a dark ground—which mystically pictures the union of the Male and Female principle in Chinese metaphysics. Before the principal entrance is fixed a Chinese inscription in huge red letters, signifying "The Great Cotton Exposition." I offer the following interesting specimens as examples of the many other scroll-sentences which are suspended in all directions:

"The gathering together in this place of rare things will beget intercourse with foreign nations, and thus increase the wealth of China. The results of this great Exposition will be of immense advantage to the Black-haired race."

"In an exhibition where all rare things are brought together the ingenuity of the workman excites the admiration of the beholders."

"The prompt and energetic execution of a wise design is known to all nations, its beneficent results are universal, and happiness follows with the following of the seasons."

Some inscriptions are poetical; others are simple words of welcome, as "Joy be with you." Others, again, represent the titles of high officials, which are always borne before them upon banners.

Indian literature is not unrepresented at the Exposition, and the display, although very limited, is interesting. I found it as if by accident among the wool-growers' exhibits sent from Australia and New Zealand, and a very tiny show-case is devoted to it. The books are all in Bengalee, and include works upon physics (*Padartha Bijnana*) and chemistry, illustrated with excellent wood-cuts, and a volume upon Indian medical jurisprudence. The latter, furnished with marginal notes in English, contains some decidedly curious chapters, such as those on the means of ascertaining by external marks the particular *creed* to which the dead man belonged; on the secret poisons criminally used in India; on the special tortures inflicted under the government of native rulers; and on the subject of premature marriages among the Hindoos. The author of the three books referred to—Kanny Loll Dey—bears not only the title of *Rai Bahadoor,* but also those of F.S.C., C.J.E., and a host of others, signaling his relation to European as well as Indian scientific societies. The adoption of his works by the Indian government as text-books in the Bengal educational establishments appears to indicate sterling qualities, for English science has distinguished itself in India by the severe positivism of its methods quite as much as by the immensity of results obtained, and the Rai Bahadoor's work must have been subjected to critical analysis of a searching kind ere obtaining official recognition.

Is it because comparative human anatomy is yet in its infancy as a science, or is it for lack of desirable models,

that so many fine sculptors limit their idealization of race characteristics to faces and costumes? This was a question I could not help asking myself as I stood in front of the pyramidal display of bronzes in the Parisian department. There are two striking life-size figures there—immense *lampadaires*, destined to decorate the approach to some palatial stairway—a man and a woman. The somewhat vague title "Esclaves Cipayes" confirms the impression of India the first glance at their faces creates. The man is nude, save for a cloth about his loins; the woman's torso is undraped. Both figures are replete with melancholy beauty. Still, the longer one gazes at them—especially at the male figure—the more visible becomes the fact that the artist has imitated European models too closely in regard to the anatomy of the extremities and to muscular accentuation. These bronzes are certainly attractive; but I turned from them with pleasure to a marble head of Abraham Lincoln by a domestic chisel—a noble idealization of the American face, so intelligently potent, majestic, intense, so meagre—as with the spareness of fine blood, the leanness of the thorough-bred. "Strong *Western* face!" I heard a visitor exclaim, who seemed to have overlooked certain physiognomical resemblances between the eagle types of Lincoln and of Emerson.

THE GOVERNMENT EXHIBIT AT NEW ORLEANS

To obtain any general idea of the grand American exhibit in the Government Building, the reader must imagine a vast museum illustrating not only the history of our civilization, but the history of the North American continent from the obscure age of the Mound-builders and the Cliff-dwellers. Prehistoric races are represented by the relics of their Age of Stone, by fragments of their flinty implements of war and the chase, and by marvellous models of the various structures whereof they are commonly supposed to have been the artificers.

If the curious observer desires to familiarize himself with the forms of those monstrous mammals against which primitive man was compelled to battle for existence, he need only ascend the broad gallery to find himself in the presence of the whole range of paleontological restorations and reconstructions. There he may see the skeletons of those fossil creatures compared with which the bones of the largest modern elephant seem frail as reeds; the tremendous mastodon; the mammoth, restored, with every shaggy and imposing detail; the megatherium, giant of sloths, whose frame-work, with its pillars and arches and buttresses of bone, seems less like a fabric of osseous tissue than a grotesque anticipation of Gothic architecture; the glyptodon, cuirassed with impenetrable plate-armor by nature's hand; and many other extinct creatures, rivalling in strangeness of shape the most fantastic creations of the mediæval *ymagiers*. If anxious to learn how the hunters and warriors of the Stone Age

attached their arrow-heads, lance-points, knife-blades, or axe-heads of obsidian, syenite, porphyry, or jasper to wooden shafts or handles, he need only examine the weapons of the modern Esquimaux and far Northern aborigines, who still preserve among them the peculiar industrial arts of the quaternary epoch. These are exhibited in large glass cases, together with ancient Indian pottery, necklaces of bears' claws or of bone, harpoons tipped with ivory from the tusks of sea-monsters, pipes of strange design, whose bowls are weird-faced heads or bodies of crawling, snarling things. If he would know something of ancient Indian cities, let him examine the admirable models of the old cliff-town on the Rio de Chelly, Arizona (scale, 1 inch to 72 feet), a battlemented structure reared within the crevice of a precipice; or the models of cliff-fortresses on Beaver Creek, Arizona, and of the ruins in the cañon of the Rio Mancos, Colorado, as well as of the more modern pueblos of Taos, Tegua, Tewa, and Sechomori, in New Mexico, and that portion of Arizona which formed the antique province of Tusayan.

Life-size figures of Indians, belonging to those modern city-building tribes which preserve much more than a vague tradition of the older civilization of the red race, are also here—a warrior and his wife squatting in high glass cabinets. One of those heads with its immense malar bones, narrow brow shadowed by mane-like hair, beaked nose, and long eyes steady and glittering as a serpent's, owns a sinister impassiveness that almost makes the gazer uncomfortable. But the American aborigines are not represented solely by models. One may visit an Indian family in the same aisle, and observe kindred facial characteristics enhanced by the animation of mutual converse. There also is the wigwam of buffalo-hide, covered with Indian picture-

writing in unmixed colors upon the silver gray skin: a yellow sun disk with blue rays about it, and buffaloes fleeing from hunters. The figures of the men are less well executed than those of the animals in motion. The artist seldom finishes a limb creditably, but there is a good suggestion of the lumbering gallop of the buffalo and the spirited action of the horse. What is really most interesting about this picture-writing is the knowledge which it exhibits of the law of artistic color contrasts.

Archæology, geology, ethnology, form in this imposing exhibition only so many introductory chapters to the vast pictorial history of the United States—of the evolution of modern civilization in North America—contained in the Government Building. A ground plan of the exhibit would show the display spaces of all our States and Territories in one prodigious but systematical cluster, like the galaxy of stars upon the American banner. It would be a work of months to examine the details of the whole; but even during a hasty stroll along the alleys between the kiosks and pyramids and railed platforms the eye catches glimpses of wonderful or curious things which can not be forgotten: antiquities of colonial days or of the war of Independence; figures of famous pioneers; constructions in likeness of houses or of monuments, made of cereals or of minerals; model dwellings of logs representing the homes of the earliest settlers in the wilderness of the West. Here a shining yellow obelisk springing from a great argentine plinth tells you in black letters that between the years of 1859 and 1885 the gold yield of Gilpin County, California, was forty-five millions, and the silver yield two hundred and thirteen millions of dollars. There Dakota exhibits her wealth of furs, the riches of her mines, the varieties of

her game; while, hard by, the States of the great wheat belt and of the lumber regions call attention to the opulence of their natural resources. Cities that grew up within a night display the power of civilization to make desolation blossom. And territories but freshly invaded by the iron cavalry of steam traffic loudly proclaim their future greatness.

And not only can you, by the inspection of these displays, obtain an almost thorough knowledge of everything produced, by nature or by industry, in every part of the United States, but you may also learn the general aspect of each particular region from the superb landscape photographs specially prepared for the Exposition. The entire history of American inventions—the evolution of the steam-engine in its thousand forms, of the steam threshers and diggers and reapers, of the cyclopean gnomes that mould iron like wax, of the machines that sew, weld, stamp, dovetail, shear, bevel, turn, weigh, weave, spin, saw, veneer—may be fully studied from the models of the United States Patent-office. If you have ever had any romantic desire to make a voyage to the north pole, one visit to the Greely Exhibit, about twenty paces off, will dissipate your illusions and excite your sympathies. If you want to know how the government makes its money, turn to your right, and you will have the pleasure of examining (through plate-glass) banknotes of denominations ranging from $50 to $100,000; or if you are interested in military matters, by turning down another alley you can see breech-loading cannon and revolving guns of the most improved pattern, together with models of railroad ambulance wagons, steamboat hospitals, and sanitary asylums. Or, if weary of gazing at the enormous, you can amuse yourself with the Infinitely Small by inspecting the microscopical preparations of Pasteur and Koch in the

United States medical department. When you have provoked a headache by injudicious efforts to see everything at once, you can seek the fresh air under the oaks, and wait patiently for sundown, when you may enjoy the spectacle of forty miles of electric wire bursting simultaneously into flame.

This spectacle is particularly impressive within the Music Hall. After the powerful machines have been rumbling for about five minutes, the white lamps suddenly shine out in long file, like a multiplication of moons. But the hall is still dark. Straining your eyes upward into the gloom of the ceiling, you discern at last something like a faint pink pattern-work, a vast and rose-colored efflorescence shaping itself through a thousand feet of darkness. Gradually the rose-color deepens to the tone of dying coals; it warms into ruby tones; it brightens, like a dawn, from vermilion to fierce orange, and from orange to a blinding yellow; and all at once innumerable tassels and clusters and circles of tiny lamps bud out of the ceiling like flowers of fire. Never did the might of machinery seem to me so awful as when I first watched that enormous incandescence; and after having left the buildings and their myriad lights far behind, I found myself still dreaming of that future cycle of centuries wherein the world's labors shall be performed by automatons, and the great duels of nations shall be fought with lightning.

THE ORIENTAL STORY OF SOLOMON

The correspondent of the London *News,* who is contributing a variety of interesting sketches as well as letters to that enterprising journal, accompanies one of his recent chapters on the campaign, with a picture of "Solomon's Throne" in the Hindoo-Kush. It is the loftiest summit of that mighty range and from the plains of Northern India appears to rear its cloudy forehead against the blue of heaven. The name it bears is mystic and poetical, and appears to us to be founded beyond any doubt upon the Arabic legend of Solomon's death.

To the imaginative Arabian poets, or the early Rabbonim who wrote the Jerusalem and Babylonian Talmuds, Solomon, or Soliman was something more than the wise king of Jerusalem. He was also the Prince of the Genii, the Lord of the Powers of the Invisible world. In the *Arabian Nights,* it is the magical seal of Soliman which imprisons the Genii in their living tombs. In some Arabian legends Soliman ranks with the Preadamite Sultans, and the author of *Vathek* borrowing his strange romance from authentic traditions of the East, invests the great magician with attributes very different to those given to the Son of David by the Hebrew Scriptures. The Oriental Soliman's kingdom seems to have extended over all Asia; and the regions of the Himalayas were subject to his sway. It was upon the loftiest summit of the Hindoo-Kush that he had sat enthroned; and the Moslem conquerors of India, bringing with them the arts and the poetry, the science and history of the Arabs, did not forget that legend of Soliman, when

they approached the mountains of Kaf, or the Girdle of the World, as the Eastern writers still call the Himalayas. Naturally they named the mightiest mountain in the Hindoo-Kush, "Soliman's Throne"; as the loftiest they beheld passing through the Afghan ranges into India. Probably at that time they had not seen *Dwalagirl*.

And this is the legend of Soliman's Throne:

The Prince of the Genii, feeling his years heavy upon him, and drowsy with the sleep of great age, ordered the Spirits of the Air to transport him upon his gilded throne to the Mountains of Kaf, to the Circle of the World. Then he conjured all the Powers of Air and of Fire, of Water and of Earth, that they should minister unto him; and all the birds of heaven that they should form a living canopy above his head; and all the living creatures that they should not dare to break into his awful sleep. But, alas! he forgot the woodworm, the little woodworm! And Soliman slept.

The genii administered to him; the birds of heaven shielded him from the sun; the living creatures of the earth sought not to break his awful slumber, all save the woodworm—the little woodworm!

The woodworm buried himself in one of the gilded feet of the cedar throne, and gnawed unceasingly. Ages rolled by; and still he gnawed. Thousands of years passed away; but the woodworm tired not, although he could only throw out one grain of wood behind him in the course of a century.

But at last his work was accomplished; and the gilded supports of the cedar throne were undermined. It fell with a crash that echoed like a thunder through all the mountains of Kaf. The spell was broken; the birds fled away; the

genii were liberated from their magic bond; and the corpse of the great Soliman, crumbling into dust, was scattered abroad by the four winds of heaven.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE STRAKOSCH OPERA COMPANY

(The little sketches which follow—mere romantic impressions—are almost wholly impersonal and we desire that they be strictly held so by our readers.)

What a polygot assemblage it was,—varied in its speech as in its scenic attire of many centuries, a pretty Babel of French, German, Spanish, Italian and dialects, quaint and strange! Between two scenes which mimicked fragments of palaces there stood a great gilded harp, and a music stand illuminated by candle-flames trembling in the currents of the place, and before it sat a little woman who seemed to speak all the tongues of the earth, but whose accent bespoke Italian blood. What a kind little face she had and what power to attract youth to her! It was a procession of gift-bearers bearing the tokens of affection which visited her; and it seemed to us far more beautiful than even the stately hieratic procession for which her deft fingers were to sound the sonorous march of *Aïda*. All came to her—the Egyptian princesses and their dusky maids of honor, wearing great ear rings, which glowed like the new moon of Egypt upon the cheek of Eastern Night. Norman warriors whose dainty garb did not hide the charm of an unwarlike sex, damsels who seemed like Poynter's beautiful priestess appointed to feed the sacred idols in the temple of Karmac, and the dancing girls mist-robed like the goddess Athor. Each one placed her arms about the neck of the

kind harp-player and kissed the kind face with a gentle greeting of words:

"Ma petite mere"
"Madre mia!"
"Dear little mother"
"Liebe mutter"

And with what motherly grace each kiss was returned, as the circle of young girls deepened and widened about her! It was like a parent-dove with its white brood. Then suddenly came the ring of a tiny bell, a rumbling sound like the rolling of the king's chariot, the harp throbbed a deep welcome, and the harpist sat alone before the trembling fires of the candles.

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"A glorious fellow!" we heard him called, and if there be glory in nobility of soul and kindliness of heart, the words were well applied. Always hurried, always toiling, almost always overtaxed, perpetually thwarted in his endeavor to perform the duty with success—yet always with a kindly smile on his bearded lips and a fire of good humor, deep as the heart that kindled it, glowing in his eyes. He walked much as old mariners walk; men whose souls and bodies have been rocked for many years by the mighty motion of the sea—and his voice had something of those deep echoes in which the waves hold foaming converse with the rocks. For he was himself a child of the Sea's Bride, the enchanted city of Ocean-girdled Palaces—a son of Venice; and the soft dialect of the fair city rolled from his lips as richly as music heard afar upon the Venetian lagoons.

They had been playing *Un Ballo in Maschera,* and memories of the Masque somehow conjured up bright dreams

of Venice. "Is it," we asked, "all that poets have sung and painters limned, or is the Venice of to-day but the lost soul of the Venice of the Doges!"

Then his eye kindled as he made reply: "It is only two years since I have been there, and I know the water-ways better, perhaps, than you the streets of this Southern city. Venice is still the Venice of old, but not the Venice that poets have sung of; for there lives no poet who can tell you the secret charm of the Bride of the Sea. The old palaces remain in their glory, rising from the water as though created by the magic of a sea-god—but it is not the palaces. St. Mark's still remains to startle the architects of the nineteenth century with the strange beauty of its unspeakable effect—but it is not St. Mark's. The women are as fair and graceful and witching as in the years when Venice was the Sybaris of modern Europe—but it is not because of these. And the colors of Titian and Veronese and Tintoretto still glow above and below and around you,—yet it is not the color. The city has a strange charm which not even your Ruskin ever discovered,—a charm which is a mystery even to me. I wander hither and thither for years among strange cities and strange people; but at long intervals there comes to me a voice from the old place and then I must return. I cannot describe Venice—you must *feel* it, *feel* it, and never can you describe that feeling."

And as he sat musing, the wine-drops sparkling in his beard, dreams of an earlier century arose before us; and the singer seemed as a merchant prince of Venice,—one who had supped with Marco Polo, and whose debtors were princes of Genoa and lords of Florence and Milan.

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Probably the admirer who had flung the floral trophy be-

fore her white feet never knew the pleasure his gift gave. But the cruel encore,—which could not be refused while the flowers were lying there, sending up their perfume like fairy incense before the footlights! And when the Spanish music ceased and the passionate dance was over and the house trembled with pleasure and applause, the bouquet was momentarily abandoned in the necessity for rest. The dancer could not speak for a moment, her whole body was quivering from the violent exertion, like a harp whose strings the player has suddenly ceased to touch. "Mon bouquet, mon bouquet," gasped the girl as soon as she could speak; and as it was brought to her a silent circle formed around her, in the midst of which she stood panting like Esmeralda surrounded by the lady friends of Phœbus. And then forgetting all but her pleasure she caressed and spoke to the pretty flowers in her own Italian language, and all around her smiled and congratulated her. "Ah, mademoiselle!" exclaimed a bystander, "you have only too well earned it; but here you will catch cold." Then, as the green door closed after the white figure, he muttered: "And those others talk of work"!

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There was a strange majesty about one woman, a woman of Northern Europe, who spoke a Northern tongue and who with her fair hair and gray eyes seemed rather a Gudrun or Thora of Scandinavia than a Celtic princess, in spite of the golden girdle and sacred wreath of oak-leaves. The Invisible Armorer who toils only for nature's nobility, seemed to have wrought for her a cuirass upon which, as from that of Athens, the weapons of flattery shattered themselves unnoticed. And yet she was neither frigid nor distant, nor unsympathetic;—it was the character of the dia-

mond, brilliantly polished, resisting impression by any substance less worthy than itself. Nature had made her beautiful without pride; and combined an unwonted mingling of wisdom and gentleness in her manner. There were weaker natures under her protection, to whom the clear gray eyes often gave light to act without the necessity of words. And into the home where she dwelt she brought with her an atmosphere of candor and frankness and strong kindliness that will doubtless linger as a memory in the hearts of many, like that perfume, which, in Talmudic days, we are told that angels leave after them.

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"You can hardly recognize us" said one of them, "then how will you ever be able to recognize little ——?" What a metamorphosis dress makes! It was true. One of the prettiest figures of the evening,—a picador in a rich Andalusian costume,—turned out to be a little German girl who during the day seemed to have delighted in disguising her natural attractiveness as much as possible. In her plain black dress, and looped up hair, few could have divined the Spanish fairy with curling tresses of gold, and glittering attire of silk and velvet.

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The cuckoo will soon cease to be heard, that sang every bright afternoon about two o'clock. Out of a lofty window appeared a fair head, a woman's head with laughing eyes and a "cuckoo" clear as the voice of the bird itself startled passers-by. If any looked up, the head was no longer visible, but the "cuckoo" was soon repeated in different keys from the windows of different quaint houses along the street where the "cuckoo" of the opera dwelt. And then a little window opened near the theatre and the figure of a man

appeared therein like the automaton of a Swiss clock. The automaton looked up to the sky and bowed, and the green shutters of his great brick-and-mortar clock-case closed once more.[1]

[1] This article is complete. The ellipses are Hearn's. (The Editor.)

THE NEW PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON

The most extraordinary series of historical memoirs published during the last decade are probably those of Madame de Remusat, contributed recently to the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* and still more recently, partly translated and published in America. These memoirs are exceedingly remarkable, not merely in point of style or in their elucidation of minor political mysteries, but as entirely revolutionizing Napoleon Bonaparte, and destroying much of the romance with which popular historians have surrounded him. But while the halo of romance created for Napoleon by the imagination of writers like Abbott fades in the new light of truth, the character of the man remains not less remarkable than before,—like some grim barbaric idol, robbed by time of its gilding, but still imposing, fantastic and terrible in the naked majesty of basalt. The Napoleon of our youthful dreams was a hero who excited our warmest enthusiasm and deepest sympathy,—a generous daring, almost omniscient being. We are apt to compare him with Hannibal, and to make comparison of these great generals after the manner of Plutarch; and even with the lapse of years and the acquisition of a more accurate knowledge of modern history, something of the old youthful impressions remained, although dimmed and worn, like those prints of the Little Corporal preserved by veterans of the Old Guard. But these merciless and yet magical memoirs entirely transform the whole figure of the man. It no more resembles the Napoleon of our young days than Mephistopheles resembled Lucifer before his fall,—although as in a dream familiar

faces become strangely distorted, without becoming unrecognizable, so we can detect in the Mephistopheles a shadow of what was once the seraph of a romantic imagination. We need not recall here the Napoleonic sayings quoted as models of honorable sentiment and generous feeling in a former generation. They are familiar, no doubt, to numbers of our readers. But we find in this new record; inscribed by the harsh fingers of truth as with a stylus of iron, some Napoleonic observations which would have done honor only to the mocking demon of Goethe's *Faust*. What, for example, could be more diabolic and machievellian than the reign of Napoleon when Talleyrand said that the withdrawal of the French troops from Spain would not be regarded as a cowardly act:—"A cowardly act," replied Bonaparte,—"what does that matter to me! Understand that I should not fail to commit one, if it were useful to me. In reality there is nothing really noble or base in the world; I have in my character all that can contribute to secure my power, and to deceive those who think they know me. Frankly I am base,—essentially base—and I give you my word I should feel no repugnance whatever to commit what would be called by the world a dishonorable action." Or again, the words with which he silenced sympathy with the victims of his executions: "I have shed blood; it was necessary to do so. I will shed more—not out of anger; but simply because blood-letting is one of the remedies in political medicine. I am the Man of the State; I am the French Revolution; I say it, and will uphold it!"

A curious fact in regard to these memoirs is the light thrown upon Napoleon's self-consciousness of his own position in history. Materialistic in his philosophy, he was likewise profound, and understood the fact that in times of vast

social cataclysm, Necessity, like a Fate, lifts to the pitch of power some man of immense mental resources and iron will to wield the destiny of nations until the crisis is past. He felt his position to have been the result of the French revolution; he was the only one capable of destroying it; he was therefore the Man destined by nature to destroy it. He was the giant born to lift France out of the blood and ruin and ashes of her revolution; and he regarded himself as the chief being for whose benefit that revolution had taken place. He called himself the Revolution, and the spirit of the French revolution; and in a certain sense, he was right. He might, perhaps, have called himself more correctly, the Sum of the French Revolution.

Madame de Remusat's *Memoirs,* in their minute and delicate analysis of the great Corsican's character, certainly in no manner lessen one's admiration for the extraordinary genius and foresight and adamantine resolution of the man. On the contrary, they rather increase it even while pointing out flaws never suspected and betraying errors long concealed. But otherwise they produce an impression—like some clever outline sketch—of a fantastic, weird and morally repulsive being. A man so absolutely without heart as to deny the ordinary claims of nature, and of will so potent as to enable him to despise all who could not make their passions mere sounding wires to be pulled by the mind like puppets only whenever a purpose was to be attained by deceit, persuasion or force;—a being who despised women, and like Caligula hated a mistress the minute that he found her capable of exciting his affection;—a general who secretly scorned the enthusiasm which he excited with such consummate art among his troops, and regarded the soldiers themselves only as machines to be destroyed as it suited

his purpose;—a politician who never did one single act, good or bad, without a well premeditated purpose of selfishness, and who judged all other human beings as selfish as himself,—a ruler absolutely without a conscience, and hating all manifestations of human emotion, yet too philosophical to find pleasure in cruelty or profit in injustice;—a person in fine who considered virtues in the individual as weaknesses and admired only their absence—who suspected a favor to be an act of secret treachery,—who had neither hopes nor fears nor faith nor passions nor affections nor emotions and despised even the necessities of life while detesting its luxuries,—such is the strange Napoleon of de Remusat's *Memoirs*.

WOMEN AND HORSES

A correspondent who signs himself "Sampho"—whatever that may mean—writes to ask a very peculiar question. He wants to know how to judge a woman upon the street, how to tell if she be healthy, graceful, well-shaped,—in short what her physical perfections are. He remarks with indisputable truth that in these days faces are so painted or enameled, false hair so well plaited into scanty natural locks, figures so artistically padded, feet and ankles so disguised by cunning devices, that even the elect may be deceived. He says that the most charming face seen through a veil may be freckled, the prettiest looking torso manufactured, the neatest looking foot little more than a bunch of twisted bones and crooked toes, like the extremities of a Chinese belle.

We do not fully agree with "Sampho"; the elect can not be wholly deceived. We are going to say something ungallant, but nevertheless true. Fourier said that women had to be managed exactly like horses, which rebel only against inexperienced masters and feel no respect for one whose grasp of the rein is unsteady. We do not go quite so far;—we only say that women must be judged like horses. Remember we are speaking only of physical qualifications; and we simply hold that the eye which can accurately note the fine points of a fine horse can note those also of a fine woman, and that even better than such humbugs as Brantome.

For there are thoroughbred characteristics in fine human

beings as in fine animals,—glossiness of skin, brightness and quickness of eye, elegance of shape and motion, delicate strength of limb, firmness of flesh and richness of vein as in those splendid racers upon whose magnificent skins the veins stand out like whip cord,—a result due to the firmness of the muscles which block up the conductors of the blood to some extent during exertion. Fine types of the human athlete show many physical peculiarities similar to the fine points of a horse. But the great characteristic is in the motion of the human or equine animal. Here race shows its quality most thoroughly,—every movement is grace itself, the general action of the body is a rhythm, a harmony, a poem. The human animal is clad in strange and complex vesture; but no raiment—unless that worn by Turkish women during their promenades, or by Shakers,—can wholly disguise nature's superbest gift.

"Sampho," you might be walking along a street when five hundred common horses were passing, at all gaits, and attached to all kinds of vehicles; and although you might be a good judge of an animal's value you would perhaps pay little attention. You would know, almost without looking, that these were all vulgar, ordinary horses, belonging to inferior types, more or less valuable according to strength or speed, yet still common. But should a spider-light sulky come along, drawn by one of those magnificent steppers who lift their feet almost to the chest at every step made, and show the shoe-glimmer of every graceful hoof, how suddenly you would stop to look with silent admiration. But what—supposing this to have actually occurred—what then arrested and spell-bound you in the first instance? Not the vehicle nor yet the shapeliness of the animal alone; for they were advancing towards you and you could only see a part

of them. It was the strong and splendid grace of the animal's movement. Then you turned and strained your eyes after the vanishing magnificence of the glorious vision, and went off dreaming of the symmetrically fine-muscled limbs, the broad deep chest, the magnificent arched neck with its superb flying mane, the light and elegant flanks, and the glossy coat shining like a crow's wing; and you will long continue to see in fancy the silver flash of the hoofs so proudly lifted at each mighty pace.

You can tell a fine horse even if he have a blanket on; and you can tell a fine woman however well-clad—provided her clothing be not of such a nature as to impede her movements—a chance improbable to the last degree; for all such fine women are highly spirited like genuine thoroughbreds, and will not submit to unnatural restraint of any kind. You can tell a fine woman by her pace, by her poise, by her motion in walking, in fact, by such observations a good judge can assure himself of almost anything regarding her that he wishes to know.

Such a woman is tall—not stiff; straight like a young pine tree, but with the upward curving erectness of a palm, with slightly sloping shoulders well thrown back;—"deep-bosomed," as Homer calls his women;—limbs rather long than otherwise, with that elongation indispensable to free grace of motion;—everything about her, nevertheless, suggests firm roundness and rounded firmness; all her movements are quick, full, strong and free; her head is small, apple-shaped, poised not on a slender but a strong round smooth neck, and is always carried erect. The walk of such a woman is a hymn of symmetrical movement; it betrays the very consistency of the flesh,—"like a half-ripe

peach," as one author has it; and on seeing such a figure in motion one can scarcely help wishing, like a certain French writer, that he were the water of her bath, so that he might envelope her body in one universal kiss.

MEDITATIONS UPON VACATIONS

While we are suffering from a heat so intense that even slumber is broken by the tickling of perspiration, it is natural that thoughts of a vacation should arise before us, during pauses compelled by exhaustion in office or warehouse or any one of those great commercial and industrial establishments which like the *four* things that are never satisfied and never say "It is enough," demand the same mental and physical energy to nourish their prosperity summer and winter. And when we speak of vacations we must speak for those compelled by the commercial law of blood and iron to depend for daily comforts upon daily labor. As for those who can afford to leave the city, and spend their summers in the mountains or by the sea, or beside some clear, sleepy river whose crystal is flecked by leafy shadows, we have nothing to do. They are lucky and happy, and may justly be envied with a purely honest envy. We are dreaming of the people in general who work all the year round as we do, and only cease to rest, when, after a mighty wrestle with sickness as with Jacob's angel, the shadowy adversary numbs and withers the sinews of the thigh and exhausts the electricity of the will.

Nothing could be more delightful than these broken day-dreams of vacation, dreamed amid dust-fogs through which dray-thunder rumbles; in dingy offices, where we toil by yellow gas light, after the stars are flaming in the blue; along the wharves in the blaze of white heat, while watching the Spanish barks folding their weary wings, or the deep-

bellied ocean steamers panting after their mighty race; in the street cars, rolling over parched pavements, and by trees whose rich leaves are hoary with dust in a breezeless atmosphere; or in bed, during those agonizing moments of sleeplessness, when a man feels unjustly inclined to imagine that everybody else in the city but himself is enjoying delightful repose. Cool lake-beaches, with music and moonlight; ocean's wrinkled sands and the swimmer's exultant mastery of the "white horses," Arcadian paradises hidden between the breasts of sweetly curving hills, far away from city life and business and the things which are related to business! Or again, instead of this calm, the wilder pleasures of rapid travel,—a steam flight to some Spanish-American city, with antiquated fortifications and the life of dead centuries, and women with skins the color of gold;—a trip to some island on the Carribean Sea; a week of *far niente* among monkey-haunted trees and woods shrill with parrot-calls. Delicious. But even supposing we could realize all these fancies.

Alas! None of us have a right to take these little peeps through the golden gates ajar of the Palace of Indolence, save those who have a long vista of fair days of freedom stretching before them as numerous as the palms in the famous valley near Rio. When we have but a brief moment to rest and to seek pleasure, we must always feel the bond of business interest tugging at our hearts to pull us back, just as children pull back the flying beetle fettered by a long thread. Could we instantaneously take unto ourselves the wings of the morning to fly to lands beyond the uttermost parts of the sea, for only the interval between the waxing and waning of a moon, even then would the arm of Care reach after us extending like that of the Fiend across the

Guadalquiver to Don Juan in the legend, and the merciless hand of Worry would lay hold upon us. Anxiety about that we leave behind and the weight of the thought that we must soon return, dragging upon us like a ball and chain, spoil the little banquet of pleasure harpy-wise. It is useless to attempt to wed the imagination honestly to its new surroundings;—the life we have momentarily abandoned and to which we must return comes hauntingly between us and the unfamiliar pleasure, like the spectral bride of German Folklore. It is certainly doubtful to us whether a brief vacation produces aught but evil—the evil of the fatigue of travel without time to repose; the evil of beholding, like Tantalus, what we have no time to enjoy; the evil of ennui and disgust with all things when we return with regret to the sphere of Humdrumdon.

Did you ever take a fortnight's vacation in some charming country resort, and then rush back to town? O the sweet-scented fields and velvety meadows! O the limpid springs, the moss, the flowers, the birds, the lights and shadow, the pretty cries of little animals, the calm caressing breezes,—O the rosy beauty of the farmer's daughter, the sudden thirst for country life, the sudden backward rush of childish thoughts about sky and field, and winds and clouds, the dream of a future happiness too sweet even to be whispered! And then, alas! the little country depot, with the gawky group of starers; the oily smoke and fugitive cinders; the heavy clickety-clack of the train over its endless path of rails and sleepers; the sickening regret for what the locomotive is momentarily separating us further from; and, finally, the dusty city again, with its remorselessly familiar sights and roaring sounds and visible miseries! How hideous a city then appears!—like an old friend who vio-

lently angers us, we see for the moment nothing but ugliness and faults. Ah, the best way is not to take a vacation at all, if you must return so soon! Don't you think so?

A STRANGE TALE OF CANNIBALISM

The narrative of the last days of the Flatters mission, published in another column according to the text of the Paris *Figaro*,[1] contains in its terribly dry detail suggestions of horror almost unprecedented. Most of the victims, as their names show, were spahis belonging to the race of the desert's children; but they had long been accustomed to the comparatively civilized life of Algeria or the Senegal colonies, and their last struggle took place in a region known only to the wildest and fiercest of all nomad Arabs, who sweep through it on their way to carry off a sable booty of slaves from the black cities of the Niger, leaving behind them on their return a track marked with skeletons. In these latitudes time has stood still for uncounted thousands of years,—naught has been changed since the primeval sea dried up. It is all a dead and ruined world like the Moon.

Occasionally a caravan passes, with traders armed to the teeth, prepared to fight every yard of the way against the Touareug. To be robbed in the desert is death; for without camels traveling is impossible. Vast distances separate the green islands in this yellow ocean of sand,—where the mouths of the wells are still guarded against the drift with great stones, as in the days when Jacob served seven years for Rachel. Between these halting places the sand is burning enough to blister the skin of the feet; the thermometer registers an incredible temperature; the least

[1] This article was translated by Hearn for *The Times-Democrat*. (The Editor.)

portion of the features exposed is scorched as by fire; and traveling is possible only with veiled face. Then there are sandstorms, sandpillars, reaching from earth to sky, and the wrecks of camel-skeletons bleaching to the whiteness of chalk.

In this ghastly desolation the last fragment of the exploring mission finds itself reduced to such misery, that even with the certainty of water a few miles off, the men cannot summon strength to advance. There is only one camel; it is their ship, their engine, their forlorn hope,—the riches of a thousand kingdoms would be as nothing in their eyes at such a juncture in exchange for one day, one hour, of that camel's life. There is a single native French officer alive,—the quartermaster. He is trusted by the Moslem spahis to go forward with the camel to the well, procure water and send back the animal with a supply of well-filled skins. But within a few hundred yards of the well his strength fails him. The Arab soldier accompanying him volunteers to obtain water, but rewards himself for his pains by stealing the camel! The frightful despair of the survivors may be imagined. Without their camel, to carry water with them is impossible.

For days subsequently that little band of human skeletons struggle vainly to leave the well—compelled by infernal thirst and heat to return after having marched a few miles under the sun;—lizards and sand insects are eaten alive; reason weakens and looses its grasp upon the reins of passion. An Arab sent out for assistance is shot and eaten by his comrades. Two more are subsequently murdered. The survivors devour the bodies; and a new phase of horror commences. Those who had marched on in advance return upon hearing the shots; they partake of the repast; they

even kill another of the weaker ones and eat his flesh. After this the wreck of the expedition supports itself by cannibalism—as a pack of wolves devour each other in the madness of hunger. There is little flesh on those starving bodies—the bones are crushed and devoured.

Discipline is of course forgotten;—the French officer is killed and eaten. Then appears the most horrible phase of the long tragedy;—the sufferers conceive a hideous dread of each other. They separate; they fear at night to sleep; the man who yields to slumber in spite of himself may never awake. Carrying with them a provision of human flesh, they continue to struggle backward and forward between two oases,—dreading each other more than death;—fearing the sunset, the flesh-colored sunset of the desert,—fearing the tepidness of night tempting the weary to close their eyes, —fearing the furnace-glow of dawn heralding another day of horrors. In the glare of his comrade's eyes, in the fleshlessness of his comrade's face, each sees a menace and mockery of death,—each keeps his finger upon the trigger of his revolver. Only when nearly one-half of the survivors have been devoured by the rest, does the remnant of the expedition succeed in reaching a nomad camp, whose friendly sheik affords them true Arab hospitality.

Strangely enough, these wretched survivors still feel the most intense hatred to one of their number who had been left behind at Hassi Hadjadj—"The Pilgrim's Well"; and who had repeatedly fled from those who sought to kill and devour him. They design to return and kill him, and beg that camels be lent to them. But the Arab host suspects something;—he insists upon accompanying them, and beholds sights that would have sickened the fiercest even of Touareug. By his coming, the life of the spahi is saved;

but his fear of his old comrades is such that he refuses to accept aid until they have themselves departed another way. At last a troop of friendly horsemen escort the victims to Ouargla,—"The Tunis of the desert,"—whence it is generally possible to obtain an escort to the last of the French military outposts,—Tuggarth. But even Ouargla is remote from the civilized world proper; and the French flag could never be maintained there except under the protection of an expeditionary column.

When the reader pictures to his mind the unutterable misery of that march through a waste fantastically desolate as a lunar landscape,—under a sky whose very clouds are flying sand,—under a perpendicular sun, whose beams scorch like molten iron,—against a wind whose heat flays the face, excoriates the hands, shrivels even the water-skins upon the backs of the dromedaries;—and when he imagines that silent struggle about the oasis,—the murder of sleepers at the well,—the frenzy of mutual hatred inspired by cannibalism,—the emaciation that rendered it almost impossible to obtain three days' food from nearly twelve adult bodies,—the crunching of bones when starvation had consumed the muscles of the victim,—the thirst that blackens the lips and makes the tongue crack open and stifles speech in the throat,—it is indeed difficult to conceive how men can pass through such experience and remain sane! The most pitiful case of all seems that of the poor spahi left alone for nearly a week at the well, who took to flight whenever his ghoulish companions came back for water, and returned by stealth in the night to gnaw the bones of the dead.

ALL SAINTS

To-night is the mystical Hallowe'en, to which so many quaint legends and practices are attached; and during which, as upon the eve of the Jewish Kippour, the souls of the dead are, in some parts of Europe, supposed to celebrate a ghostly service after living congregations have retired to slumber. The oral traditions of nearly all European countries have contributed something innocent and pleasing to the folk-lore of All Hallows; but these beliefs rapidly decay in American soil, like plants unable to bear transplantation, and will have soon ceased to exist except as preserved in curious literature, like blossoms pressed between the leaves of a book.

On the other hand a custom peculiar to All Saints Day, not to Hallowe'en, has taken such firm root in the United States, that it will doubtless endure for many hundred years to come. And it is perhaps older than any of those curious beliefs above spoken of; for not only did Grecian and Egyptian women strew flowers upon their dead, or lay offerings of fresh blossoms upon the graves, or place them within the fingers of the departed, but the custom—still extant in Brahmanic India, may be traced in other forms to the earlier ages of Aryan civilization. What was once a beautiful offering to a beloved presence—supposed to haunt the place of sepulture, and to rejoice in the annual visitation of living friends, has now for most men little more than a symbolical significance. The fragrance of gentle memories, the frailty of life, the evanescence of beauty, are pathetically suggested by the perfume, the delicacy, the ephemeral loveliness of

flowers;—and the strewing of them upon graves has gradually assumed the character of a duty,—a holy duty of love for the individual, a duty of respect for the community or the nation.

At least such is the now general idea of the custom so much endeared to us by its intrinsic beauty. But perhaps for thousands of those who say little but dream a great deal, there is a weird charm in this observance—such as the ancients felt at their funeral feasts, believing that shadowy guests were present. Centuries of other beliefs and other rites have not yet wholly eradicated all the beautiful fancies of antiquity from the human mind. There will be thousands of wreaths and bouquets laid upon graves to-morrow by men and women, who consciously or unconsciously nourish a vague fond belief that those flowers give pleasure to Somebody;—and there are thousands of others, sceptical enough in real life, who would feel as much remorse for depriving a grave of its annual tribute as they would experience committing a dishonorable or unjust act to the living. And,—to go still further,—how many of those who will visit the dead to-morrow would dare or could dare to utter an emphatic *No!* if asked directly, "Do you believe that the dead will be pleased with flowers?" We rather fancy that fifty per cent of the mourners would like to answer *Yes*—especially the women. Almost every affectionate woman in the world has a pretty little faith of her own regarding the dead—a special *cultus,* rather antique than modern, but sweet as the daintiest perfume ever exhaled by a flower offering.

What is it? What is that gentle spiritualism, vague as incense-smoke and as sweet—that dim, rich faith which the gentle believer herself could not define for you, and which

you might fancy an inheritance of the far past, a memory-echo of funeral feasts, Pompeiian and Athenian? Perhaps it is only love—the faith of love—the strong love that dares to measure itself with Death, and is even strong as he, according to the words of Solomon.

What matter the grisly words of prophets and sages?—What though we read that "man lieth down and riseth not again;—even till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep?" What though the Psalmist, and Job and Isaiah utter such words as these: "He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not. . . . Man's days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth; for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more. . . . Beauty is a fading flower. . . . All flesh is grass; and all the goodliness thereof as the flowers of the field"? Woman harkens not unto them, or interprets them in her own sweet way; and beholds no grim symbolism in her love-offerings, and lays her flowers upon the grave with a faith firm as adamant, that the beloved dead will know,—will hear, perhaps, the whisper of her dress,—will be aroused by the music of her footstep even from the darkness of the everlasting sleep!

NEW ORLEANS IN CARNIVAL GARB

The artistic and financial objects of the New Orleans Carnival are now too well known to demand any detailed history or explanation, and even the aspect of that singular metropolis during its celebrated holiday has become familiar to a degree that provokes some reflection upon the peculiar loss of individuality which the city always appears to undergo at the epoch in question. A very considerable number of those who visit New Orleans at Carnival-time do so quite as much for the sake of seeing the city itself as of witnessing the great pageant. But during Mardi Gras the place is disguised by its holiday garb—almost as much so, indeed, as the King of the Carnival: the native picturesqueness of the quainter districts is overlaid and concealed by the artifical picturesqueness of the occasion. One finds the streets themselves masked, so much are their salient features concealed by those innumerable wooden frame-works temporarily erected to provide against the falling of galleries under an unaccustomed burden of spectators. The romantic charm of the old city is not readily obtained at such a time; the curious cosmopolitan characteristics that offer themselves to artistic eyes in other seasons are lost in the afflux of American visitors, and true local color is fairly drowned out by the colors of Rex. There really exist for the artist and the poet many rich sources of inspiration in quaint New Orleans, but these sources gush more freely at other times. They are difficult to discover during the pushing and squeezing of Carnival excitement. To see the Queen of the South in her most natural and pleasing mood

one should visit her during that dreamy season called St. Martin's summer, when the orange blossoms exhale their fragrance, and the winds are still lukewarm, and the autumn glow bronzes those faint tints which the old-fashioned edifices wear. Then the curious confusion of gables and balconies gracefully jutting against the blue above, the Doresque oddity of the shadows wrought below, give the more antiquated streets a peculiarly impressive aspect—a foreign look not of this hemisphere nor even of this century. There also linger the Latin tongues of Southern Europe with softer syllabification, tempered by those mysterious climatic forces which make themselves manifest even in the transplantation of language; and together with these Mediterranean dialects one hears that remarkable creole *patois* which in the mouth of a woman or a child has a fantastic sweetness rivalling the many-vowelled Polynesian speech. Deep surprises of green refresh the eye that peeps through the half-opened gates of drowsy old creole courts—the broad watered silk of banana leaves, tropical creepers clawing their upward way over trelliswork, vines curling and clinging, lizard-footed ivy, the sinister "Spanish-bayonet," perhaps a young palm also, plumed like a cacique. In those quaint interiors the colonial life still endures together with many rococo things bearing as little relation to modern ideas and fashions as the New Orleans of *Manon Lescaut* to the Crescent City of to-day. In that season the nights are tepid, vast, wine-colored, like the Homeric ocean, and vibrant with an infinite variety of insect music. From the bayous and the low lands arise sounds as of ghostly violins, phantom flutes, elfish bells; mocking-birds utter their weird and wonderful pipings, immense beetles fizz by, stridulous crickets work their invisible buzz-saws, frogs hold tintinna-

bulary converse—every surface inch of land or water seems to possess a voice of its own; the water-lilies speak one unto the other, the shadows cry out. And through the Egyptian uniformity of the landscape the Mississippi serpentines its way with Nilotic solemnity, so coiling that to dwellers upon its eastern bank the sun appears, as in the Moslem prophecy, to rise in the west.

Few of the real attractions of New Orleans are likely to be observed by Carnival visitors, bewildered as they are by the great eddying of people, the confusion of preparation, the general inappropriateness of the moment to curious research and romantic investigation. But a Carnival night in New Orleans, during the coming and going of the great display, offers in itself much remarkable material for study —at least to one who can look about him undisturbed by the surging of the enormous crowd. Canal Street presents its long deep vista of illumination—monograms of fire, eagles of flame, ladders of light, blaze along the way; and the uncommon breadth of the great thoroughfare, with its starry lines of electric lamps threading the middle, appears to be increased by the luminosity. For eight miles to right and left the city begins to empty its population into the great central highway, through all the tributary streets and alleys, and the force of that human circulation is resistless—to strive against the current is out of the question. The physician or telegraph messenger whom duty summons in an opposite direction at such a time must take to the middle of the street if he hopes to reach his destination. Rising one above another through the glow of illumination, the broad galleries packed with spectators seem like the tiers of an enormous hippodrome. When the human spring-tide has reached its fullest the pageant issues from its hiding-

place, and sails by like a grotesque Armada, while the ocean of witnesses ebbs away in its wake. That Canal Street offers, in a large sense, the best view of the procession is beyond dispute; but the strictly *local* picturesqueness of the exhibition may be studied to advantage in the antiquated French by-ways. The Canal Street spectacle is imposing, but not unique. Under similar conditions a street of equal breadth in any other great modern city would offer a spectacle of magnificence scarcely inferior. The grotesque silhouettes of the moving panorama are partially lost in such a street—the shadows can not reach the sides of the buildings. But through the queer old streets of the French quarter the Carnival procession must almost squeeze its way, casting eccentric shapes of darkness upon the walls, and lighting its path with torch-light that flings upwards the shadows of projecting galleries, and lends much Rembrandtesqueness to the faces peering down from balconies or dormer-windows.[1]

After the pageant has gone glimmering, and the whirl of the midnight ball is over, day dawns upon a scene of merry wreck. Streets are strewn with fragments of brightly colored paper, tatters of tinsel, remnants of torn decorations; perhaps some gorgeous wagon, or "float," disabled during the great review, may be seen lying abandoned at some point of the route, like a gold-freighted galleon astrand. Last year did not the eyes of early risers behold, glittering

[1] Hearn's comment here on the illustration which originally accompanied this article was as follows:

"The artist whose very impressive sketch accompanies this brief article has effected a happy compromise between the broad glory of the Canal Street view and the still odder aspects above described. The effect has been seized at the moment the living panorama is passing the corner of the old Rue Royale, so that we have a suggestion of the side-street view and of the central thoroughfare at once." (The Editor.)

upon Canal Street, North, the ruined gates of the New Jerusalem? But the city soon rids itself of all these souvenirs —the wrecks and waifs mysteriously vanish, the pictured Carnival journals are devoured by the post-office, the King's standards cease to fill the streets with shadowy flutterings, the intricate paraphernalia of illumination are removed, and the nervous system of New Orleans returns to its normal condition. Only the unsightly skeleton woodwork still shoulders up the galleries to provide against accident upon the 4th of March, which is "Firemen's Day." Already the Carnival societies are secretly preparing for the display of next year. Ere long the moist and odorous spring will blow in the streets, and the city will gradually settle down into its long and dreamy summer languor; the pulses of its commercial life will beat more slowly with the lengthening of the days, the forest of masts along its eighteen miles of wharves will dwindle as the sultriness thickens, the wilderness of smoking chimneys at its sugar and cotton landings will diminish, and the somnolent and burning season will come, with warm winds and lightnings from the Gulf, with clouds splendid and ponderous as those of geologic eras, when the heavens were heavy with vaporized iron and gold.

A WORD FOR THE TRAMPS

"What shall be done with the tramps?" is one of the most puzzling problems in contemporary social science. The tribe of wanderers increases from year to year. . . . Like the mosstroopers and free-lances of mediæval times, they devour the land wherever they go—not by the same processes and methods employed by those doughty tramps in armor, but by more peaceable, though not less effective means. In some respects they are more mischievous than the soldiers of fortune were; for these last levied their contributions chiefly upon the rich and powerful, while the modern tramp is fed mainly by the charitable poor. He is far oftener repelled from the gate of the rich, who have leisure to speculate and theorize upon the problem in its aspects as regards society in general, than from the cottages of the humble, who know what hunger and cold are from actual experience, and seldom fail to give of their scanty store, without any consideration of the politico-economical problem. They give from impulsive sympathy—the touch of nature that instinctively makes the whole world kin—not always without grudging, but they give nevertheless—give and growl.

No doubt the tramp is a vagrant, a good-for-nothing, and a blot on the face of society, and all that. There is no denying it. We are almost afraid to venture to put in a good word for him. He ought to be put in the stocks, punished at the whipping-post, banished, beheaded, hanged and drawn and quartered. We all approve the sentence, but when it comes to be executed, there is something that draws us back. We would rather have somebody else do it. We

hesitate, we pity, we postpone, and finally we forgive the culprit. Is this a spark of the Divine compassion yet lingering in our fallen natures, or is it merely an unhealthy and vicious weakness? One may have one's own opinion on that question, and yet stand in such awe of Social Science as to be afraid to express it. Yet let us venture to insinuate, in the mildest and most modest manner attainable, just a word or two—not a defense, but a mere plea in abatement, as it were, in behalf of the tramp.

That rather disreputable fellow, the Wandering Jew, was not—or is not, if he still exists—the only prototype of the modern tramp. The tribe has numbered some more illustrious members, who have left a deep impress on the world's history. Scott has immortalized a variety of the same type with tender touches of pathos in the description of his *Last Minstrel:*

> "A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
> He begged his bread from door to door."

Nay—let it be said with all reverence—the only Divine Man that ever walked the earth—

> "The first true gentleman that ever breathed"—

He whose birth we have just been celebrating throughout the world—from sea to sea and from pole to pole—when He took upon Him our nature, assumed it in its humblest form. Foxes, He said, have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but He had not where to lay His head. We scarcely dare make the suggestion, but is it not true, nevertheless, that in our day some people would have called Him a tramp?

A few weeks ago, the body of a man was found in the woods near one of the towns on our Gulf coast, in the hollow of a huge magnolia tree, into which he had crept for shelter from the cold rain that was falling, hanging his tattered coat as a screen at the entrance. There he perished, alone and untended, with no kind hand to pass him food or drink, to wipe the death-damp from his brow, or to perform any of the last offices of humanity, and no sympathetic voice to whisper words of cheer and consolation in the final struggle. Perhaps he had been tenderly nurtured. A mother, or sister, or wife, may have ministered to his wants in illness—smoothed his pillow, drawn the curtains around his bed and watched over his slumbers. And now—

> "Had he no friend—no daughter dear,
> His wandering toil to share and cheer?
> No son to be his father's stay
> And guide him on the rugged way?"

These questions must remain unanswered. He perished unknown, like a wild beast in his lair, and left no sign or token. What bitterness of heart he may have felt as he lay dying within a few hundred yards of the light and warmth and food and shelter of cheerful homes, can only be matter for conjecture.

And yet fair Flora—who never felt the pangs of hunger or pinching cold—seated on a sofa, with her feet upon a cushioned stool, before a bright fire, in her snug parlor, declares that she can feel no sympathy for tramps. If they suffer, it is all their own fault. Everybody could work, if he would, in this blessed country of ours. Nobody need go out as a vagabond.

Flora is probably not unfeeling or hard-hearted, but she knows little of what she speaks. Idleness and vice are no doubt often to blame for the vagrancy and misery that exist around us, but not always. Flora cannot realize anything of the agonizing struggle which so many endure, not merely for bread, but for the privilege of earning it—for employment. She little imagines how many even of those who dress decently and move in good society—it may be even among those of her own acquaintance—are suffering from this torment. It is easy enough to say, "go dig," but how is the wretch to live while waiting to realize the fruits of his digging? Moreover, there are many, like the unjust steward of the parable, who, from physical weakness or other causes, "*cannot* dig," if they would. Ah! Flora, if you could but feel for an hour the fierce fires of adversity—the "fever at the core" that so often drives men to madness or despair, and in so many cases was the mainspring that set the tramp in motion, you might still condemn him, but it would be with a gentler and kinder consideration for his infirmities.

After all, we have advanced but little, if at all, nearer to the solution of the problem than when we began. The tramp is unquestionably a nuisance that ought to be abated, if it can be. But then there are many other nuisances. The drunkard and the gambler are nuisances. The man that spits on your floor, cocks his feet on your table among your books and papers or on the cushioned seat of a railway car—all these and many others are nuisances; but one does not therefore feel it necessary to hang or to crucify them, or to cut them off entirely from any claim to participation in the charities and humanities of life.

In this Christmas season of peace on earth and good-will toward men, we feel assured that the reader will pardon us for venturing to speak a kind word for that Ishmaelite of civilization, the Tramp.

THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS

In the way of foreign Christmas literature nothing has reached us of more curious interest than an article by M. Ariste Viguie, in the *Revue Politique et Litteraire*. M. Viguie's paper is marked by unusually solid scholarship and contains the results of broad and profound research. He considers, one by one, the various theories concerning the origin of Christmas; and offers his own at last after a careful examination of all important evidence on the subject.

Popularly, little is known concerning the history of this festival. The faithful in general are quite content to accept the ecclesiastical date as based upon tradition, without questioning the authenticity of such tradition;—the average omniverous reader, who has obtained some idea of the various theories attributing a Pagan, a Jewish, or even a heretical origin to the festival, is, on the other hand, inclined to yield no belief to any particular hypothesis on the subject. Nor is this surprising, since the learned world itself has remained somewhat divided in opinion as to the history of Christmas.

Although the anniversary of the birth of Jesus Christ is now universally observed by the various sects of Christians the world over on the 25th of December, the festival had no recognized existence prior to the middle of the fourth century. Even long afterward, it had little more than local recognition here and there. Pentecost and Easter had existed ages before the Church deemed it necessary to establish the Feast of the Nativity. Various reasons can be adduced for this. To the early Christians the most important facts of

Christianity were the words of Jesus, and the work of his life;—therefore the brief accounts in the acknowledged Gospels of his infancy and childhood had but little place in the holy meditations of the first century. Men and women were preoccupied rather with the adult life of Christ, his teachings and his doctrine; and the apocryphal "Gospel of the Infancy" obtained small attention among the faithful. If Easter and Pentecost had been celebrated by Christianity at so early a day,—it was only because Christianity, and the forms of Christian society, were adopted directly from Judaism, with small transformations. It had happened, as every reader of the *New Testament* knows, that the grandest events of the Gospel occurred precisely at the moment of the celebration of the Passover (*Easter*), and of Pentecost (*Whitsunday*)—that festival held by the Jews on the fiftieth day after the Passover. But there was no holiday in Judaism which could be readily adopted as corresponding to the Nativity;—neither was there any chronological certainty to base the establishment of the holiday upon;—neither did the early Church feel the necessity of establishing it. The date of the birth of Christ was unknown; and even after Christmas had been established, the Syrian bishop James of Edesse declared in the VIIth century that "no one could know the date of the birth of Christ," and that the only one thing certain about it was the fact that he was born at night, according to the recital of Luke. It is interesting to examine the reasons which led to the adoption of December 25th as the positive date.

The true origin of the festival must be sought in a vast spiritual necessity,—in a great heart-felt want. As Christianity developed and solidified,—as the Shadow of the Cross grew across the world, from the rising unto the setting

of the sun, this want began to make itself more and more manifest. It became obvious that the faithful must celebrate with joy and thanksgiving the birthday of their religion. Almost simultaneously, the Oriental and the Occidental Churches yielded to the impulse,—yet the Oriental Church established her festival a little sooner. But what was to be done in face of the fact that while the year of Christ's birth was known, the exact date was so utterly unknown that Clement of Alexandria declared it useless to attempt to find it? With "holy audacity" the Church surmounted the obstacle. To the Church it was not, after all, a question of chronological exactitude, but of pious emotion, —a sign,—a symbol,—an idea,—a pious exaltation.

The Oriental Church has always been tinged with mysticism; and her highly spiritualistic tendencies were revealed in the manner of her choice. The day of the birth of Jesus could only be symbolic, but its symbolism should be the grandest, the most vast, ever known. Jesus was the creator of the New Humanity,—humanity regenerated by his spirit;—therefore was he not the Second Adam? What the First Adam had done to the loss of humanity, the Second had descended upon earth to undo. Now according to Biblical tradition, the first Adam had been created upon the sixth day of the first week of the world;—it was a wholesome and a pious thing, therefore, to believe that the second Adam had descended upon earth on the sixth day of the first week,—or, according to the Roman calendar then in use, the sixth day of the first month of the year, which was the 6th of January. On that day, then, the Oriental Church proclaimed that the Rising of the Sun of Justice was to be celebrated; for upon that day the Eternal Word appears (*epiphanei*); and the festival of the Apparition, the Epi-

phany, was founded forever. It was the Christmas of the Orient. Afterward, it became somewhat transformed in character, and other religious ideas were attached to it; but it was first established and observed as the birthday of Jesus.

But the Occidental Church could never have been satisfied with this grandiose but mystical conception. While the Oriental Church was ever inclined to the supremely spiritual, and in her teachings always dwelt rather upon the divine and infinite character of Christ than upon his humanity, the Western Church pursued a directly opposite system of doctrinal instruction. With exquisite intuition she devised the creation of a festival that should bring to the minds of her millions of believers the advent of Christ,—not as a Theological Mystery, but as a child among children, a man among men: an idea unsurpassed for simple and touching beauty in the faiths of the world. And to-day, the differences of the Western and Eastern spirit of Christianity are still discernible in the religious characters of the respective nations which adhere to the Greek or the Latin creeds.

Like the Oriental Church, the Occidental passed over the difficulties involved by the want of a positive date; but the Western doctors surmounted the obstacle in a less mystic manner. They sought for light among the texts of the prophecies. Now in Haggai ii, 18, 19, it is written:—*"Consider now from this day and upward, from the four and twentieth day of the ninth month,—even from the day that the foundation of the Lord's temple was raised, consider it . . . even from this day I will bless you."* . . . Surely this was a prediction of the birth of Christ! Israel celebrated this date as the anniversary of the restoration of the

temple; but the true temple, the spiritual temple, was Jesus himself. Therefore the Western Church established the Festival of the Nativity upon the 24th day of the 9th month (the Jewish month of *Kislew*) the Feast of Lights, the *Kanuka* or Holy Night. For the Jews of the Roman Empire,—(as *Nisan* corresponded with April)—the *Kanuka* fell upon the evening and night of the 24th of December. With absolute faith in the accomplishment of the prophecy, the Western Christians resolutely decided upon the 25th of December; and celebrated the Nativity from the evening of the previous day.

A singular phenomenon followed. The Western holiday, growing in popularity, found its way to the Orient and was well received; while the Eastern festival traveled Westward to meet with a somewhat frigid reception. Saint Chrysostom is one of the principal witnesses cited in regard to the period at which the Feast of the Nativity obtained recognition in the East. "With us," writes the great ecclesiastic toward the close of the fourth century—"with us (*in Antioch*) the Epiphany is the first of festivals." Afterward, in a sermon preached at Antioch in the year 386 on December 25, he said positively: "This day has only been known to us (of the Orient) during the last ten years. . . . It is nevertheless," he observed, "the mother of all the others;—all the rest of our holidays date from it." And furthermore, he added that it had been celebrated elsewhere "for a long time, and from Thrace westward as far as Cadiz." Thus the feast of Christmas gained popularity in the Orient. As Chrysostom said, it had then already become the greatest of Christian festivals in the West; and we have record that at the consecration to a religious life of Marcella, sister of Pope Tiberius, in the middle of the fourth century, the

officiating bishops exclaimed to the novice as she took the vows: "Thou seest how vast an assembly is gathered here to-day *to celebrate the birth-day of thy Spouse.*" It was the 25th of December.

Although at first coldly received in the West, the Feast of the Epiphany became adopted there universally at a later day,—only, not as the anniversary of Christ's birth, but rather as it is celebrated now; while the Western Christmas obtained recognition in the Orient, and compelled certain changes in the character of the pre-existing holiday. In fact both East and West ended by adopting both holidays; but the festival of the 25th of December obtained the greater triumph, as it appealed rather to the heart than to the intellect—appealed to all that is most loving, true, and beautiful in human nature,—and to an idealism shared and comprehended by all classes of Christian people.

M. Viguie's particular claim as a writer on the subject, is that, justified by the prophecy of Haggai, the Western Church adopted the Jewish *Kanuka,* or Holy Night of the 24–25th of December, as the anniversary of the Nativity. We have only attempted to present his conclusions;—discussion of his arguments must be left to profound scholars, if he has not, indeed, succeeded in converting them to his views.

AN ART-REFORMER: VERESCHAGIN

It has been rather unfortunate for the cause of artistic progress that many of the most noted enemies of old canons and methods in painting were equally noted eccentrics,—like the Manets and the Courbets. Men who declared that Raphael was an "idiot"—because he painted angels, or that the day would come when all the Madonnas and Martyrs of artistic fame would do duty as firescreens, could scarcely hope to obtain an enthusiastic audience among well-balanced thinkers. Nevertheless there was one small germ of good-sense in Courbet's exaggerated antagonism to the Old Masters; but it was never from such a one as he that a real reform movement could emanate. Reforms of this kind must be preached by men who command a universal respect unaffected by any reputation of eccentricity. Since then many fervent and truly great artists have presumed to express opinions adverse to the popular idolatry of the Old Masters; and there are ample indications that such utterances were not made in vain. Among lately printed protests upon the subject, perhaps one of the most valuable—certainly the most interesting—is an article contributed to the *Nouvelle Revue* by the Russian painter Vereschagin.

It must have required some courage for Stedman to declare that Tennyson was a greater poet than Homer; yet what just comparison would not result in favor of the grand singer of the nineteenth century? [1] It also required some courage on the part of a thinker sober as Vereschagin, to

[1] Later in life some of Hearn's enthusiasm for Tennyson declined. (The Editor.)

proclaim the superiority of contemporary art above that of the Old Masters. Which of the latter created flesh-tints equal to Bouguereau's, luminosities like Gerome's, brilliancies like Meissonnier's, scenic impressiveness like that of Delacroix? Yet it is "recognized and decided that, not only in excellence of execution, but also in ideal loftiness, the Old Masters rise to an inaccessible height, and that modern painters can do no more than imitate them!" In the natural order of things one might suppose it should be patent enough to all trained minds, that the best canvases of the nineteenth century must excel the work of the Old Masters. For in the life of an art as in all else, absolute stability is impossible—there must be either progression or retrogression, development or disintegration; and it were absurd to declare this an era of artistic decadence. Besides, if we consider for a moment the vast advantages which modern art possesses and which the Old Masters never dreamed of: the improvements in material due to chemical discovery and the establishment of color-laws; the immense advances in literature and science; the facilities for travel—all that increase of knowledge and perfection of appliances which have opened up totally new vistas for art,—must convince us there is no earthly reason to suppose that painting will reach its highest capabilities for generations to come.

Laziness or timidity or both would seem to account in part for the fond clinging to ancient canons and dogmas in painting. Without actually saying so, Vereschagin implies it when he contrasts the simplicity of the old methods with that which ought to be expected from the new. The dark backgrounds, the fuliginous sombreness of the old canvases, broken fantastically by bursts of strangely-colored light, were not, as might be hastily imagined, the mere result of

gloomy surroundings amidst which the Old Masters lived. It is true that their studios were darksome, and their cities less bathed in light—with the exception, perhaps, of Venice,—than ours are in this era of broad streets and planted avenues. But their *chiaroscuro* was purely artificial, never suggested by nature: it was adopted only as the readiest method of obtaining powerful contrasts. The new school has suppressed these cellar-and-attic backgrounds,—has declared war upon those anachronisms which the Old Masters indulged in,—has entirely departed from the antiquated conception of landscape-work. It is pleasant to read Vereschagin's vigorous outburst on this latter subject:—"It may be said, without exaggeration," he observes, "that the landscapes of the Old Masters appear to us, for the most part, like so many schoolboy-efforts, when we compare them to the work of good landscape-painters of to-day." Nevertheless, while the new school has broken down the formalties of its predecessor in certain directions, the methods of the Old Masters still prevail in modern portraiture and in religious painting. The dark background is much more facile, and affords a much easier relief, than the effect of vapory luminosities and sun-irridated backgrounds.

In religious painting Vereschagin thinks there is some excuse for this persistence in quaintness. The general decadence of simple religious zeal has produced such effects in ecclesiastical circles and elsewhere that it would be deemed hazardous, in the depiction of a religious theme, to depart from old fashions;—it would seem something of a desecration to pious eyes. Indeed, the conservatism of religion has in all ages and in all countries been powerfully manifested in the attempt to chain certain forms of art within sharply defined limits. But even here Vereschagin insists upon the

necessity of a change. He dwells particularly upon four practices which he thinks should be banished from future religious painting:—1. The custom of representing God and the angels upon clouds;—2. The habit of representing Christ and his followers like a Roman patrician with his clients;—3. The old fashion of picturing God as a King, throned above clouds on a throne of gold, and wearing a golden crown;—4. The old way of painting the Virgin Mary as a "lady of quality," in the most costly and extravagant attire. "Why," asks the writer, "should not a painter, in his representation of God and the saints, upon earth or in heaven, introduce sunlight and the clear coolness of aerial shadows, in lieu of the sombre, heavy, and gloomy light of his own studio?" And he criticizes, severely enough, some effects in the paintings of Titian, of Van Dyck, of Rembrandt, of Rubens, and of Leonardo da Vinci.

In this domain, despite all the eloquence of Vereschagin, the denunciation of archaic style appears somewhat futile. With the expansion of the idea of God, the representation of Him in any anthropomorphic manner might impress philosophers more and more unfavorably; yet, when all men alike cease to feel interest in such picturing of sacred ideas it will be a sign that all religious sentiment is dead, or at least so metamorphosed that it can have nothing in common with that existing in the days of the Old Masters. Mankind has not yet reached that era of religious change, and is not likely to for many a hundred years. Religious painting, executed in the style of Cooman's Pompeiian conceptions, or of Manet's impressionisms, or of Meissonnier's microscopic delineations, or of Fortuny's blazing canvases, or of Doré's spectralisms, might be marvellously beautiful to profane eyes, but could awaken no emotion in the re-

ligious masses. They are not any more prepared for a change in church-art than for a universal reformation in their creeds. Perhaps a little of that Orientalism which is Russian expresses itself in one criticism of Vereschagin. The Eastern Church has, it is true, encouraged certain methods of artistic representation which Vereschagin condemns—clouds, crowns and thrones,—yet its *icons* and its frescoes are not relieved against gloom, but are illuminated with all barbaric splendor. The shrines are jeweled; the backgrounds are flaming gold—like sunset-glowings. For the religious dream of the mystic East bears but a vague semblance to that of the West;—the visions of the Orient have been ever irradiated with superterrestrial light. But in the days of the Old Masters the faith of the Occident was humbler, more childlike,—a faith which regarded the world only as a place of trial, and life itself like the shadow circling about sanctuary-lamps. The glooms and cloudinesses of the old painters well translate the emotion of the Occidental soul, clinging to—

—"those altar-stairs
Which slope through darkness up to God . . ."

THE END

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